Collier's
TEN CENTS
OCTOBER 17, 1942
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A NEW
MYSTERY NOVEL
BY VERA CASPARY

RING TWICE F

J H HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS

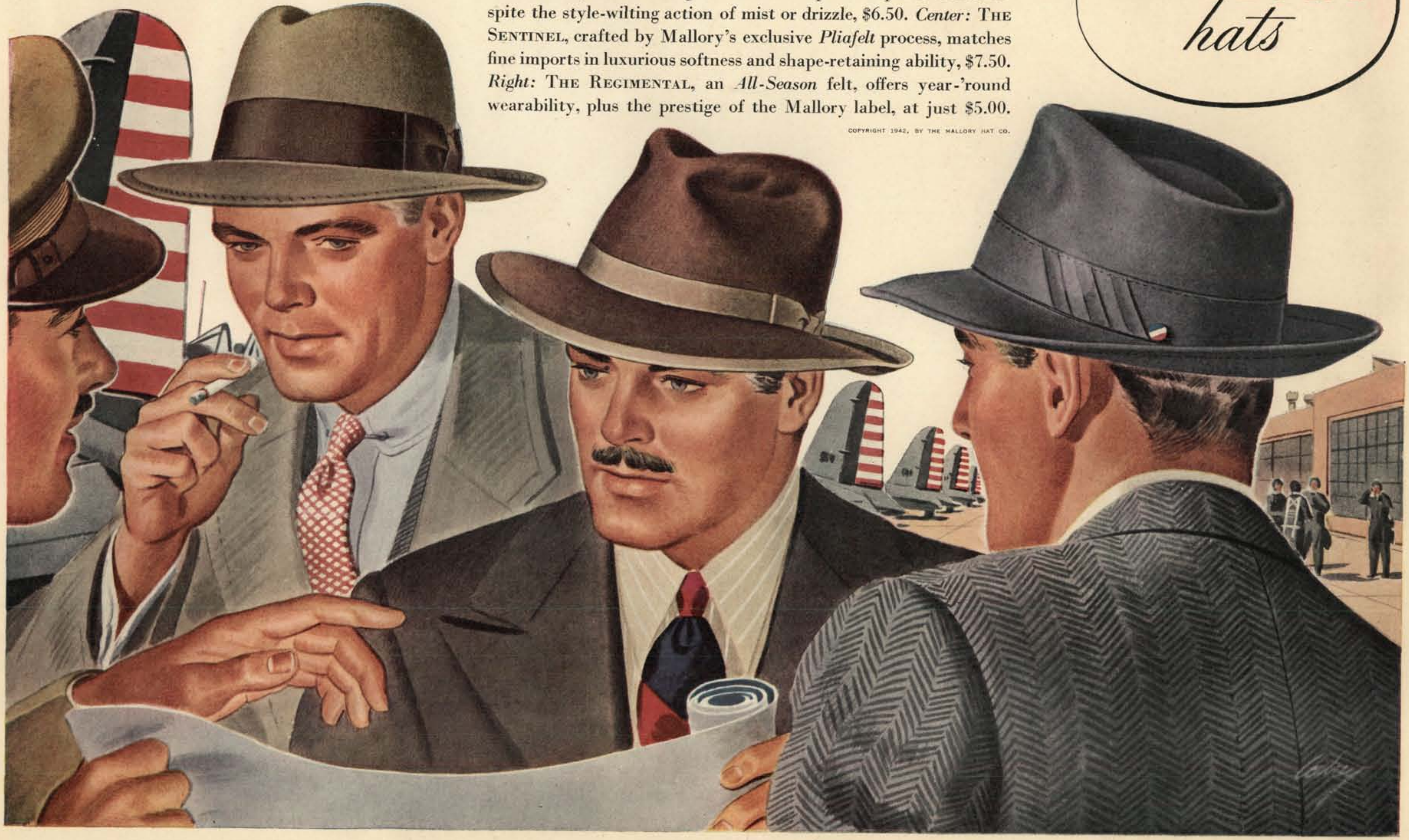
Delivering the goods in Style

The self-confidence of able men shows in the easy assurance of their manner... and Mallory expresses that air of personal prestige in three superb new styles, each in a famous felt. *Left:* THE HAMPSHIRE, '*Cravenette*'-processed to keep its crispness of line despite the style-wilting action of mist or drizzle, $6.50. *Center:* THE SENTINEL, crafted by Mallory's exclusive *Pliafelt* process, matches fine imports in luxurious softness and shape-retaining ability, $7.50. *Right:* THE REGIMENTAL, an *All-Season* felt, offers year-'round wearability, plus the prestige of the Mallory label, at just $5.00.

COPYRIGHT 1942, BY THE MALLORY HAT CO.

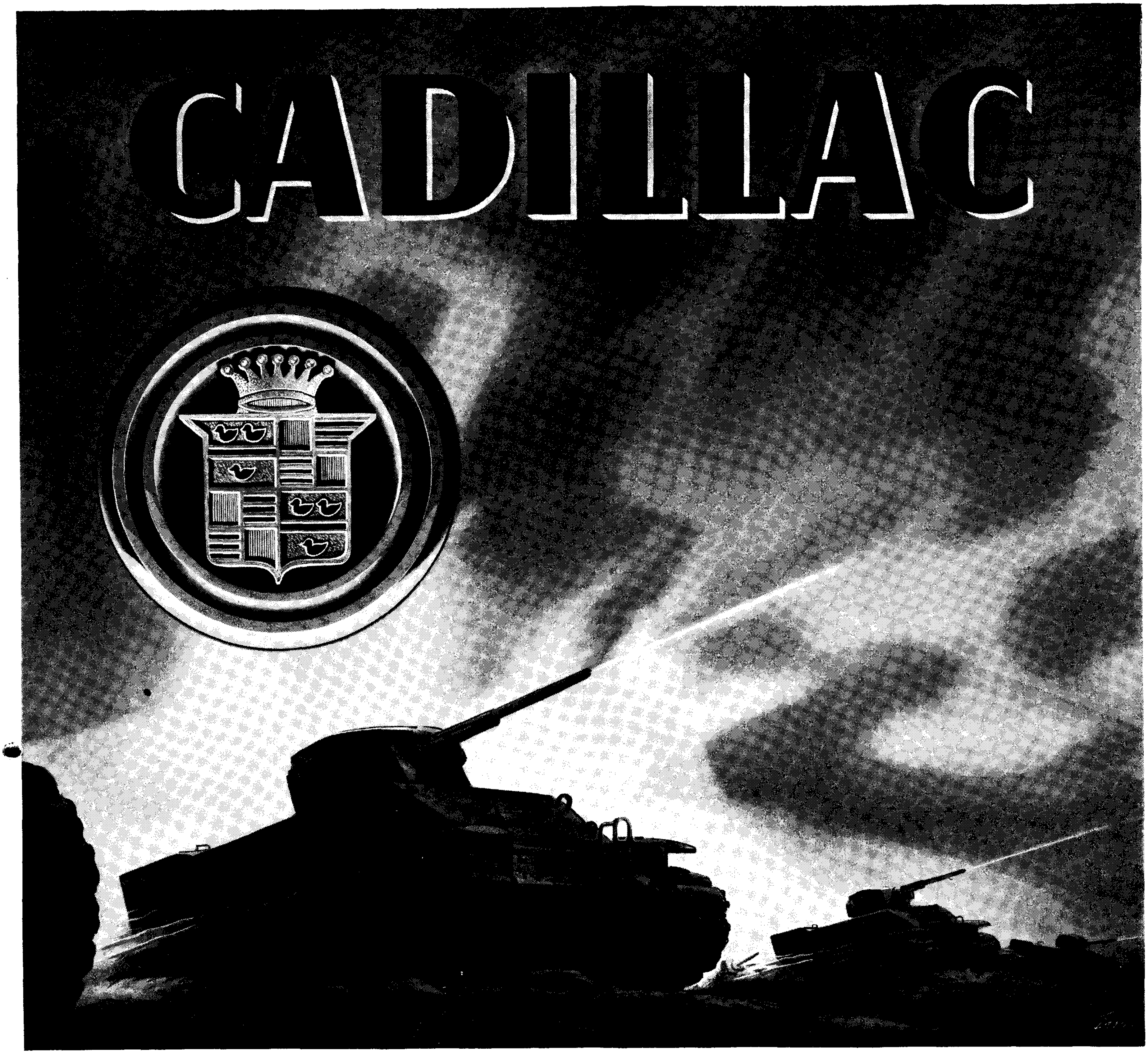
Show your *metal!* Contribute all scrap metal *now*, to help keep this hat in its rightful place . . . on top!

MALLORY *hats*



MALLORY 'CRAVENETTE' $6.50 TO $10 ★ MALLORY PLIAFELTS $6.50 TO $10 ★ MALLORY ALL-SEASON $5.00 TO $7.50

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We're doing the job we're *best* fitted to do!

It is Cadillac's good fortune that the job assigned to it in America's victory program is a job for which Cadillac is uniquely fitted by experience and tradition. For forty years the Cadillac organization has had but one guiding objective—"Craftsmanship a Creed . . . Accuracy a Law." . . . Today we are solely concerned with arming America. Cadillac tanks are now leaving the Cadillac factory in ever-swelling numbers. In addition, Cadillac is producing, as it has for nearly three years, vital precision parts of a famed aircraft engine. . . . But these different responsibilities have in no way altered Cadillac's basic methods. We are still working to the highest standards in materials and craftsmanship . . . still doing the same fine precision job we have always done. We are doing it faster and better, but it is our own type of craftsmanship—the thing we know best how to do.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GM ARMS FOR VICTORY GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LONGINES

the most honored watch for a Lady

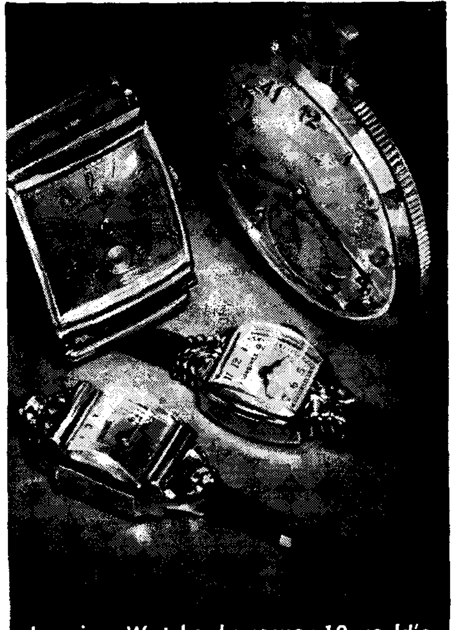
A Longines Watch for a lady is much more than a charming jewel-like ornament. Within the beautifully wrought case is the Longines "Observatory Movement", a work of incredible precision, and unbelievable accuracy and dependability considering its tiny size. The photos of the Longines Watch and movement above are both greatly enlarged. The watch is one of several in the smart round design.*

Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

The established prestige and reputation of Longines Watches have resulted in a demand today that is greatly in excess of necessarily restricted production. Your Longines jeweler will be glad to show you the Longines Watches that are available, and all have the dependable Longines "Observatory Movement". Longines Watches have won ten world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. You may also be interested in a companion watch, the Wittnauer, outstanding for value in the moderate price field—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, New York, Montreal, Geneva.*

*Trade Mark Registered U.S. Pat. Off.



Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
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QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
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MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
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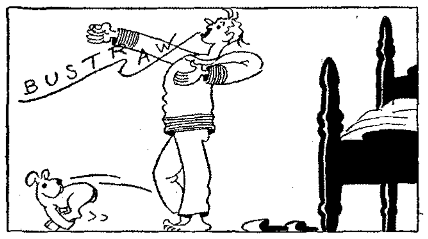
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

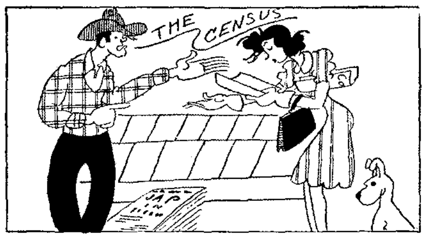
THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edit

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just received a letter from Mr. B. Franklin Bustraw of Carmel, California. He offers us, as well as all other columnists, a free course of The Bustraw Build-up, aimed at "restoring morale and even instilling it into writers who never had any." Mr. Bustraw is confessedly a reader of columns. He says that he is "personally familiar with twenty-eight major and countless minor ones." Since Pearl Harbor he finds that they've been "getting worse and worse, with every evidence that either the war has robbed the writers of any intelligence they may have had or has depleted their self-confidence and self-esteem." Mr. Bustraw's observings have been so keen that he notices that even we need a shot in the arm now and then. "You are making the great mistake of not taking yourself seriously," writes Mr. Bustraw. "My suggestion to you is to be dignified. Do not walk about your office. Strut. Do not ask for services. Demand them. When you feel inclined to laugh, hasten to your office, close the door and laugh privately, smothering it that others may not hear. Never laugh in public. Look down your nose at the work of others. Be somebody, man, be somebody! Follow my instructions and you will soon be important in your own eyes. Then others will follow suit. Upon arising every morning inhale deeply and shout BUSTRAW in a loud voice. Do this twelve times morning and night. I have twelve United States senators and twenty-six members of the House among my pupils . . ."



WE HAVE just inflated our chest and bellowed Bustraw. Perhaps we were a bit overenthusiastic. The editor of this magazine came to the door of his office demanding to know what the hell was going on. We said Bustraw. He said shut up and get to work. Perhaps Mr. Bustraw is right in claiming that before Christmas the whole nation will be Bustrawing and even Bustrawed. At any rate we will be, after a Bustrawed Congress gets through writing this new tax bill. That's a very corny observation, putting us right back to normal and to tell you that we've just heard from Mena, Arkansas, from Mrs. Nina E. Watkins. Mrs. Watkins tells us that a young man of Mena and his girl presented themselves before a local justice of the peace "for the purpose of being united in the holy bonds of matrimony." But the young man was a bit inebriated and the young woman's attire was quite abbreviated. She was, in fact, in extremely brief shorts. The J. P. refused to officiate, being understandably scandalized. "But," goes on Mrs. Watkins, "being in a marrying mood and having invested their pre-inflation cash in a license, they hustled over to a soft drink, hot dog and candy stand which is operated by a blond preacher near the courthouse. And there the knot was neatly tied."



BUT Mrs. John Kincaid of Dodd City, Texas, was buying a few newspapers and a couple of copies of Collier's, reading the headlines while the newsdealer doled out change. It was on the day when there were Ten Thousand Japs in the Aleutians. "I wonder," said she to the newsdealer, "how they found out that there were exactly ten thousand Japs in the Aleutians." The newsdealer knew the answer: "From the census, lady, from the census. They're always getting up screwy stories."

AND Mr. Hugh Stuart Fullerton, Sr. of Freedom, New Hampshire, and Clearwater, Florida, stopped in, southbound for the winter. In Freedom, Mr. Fullerton told us, one of his patriarchal friends was busy all summer in his cellar making a robot. This was to be no ordinary, graceless robot equipped with such commonplace talents as walking, shaking hands and smoking. The old fellow creating it notified the town that it was going to be as natural as a peck of apples, as agile as a young goat and, mysteriously, as homely as a Democrat—"particularly as one of them New Deal Democrats who are running the war like it was paying folks for rakin' leaves." But before the creature was ready for its public debut, somebody broke into the laboratory and stole it. The old boy adopted a policy of silence. All Freedom began asking him how his robot was getting along. But he merely said "Fine" and no more. Finally they broke him down. A group of village wags, led by the town card, a spectacularly ugly fellow, goaded him until his new policy broke. Pointing his finger at the card, the robot maker said: "I ought to had finished you before they stole you from my cellar. Then you'd had some brains." W. D.

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THIS WEE

OCTOBER 17, 194

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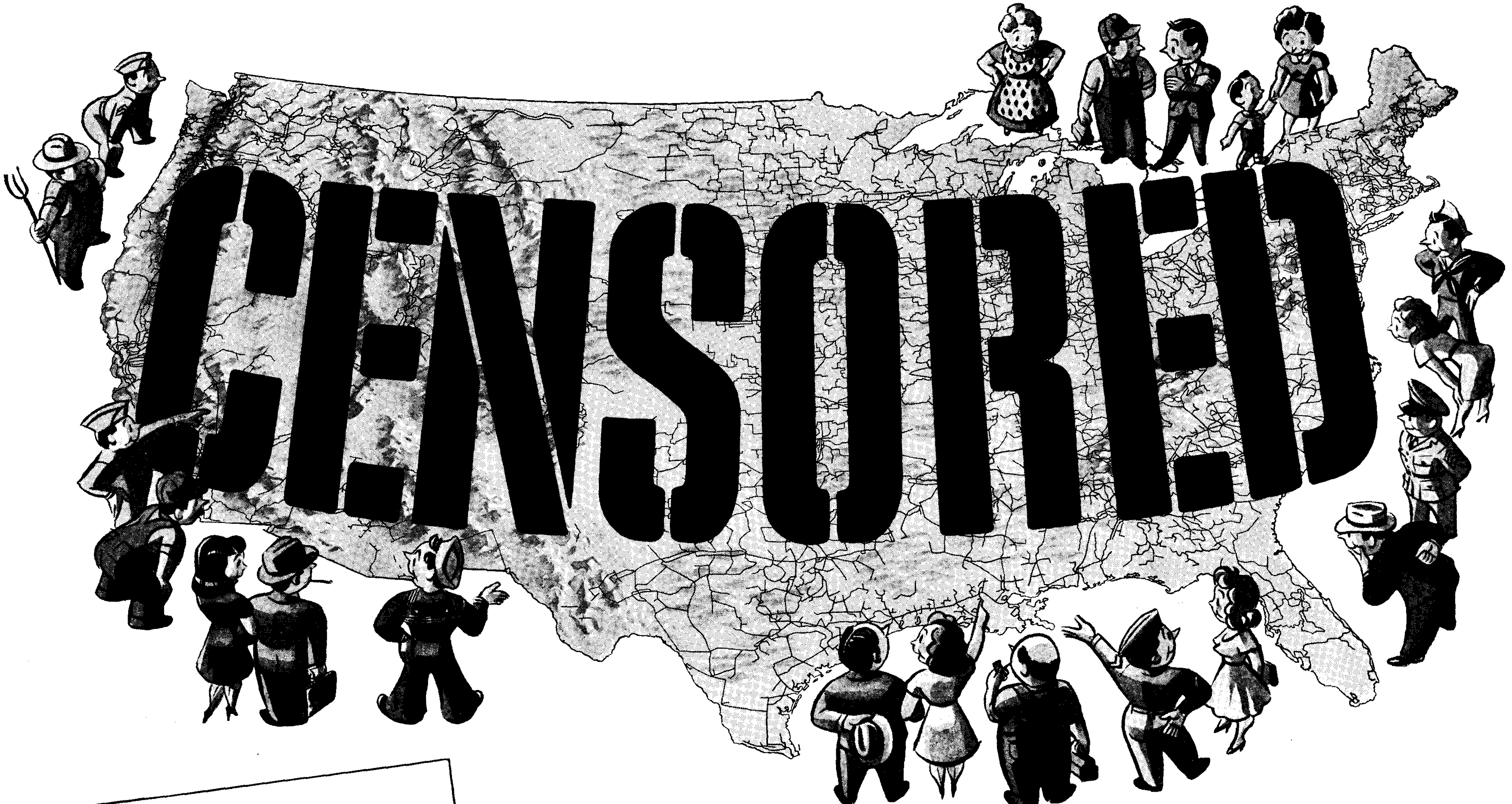
COVER JON WHITC



IT'S ALL YOURS–

AND NO JAP OR NAZI HAS ANYTHING LIKE IT!

**We're glad to cooperate in concealing information that might aid the enemy*

This ~~is~~ was* a road map of electric power. It shows how high-voltage electric lines criss-cross the country—carrying power to busy war plants and to 27 million homes.

Here is the greatest electric transmission system in the world. No other nation has anything like it. The famous British "grid system" could be dropped into one small section of it. It carries more power than all the Axis countries combined.

This nation-wide network was put together in peacetime to serve *you* and other Americans. *Almost all of it was built on the savings of the same people it serves*—by the business managements of America's 400 electric companies.

Did you ever wonder why American industries—like the electric industry—lead the world? There's a good reason and this is a good time to think about it—because it's one of the things we're fighting for.

The reason is the *freedom* of the *individual*—the right of every American to work when and where he wants, within reason—to enter any business or profession—to create and produce and benefit by his own success. That's a powerful incentive.

Under the Jap and German systems of political management and state slavery, the individual counts for nothing. Only bureaucrats and political favorites have anything to hope for. In the long run, *that won't win wars.*

Here in America, 133 million people have a *personal* stake in Victory—and in preserving the system of American business management under public regulation that has helped so much to make us the strongest nation on earth.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

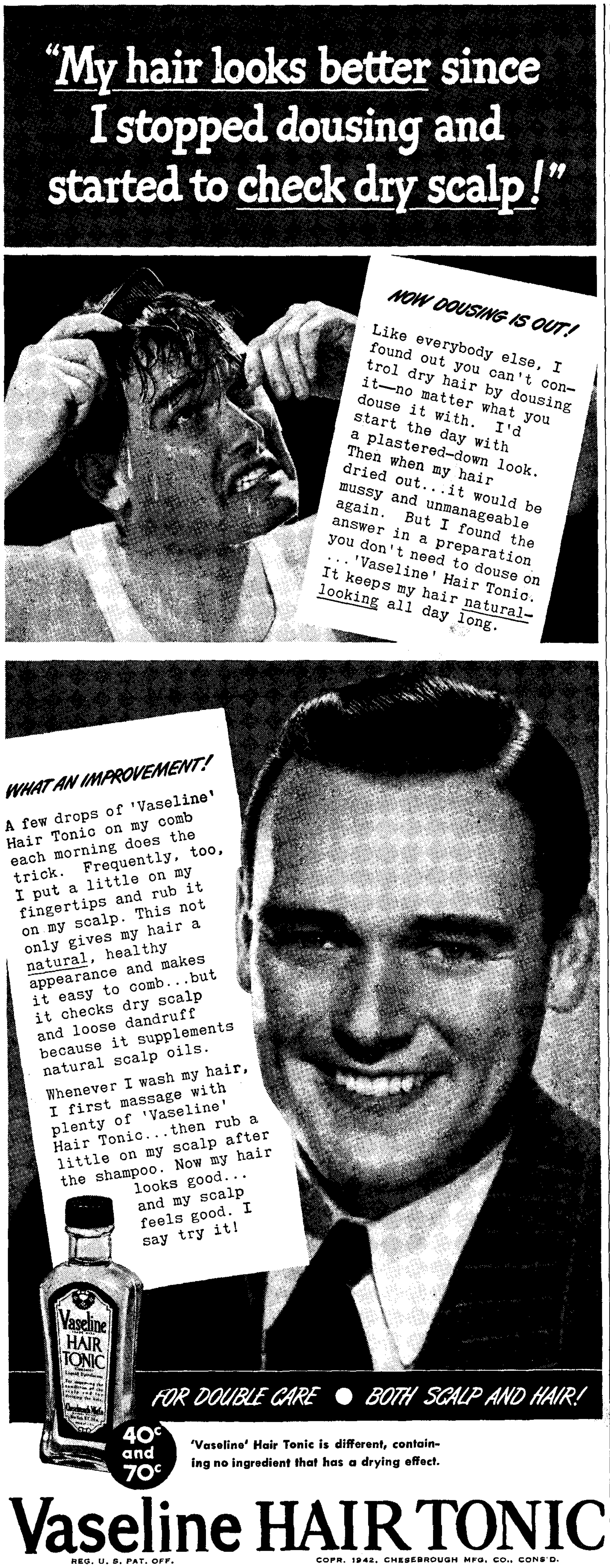
THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 89

ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

**Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Invest in America! Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps


"My hair looks better since I stopped dousing and started to check dry scalp!"

NOW DOUSING IS OUT!

Like everybody else, I found out you can't control dry hair by dousing it—no matter what you douse it with. I'd start the day with a plastered-down look. Then when my hair dried out...it would be mussy and unmanageable again. But I found the answer in a preparation you don't need to douse on ...'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It keeps my hair natural-looking all day long.

WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT!

A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb each morning does the trick. Frequently, too, I put a little on my fingertips and rub it on my scalp. This not only gives my hair a natural, healthy appearance and makes it easy to comb...but it checks dry scalp and loose dandruff because it supplements natural scalp oils.

Whenever I wash my hair, I first massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic...then rub a little on my scalp after the shampoo. Now my hair looks good... and my scalp feels good. I say try it!

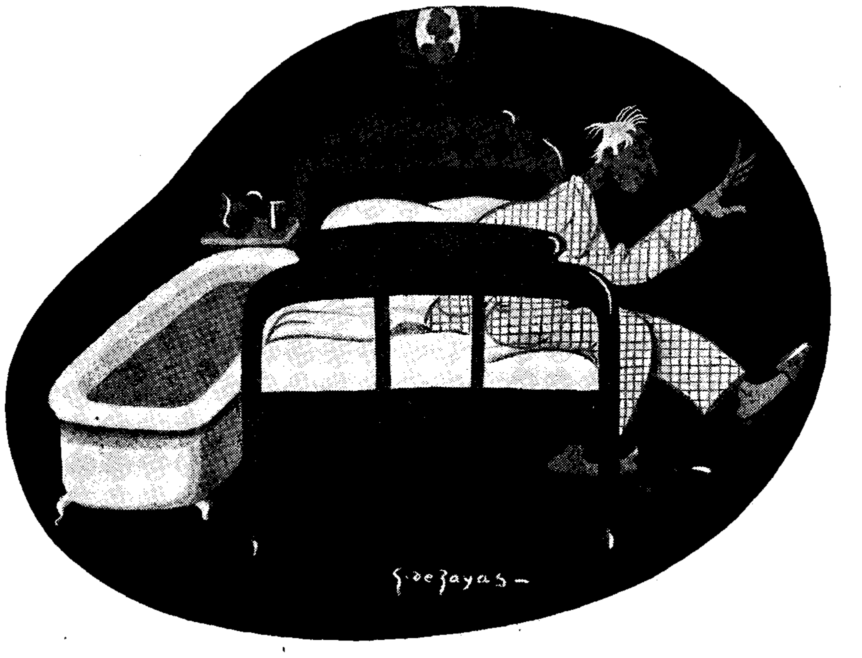
FOR DOUBLE CARE ● BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

40¢ and 70¢

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPR. 1942, CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The ease with which the subconscious mind can train itself is illustrated by the case of a certain somnambulist. The man placed a tub of cold water beside his bed when retiring so he would step into it and be awakened when starting his nightly sleepwalks. The plan worked successfully a few times and then his subconscious mind began to make him get out on the other or "safe" side of the bed.

A Greek word which contains 171 letters and means hash in English is the longest one in any language. Incidentally, it may be found in line 1169 of Aristophanes' famous comedy The Ecclesiazusae.—*By Mary W. Kidston, Centreville, Nova Scotia.*

Watches are not harmed by turning their hands backward, rats do not instinctively desert a ship before it starts on an ill-fated voyage, and the stars in the American flag do not represent particular states.

Other than seamen, persons whose occupations require much body balancing, such as acrobats, professional dancers and tightrope walkers, are usually immune to seasickness.—*By Lorena Jolly, Fresno, California.*

Centuries ago many English churches had a "Devil's Door" near the front so that the master of evil could make a quick exit during a baptism when the sponsors "renounced him and all his works" in the name of the child. One such door still exists today in the church in Mullion Town on Lizard Head in Cornwall, England. —*By Margaret Gazza, South Ozone Park, N. Y.*

When a purchaser orders a "regular lot," instead of specifying the number or amount of the things desired, this term is understood to mean, for example, 100 shares of corporation stock, 100 bales of cotton, 250 bags of coffee, 250 barrels of pork, 1,000 ounces of silver bullion, 5,000 bushels of grain or 85,000 pounds of lard.

Until they were invaded by Japan, the people on the island of Bali staged an odd ritual, the participants being a group of girls about eight years of age. Using all parts of the body, they performed a dance with music lasting a half-hour, although in a trance induced by a narcotic.

Because the wild and poisonous mushroom, the *Amanita phalloides,* closely resembles some of the finest edible forms and does not blacken silver, the age-old but fallacious home test for wholesome fungi, it has deceived many thousands of housewives and caused ninety per cent of the deaths resulting from this kind of food poisoning.

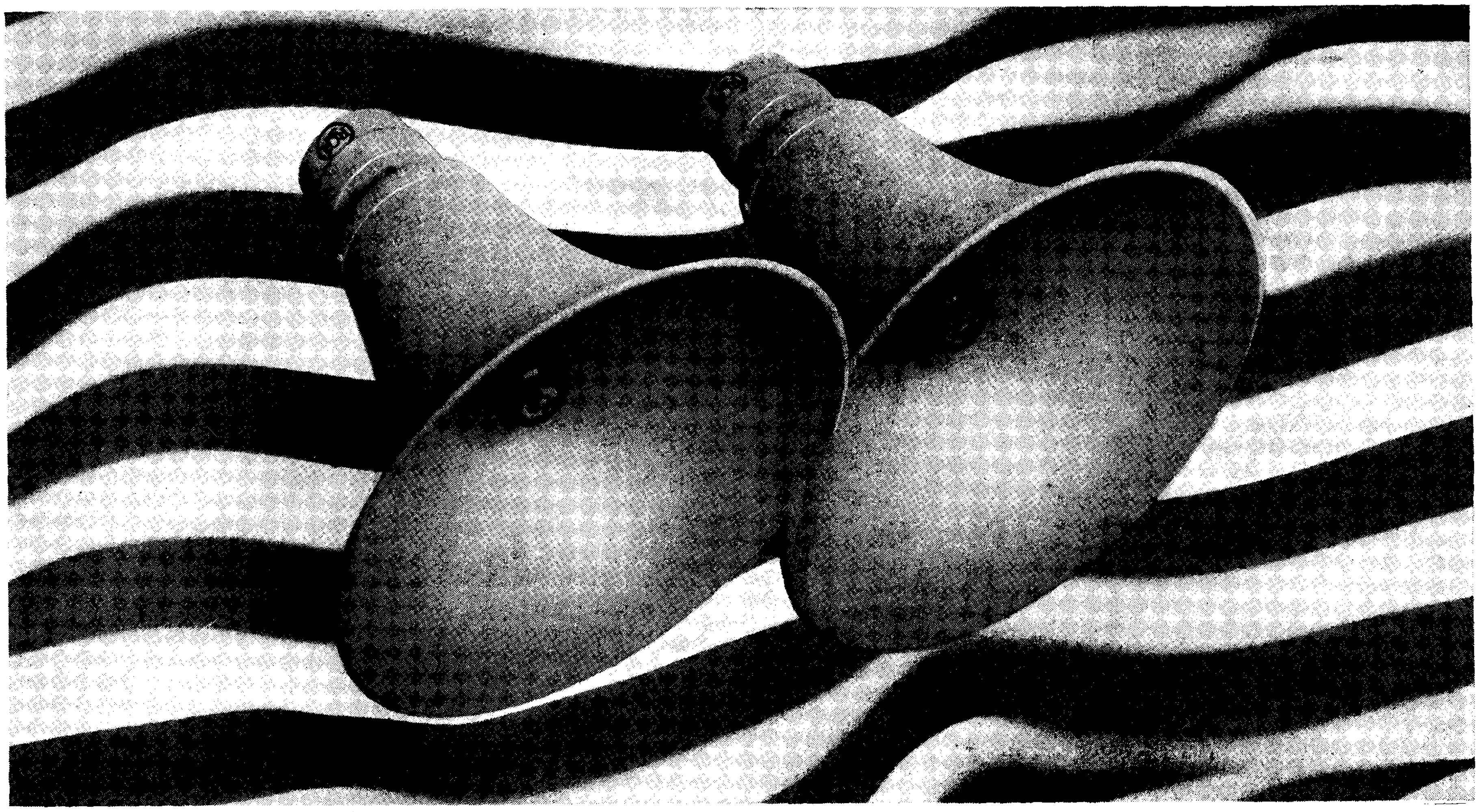
Gold, platinum and some other heavy metals evidently emit a kind of ray or metallic vapor that is harmful to plant life. Scientists have found that mustard seeds cease growing and certain species of germs die after being within one eighth of an inch of these metals for several days.—*By D. E. Shirk, Fairfax, California.*

In New York City, every Chinese who rents a store or some other business building claims that he has a "basic property right" in it and, therefore, will not allow another Chinese to lease it until the man has purchased this right. When such a demand runs into thousands of dollars, the owner is seldom able to rent the property again to a member of this race.—*By Ted Pittenger, New York, New York.*

The Hebrew hymn Lechah Dodi has more than two thousand different melodies, the largest number of musical compositions ever written for one set of lyrics.—*By Beatrice Traub, New York, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

How RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign Helps War Production



SOUND...TO KEEP FREEDOM RINGING

In the battle for production, American industry has a powerful ally in *sound*—the sound of RCA Industrial Communications Systems.

Sound makes it possible to reach men and women *while they work.* It stimulates their production, boosts their morale and spurs them on to greater effort.

In most RCA Victor plants, for example, war bulletins are broadcast regularly. Music tides workers over "fatigue periods". Even the voices of former employees now in the service are broadcast—from records made at army camps and naval training stations.

In dozens of ways, an RCA Industrial Communications System has played an important part in RCA Victor's famous "Beat the Promise" Campaign...a drive undertaken months before Pearl Harbor, by all RCA Victor workers, to increase the production of vital military radio equipment.

We have not used sound alone. Posters like those below—contests, suggestion-awards, rallies and printed messages—all played their part. Yet sound has played such an *important* part that hundreds of other companies have now installed RCA Industrial Communications Systems as *essential producing tools!*

This use of RCA Industrial Communications Systems—like the other elements of the RCA Victor "Beat the Promise" Campaign—grew out of the spirit of RCA Victor men and women. A spirit expressed in a statement published in September, 1941: *"With RCA Victor, National Defense comes first. By comparison, we hold nothing else important."*

RCA Victor invites from all firms now engaged in war production, inquiries concerning this system or any part of the "Beat the Promise" Campaign. Address Dept. BTP- 1A

• • •

Lucy Monroe, RCA Victor's Director of Patriotic Music, is conducting song fests at various industrial plants. RCA Victor will make her available to all firms in war production as her schedule permits

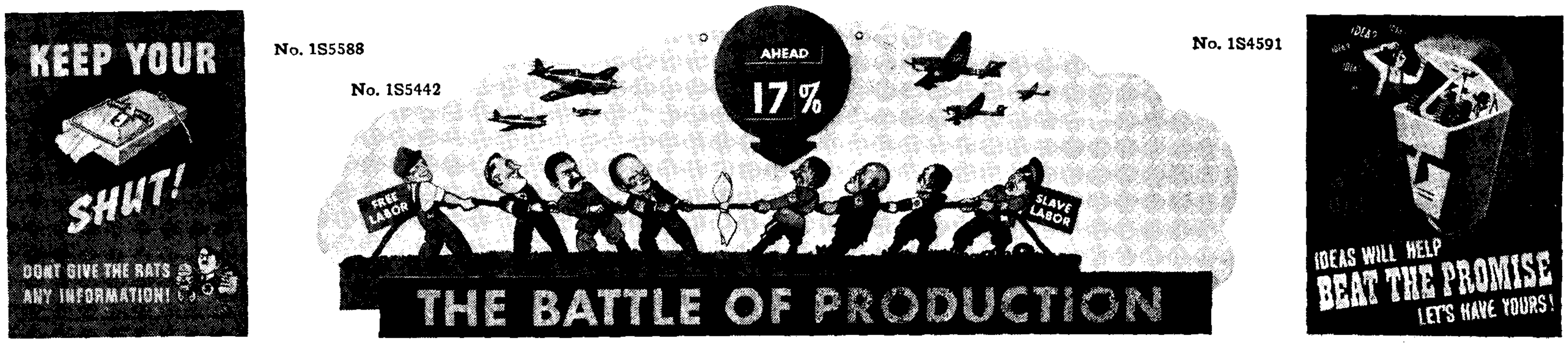
• • •

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

RCA VICTOR

RCA Manufacturing Company, Inc., Camden, N. J.

A Service of the Radio Corporation of America



Three of the many full-color production-stimulants prepared by employees of RCA Victor as part of the "Beat the Promise" Campaign—and available, at cost, to other manufacturers of military equipment. As this advertisement went to press, 90 companies had adopted, in whole or part, the "Beat the Promise" material. Posters shown measure approximately 20" x 27". The central piece is a display 42" long—the tug-of-war figures slide forward or backward to indicate the current status of production.

SEALED POWER is in this fight!

ON THE ENGINE firing line as battle rages are millions of Sealed Power Piston Rings. Bombers, fighters, tanks, jeeps, motorcycles, mobile radio units, torpedo boats, tank landing boats, destroyers, submarines—all engine-powered fighting machines—must have trustworthy piston rings that are thrifty of precious fuel.

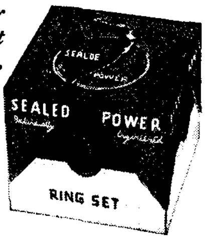
Sealed Power Piston Rings, in scores of war engines, are saving gasoline and diesel fuel, saving lubricating oil, safeguarding bearings and journals and cylinder walls, on every front in our country's struggle for Victory.

In distinguished civilian service through the years of Peace, Sealed Power earned the honor of serving America's Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps. Protect the investment in your car, truck or tractor by insisting on Sealed Power piston rings packaged in sets specially engineered for each make of engine. There are none finer. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario.

Sealed Power Pistons, Piston Rings and Cylinder Sleeves are used in many phases of war effort in pumps, compressors, gas and diesel engines.

SEALED POWER Piston Rings

©1942 Sealed Power Corp.



WING TALK

ACME PRESS ASSOCIATION

Henry J. Kaiser, left, California shipbuilder whose specialty is ships in a hurry, and Howard Hughes, aviator-designer. As a result of their meeting may come the 200-ton cargo plane

WHETHER Henry Kaiser's proposed 200-ton cargo plane ever flies or not, it will have some historic value because of the strange ceremony at which it was conceived.

When Kaiser decided he could make cargo planes as easily and rapidly as he makes ships, cement and manganese, he realized he would need a reputable designer. Aircraft designers with both fame and skill are scarce. So word went out through Kaiser's tremendous organization that the boss was in a predicament, and the brows of the Kaiser brain trust bulged, trying to find a solution.

At the height of the thinking, a voice identifying itself as "Mr. Jamieson" tried to get through to Kaiser on the long-distance phone. The voice explained it belonged to an engineer in a plant which does business with Kaiser, and would somebody please talk to Mr. Jamieson as soon as possible? Finally a Kaiser assistant went to the phone. Mr. Jamieson then said he understood Howard Hughes wasn't affiliated with any of the big aircraft corporations, and maybe would be available.

A furious search then started for Hughes, the playboy of the Western aircraft world, and a designer whose personal specifications suited Kaiser perfectly. But he was missing.

Finally, he was found in an obscure San Francisco hotel, trying to hide behind the name of Jones long enough to recover from pneumonia. Kaiser and an accomplice somehow got into the sickroom, where Hughes lay stretched out in bed, looking frailer than usual.

The business is reported to have proceeded thusly:

"Sit up," said Kaiser. "We want to talk about winning the war."

"I am very tired," Hughes said in a dull monotone. "I haven't had any sleep. Besides, you're crazy."

But a deal was made, and Hughes told his visitors to leave. He already had the plane designed in his head, and now all he needed was some sleep and then some drafting paper. Kaiser's last words as he boiled out should be etched in stained glass in an appropriate shrine. "Take a pill," he said, "and get some sleep."

Engineer Jamieson was thanked very much.

SOME of the tales of the weaknesses of our warplanes stem from what seems a typical American belief that one Yankee ought to be better than any given quantity of the enemy.

After a particularly sizzling air battle in the Pacific, six Navy fighting planes returned to their carrier, and the flight leader stomped over to his commanding officer.

"Those blasted ships are no good," he said in a voice squeaky with anger, pointing to his plane. "The Zeros climbed all over us."

"But you all came back," the officer said. "So what are you complaining about?"

"Why, we couldn't match those Zeros for sour apples. They outclimbed us, outmaneuvered us, and finally ran away from us. With decent ships we could have wiped them out."

"How many did you get?"

"Four."

"How many Zeros were there?"

"Twenty."

With odds against them of 20 to 6, the boys chalked up a score of 4 to 0, but that wasn't good enough.

BEFORE the clamp-down on civilian flying along the East Coast, a private pilot was popping leisurely northward, over peaceful farmland and cool green forests..

Suddenly his eardrums were wrenched by a ferocious roar a few yards off his right wing. His little plane rocked violently, caught in the aerial version of a very heavy surf. No sooner was the putt-putt leveled off than another prodigious swoosh streaked past the left wing, closer than the first, and again the pathetic little ship rolled and rocked like a frightened animal.

The pilot wasted no time after No. 2. He dived, and bounced down in a cow pasture. In a few moments he was surrounded by soldiers, and then he learned. While drifting and dreaming so pleasantly, he had come over a forbidden proving ground. The roughness that nearly tore his plane apart came from a couple of 90-millimeter antiaircraft shells pushing him aside on their way upstairs.

He's much more careful now . . .

R. McC.

"How much Life Insurance should a married man with two children own?–

I'M 30 AND EARN $45 A WEEK"

Sorry, sir, we don't know!

My error, I thought you were a life insurance company!

Exactly, that's why we don't know. When you have six million policyholders, you know from experience that no two families are alike. Take you and the man on your street who makes the same salary and has the same number of mouths to feed as you have. . . . We wouldn't recommend the same kind or amount of life insurance for both of you any more than your doctor would give both your babies the same formula. . . . We'd have to know more about you than we do now.

You may have something there. But I'm a busy man. I haven't got all day to recite my life history.

It doesn't take all day. We respect your time as well as our own. That's why we worked out — after a lot of study of thousands of cases — a specialized John Hancock service which simplifies the whole process of getting the information our representatives need to arrive at a recommendation which will suit you.

What happens if I'm just curious but don't want to do anything about life insurance now?

Our representatives like nothing better than a healthy curiosity. They are always glad to make a recommendation. From there on you are on your own, of course. It might turn out that you have enough life insurance. It sometimes does!

When can I see an agent?

Any time *you* say. Our representatives suit *your* convenience.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

This is a

Long Distance Cable

Its circuits are throbbing with war messages.

Please stay off the lines to centers of war activity unless your call is vital.

Don't get in the way of the war. We need to win it as quick as we can.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"I'd build more telephone lines if I could. But vital materials are going to war these days."

Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Beginning the brilliant and sophisticated story of a New York girl whose death was of the utmost importance to four people

THE city that Sunday morning was quiet. Those millions of New Yorkers who, by need or preference, remain in town over a summer week end had been crushed spiritless by humidity.

Sitting at my desk, pen in hand, I treasured the sense that, among those millions, only I, Waldo Lydecker, was up and doing. The day just past, devoted to shock and misery, had stripped me of sorrow. Now I had gathered strength for the writing of Laura's epitaph. My grief at her sudden and violent death found consolation in the thought that my friend, had she lived to a ripe old age, would have passed into oblivion, whereas, the violence of her passing and the genius of her admirer gave her a fair chance at immortality.

My doorbell rang. Its electric vibrations had barely ceased when Roberto, my Filipino manservant, came to tell me that Mr. McPherson had asked to see me.

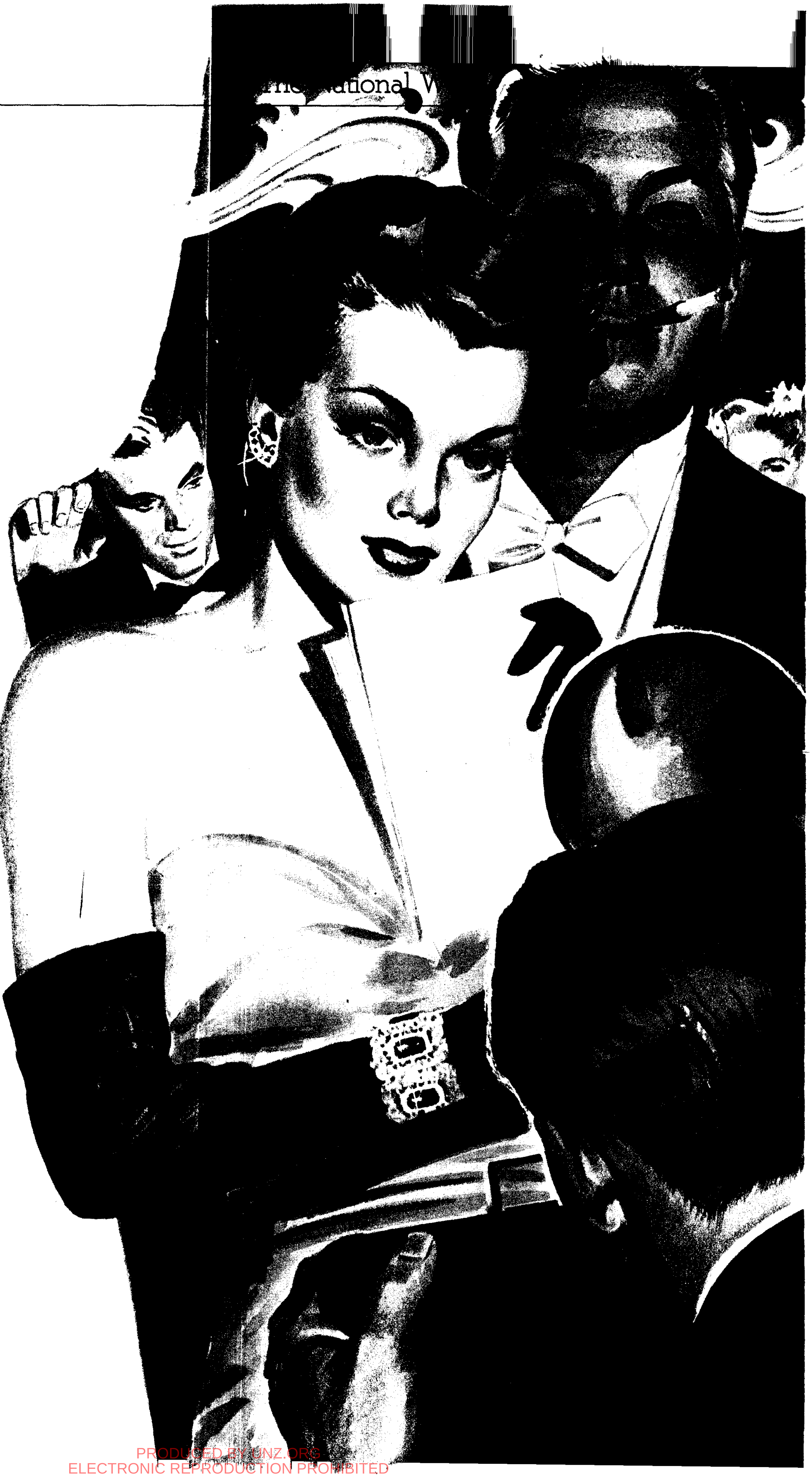
"Mark McPherson!" I exclaimed, and then, assuming the air of one who might meet Mussolini without trepidation, I bade Roberto ask Mr. McPherson to wait. Mohamet had not rushed to meet the mountain.

This visit of a not unimportant member of the police department—although I am still uncertain of his title or office—conferred a certain honor. Lesser folk are unceremoniously questioned at headquarters. But what had young McPherson to do with the murder? His triumphs were concerned with political rather than civil crime.

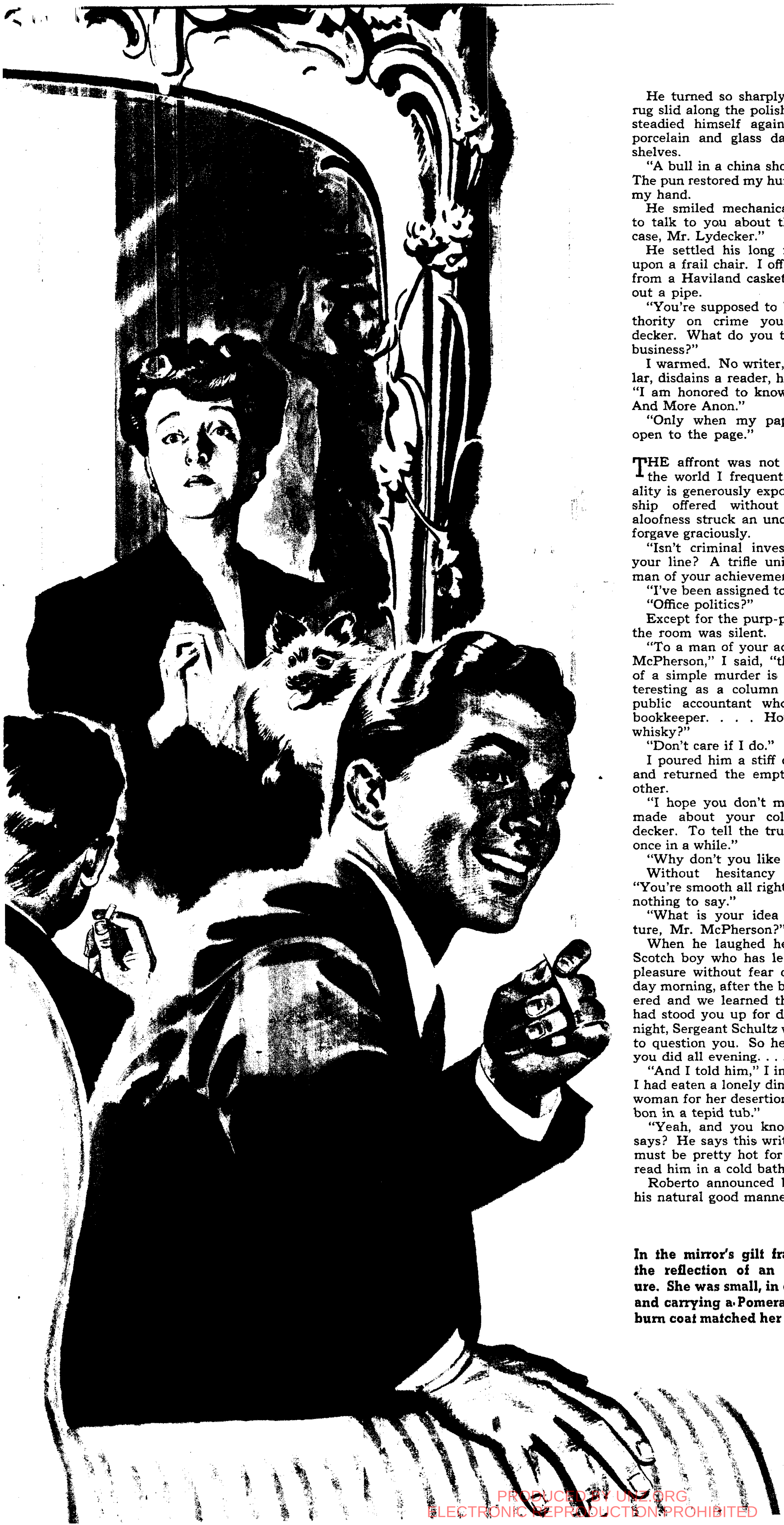
Screened by the half-open door of my study, I watched him move restlessly about my drawing room. He was the sort of man, I saw at once, who affects to scorn affectation; a veritable Cassius who emphasized the lean and hungry look by clothing himself darkly in double-breasted blue worsted, unadorned white shirt and dull tie. His hands were long and tense, his face slender, his eyes watchful.

My drawing room, it was obvious, irritated him; to a man of his fiercely virile temperament, such delicate perfection must be cloying. But habit had made him alert to detail. Shunning Lowestoft, Crown Derby and Wedgewood, he stretched his hand toward the mercury glass which he associated with the globe-and-pedestal vase he had observed on the mantel in Laura's living room.

I leaped like a mother leopard. "Careful, young man! That stuff's priceless!"



Of all my friends, Laura was the only one with whom I was willing to share my prestige. She became known on opening nights



In the mirror's gilt frame, Mark saw the reflection of an advancing figure. She was small, in deep mourning, and carrying a Pomeranian whose auburn coat matched her own bright hair

He turned so sharply that the small rug slid along the polished floor. As he steadied himself against the cabinet, porcelain and glass danced upon the shelves.

"A bull in a china shop," I remarked. The pun restored my humor. I extended my hand.

He smiled mechanically. "I'm here to talk to you about the Laura Hunt case, Mr. Lydecker."

He settled his long frame carefully upon a frail chair. I offered a cigarette from a Haviland casket, but he pulled out a pipe.

"You're supposed to be quite an authority on crime yourself, Mr. Lydecker. What do you think about this business?"

I warmed. No writer, however popular, disdains a reader, however humble. "I am honored to know that you read And More Anon."

"Only when my paper happens to open to the page."

THE affront was not displeasing. In the world I frequent, where personality is generously exposed and friendship offered without reticence, his aloofness struck an uncommon note. I forgave graciously.

"Isn't criminal investigation out of your line? A trifle unimportant for a man of your achievement?"

"I've been assigned to the case."

"Office politics?"

Except for the purp-purp of his pipe, the room was silent.

"To a man of your achievement, Mr. McPherson," I said, "the investigation of a simple murder is probably as interesting as a column of figures to a public accountant who started as a bookkeeper. . . . How about some whisky?"

"Don't care if I do."

I poured him a stiff one. He took it and returned the empty glass for another.

"I hope you don't mind the crack I made about your column, Mr. Lydecker. To tell the truth, I do read it once in a while."

"Why don't you like it?"

Without hesitancy he answered, "You're smooth all right, but you've got nothing to say."

"What is your idea of good literature, Mr. McPherson?"

When he laughed he looked like a Scotch boy who has learned to accept pleasure without fear of sin. "Yesterday morning, after the body was discovered and we learned that Laura Hunt had stood you up for dinner on Friday night, Sergeant Schultz was sent up here to question you. So he asks you what you did all evening. . . ."

"And I told him," I interrupted, "that I had eaten a lonely dinner, reviling the woman for her desertion, and read Gibbon in a tepid tub."

"Yeah, and you know what Schultz says? He says this writer guy, Gibbon, must be pretty hot for you to have to read him in a cold bath."

Roberto announced breakfast. With his natural good manners, he had set a second place at the table. I had not taken a bite of food since that hideous moment, twenty-four hours earlier, when I had been informed, while eating raspberries with clotted cream, that Laura's body had been discovered in her apartment.

The picture of red berries, vivid against the luster of a Spode-Copeland bowl, returns whenever I recall the voice of Sergeant Schultz and the tragic statement that Laura Hunt, after failing to keep her dinner engagement with me, had been shot and killed. Now, in the attempt to restore my failing appetite, Roberto had stewed kidneys and mushrooms in claret. While we ate, Mark described the scene at the morgue where Laura's body had been identified by Bessie, her maid, and her aunt, Susan Treadwell.

In spite of deep suffering, I could not but enjoy the contrast between the young man's appreciation of the meal and the morbid quality of his talk. "When they were shown the body," he paused to lift a morsel on his fork, "both women collapsed. It was hard to take. The face was nothing but blood and bone," he soaked toast in the sauce. "With BB shot you can imagine . . ."

I closed my eyes as if she lay before me, as Bessie had discovered her, naked except for a blue silk taffeta robe and a pair of silver slippers.

"Fired at close range." He spooned relish on his plate. "Mrs. Treadwell passed out, but the servant took it like a veteran. A queer duck, that Bessie. Cool as a cucumber when the boys got up to the apartment. Opened the door and pointed to the body so calmly you'd have thought it was an everyday thing for her to find her boss murdered."

Roberto brought in the coffee. Eighteen stories below a motorist blew his horn. Through open windows we heard the rhythms of a Sunday morning radio concert.

"No! No! No!" I cried as Roberto handed Mark my Napoleon cup. I reached across the table and took it myself, leaving the Empress Josephine for my guest.

He drank his coffee in silent disapproval.

"I must say you go about your work in a leisurely way," I remarked after a petulant silence. "Why don't you go out and take some fingerprints?"

"There are times in the investigation of a crime when it's more important to look at faces."

I TURNED to the mirror. "How singularly innocent I seem this morning. Tell me, McPherson, have you ever seen such candid eyes?" I took off my glasses and presented my face, round and pink as a cherub's. "But speaking of faces, McPherson, have you met the bridegroom?"

"Shelby Carpenter. I'm seeing him at twelve. He's staying with Mrs. Treadwell."

I seized the fact avidly. "Shelby staying there! Wouldn't he just!"

"He finds the Hotel Framingham too public. Crowds wait in the lobby to see the fellow who was going to marry a murder victim."

"What do you think of Shelby's alibi?"

"What do I think of yours?" he retorted.

"But you're agreed that it's quite normal for a man to spend an evening at home with Gibbon."

He shrugged. "How long had you known Laura Hunt, Mr. Lydecker?"

"Seven, eight, yes it was eight years," I told him. "Shall I tell you about it?"

Roberto entered noiselessly to refill the coffee cups. The radio orchestra played a waltz.

(Continued on page 68)

Bombers like this Boston rained thousands of tons of explosives on Gen. Rommel's advancing columns

AIR POWER DID IT

By Frank Gervasi

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

Halting Rommel's big push was no miracle. British and American planes averted disaster in Egypt and Mr. Gervasi, returning from a raid on Tobruk, tells what he saw

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

AIR power saved Egypt when it seemed early in July that Egypt was doomed. Rommel had driven Auchinleck's armies from Gazala approximately three hundred and seventy miles in a straight line to El Alamein in forty-two days. The British were pushed to within seventy miles of Alexandria, where merchants with easy loyalties removed faded photographs of King George and Churchill from their windows to make place for those of Mussolini and Hitler.

In Cairo we read of thousand-bomber raids from England on German towns and we wondered if the brass hats in London and Washington had read newspapers and seen what was happening to Egypt. In Cairo, a certain American who is habitually disinclined to pessimism said, "Pray for a miracle—" while officers who knew how vital to victory the possession of Egypt was, frantically cabled Washington and London to rush weapons which would make that miracle come to pass. It did. It was a very unmetaphysical miracle.

Light, medium and heavy bombers, bound for India for war against Japan, stopped in Egypt. They came from the factories of America and England. They included big British Wellingtons and Halifaxes and huge American Flying Fortresses and B-24s and Bostons and Mitchells and others made in the United States. They dumped thousands of tons of bombs on Rommel's advancing columns. They smashed his supply lines, battered the coast ports through which he received fresh men and new weapons. They struck at enemy convoys in the Mediterranean.

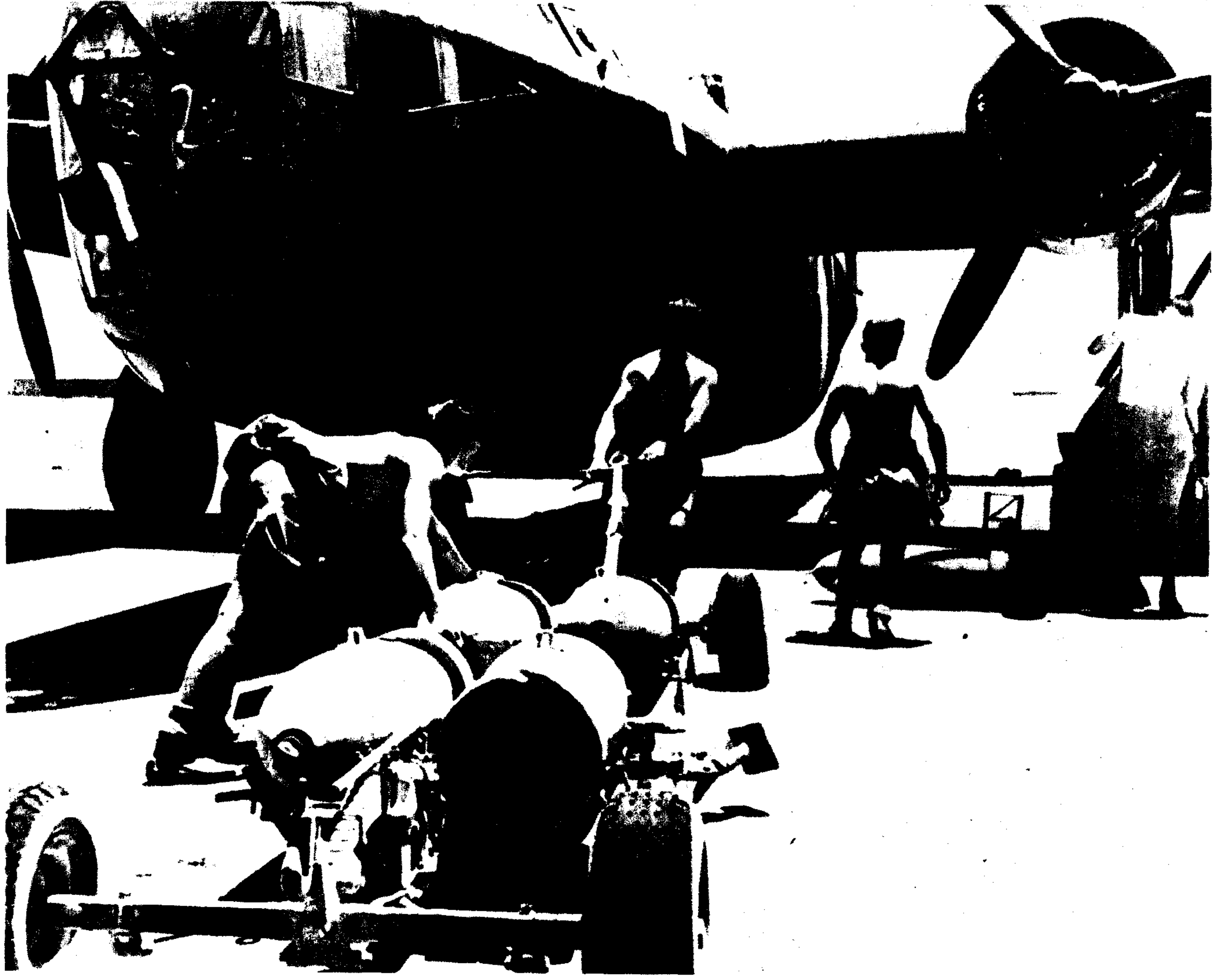
Bombers Finish the Job

Yank pilots flew Fortresses until their engines wore out. American and British pilots flew gargantuan B-24s and Liberators without rest. (It is practically the same plane, but in Yank language it is a B-24 and in R.A.F.-ese a Lib.). These four-motored giants took off on new sorties almost before their engines had cooled. They arrived late, those big fellows. They didn't get into action until June 27th but they finished the job which fighters and fighter-bombers and medium bombers had already begun. These smaller pieces of air artillery had made 13,000 raids in less than thirty days.

Rommel was stopped dead. He was stopped for many reasons. Tired Tommies, Indian troops and South Africans were suddenly reinforced, first by New Zealanders and then by an Australian force which was rushed up from base areas. They had time to rest, re-form and dig in on the line from El Alamein south to the edge of the Qattara salt marshes where the Egyptian desert narrows down to fifty miles. The restricted nature of the new battlefield in itself helped halt the Afrika Korps general. Rommel is a military quarterback who likes plenty of room for his razzle-dazzle kind of warfare, for his end sweeps, fake bucks and off-tackle thrusts. He found himself suddenly cramped and unmaneuverable.

For the first time, Rommel was obliged to fight what was straight orthodox warfare against soldiers whose major strength was that very orthodoxy which had been their undoing on broader battlefields farther west. Rommel might have reached his objectives—Alexandria, Cairo and Suez—had he been able to plow through to the Nile

(Continued on page 76)

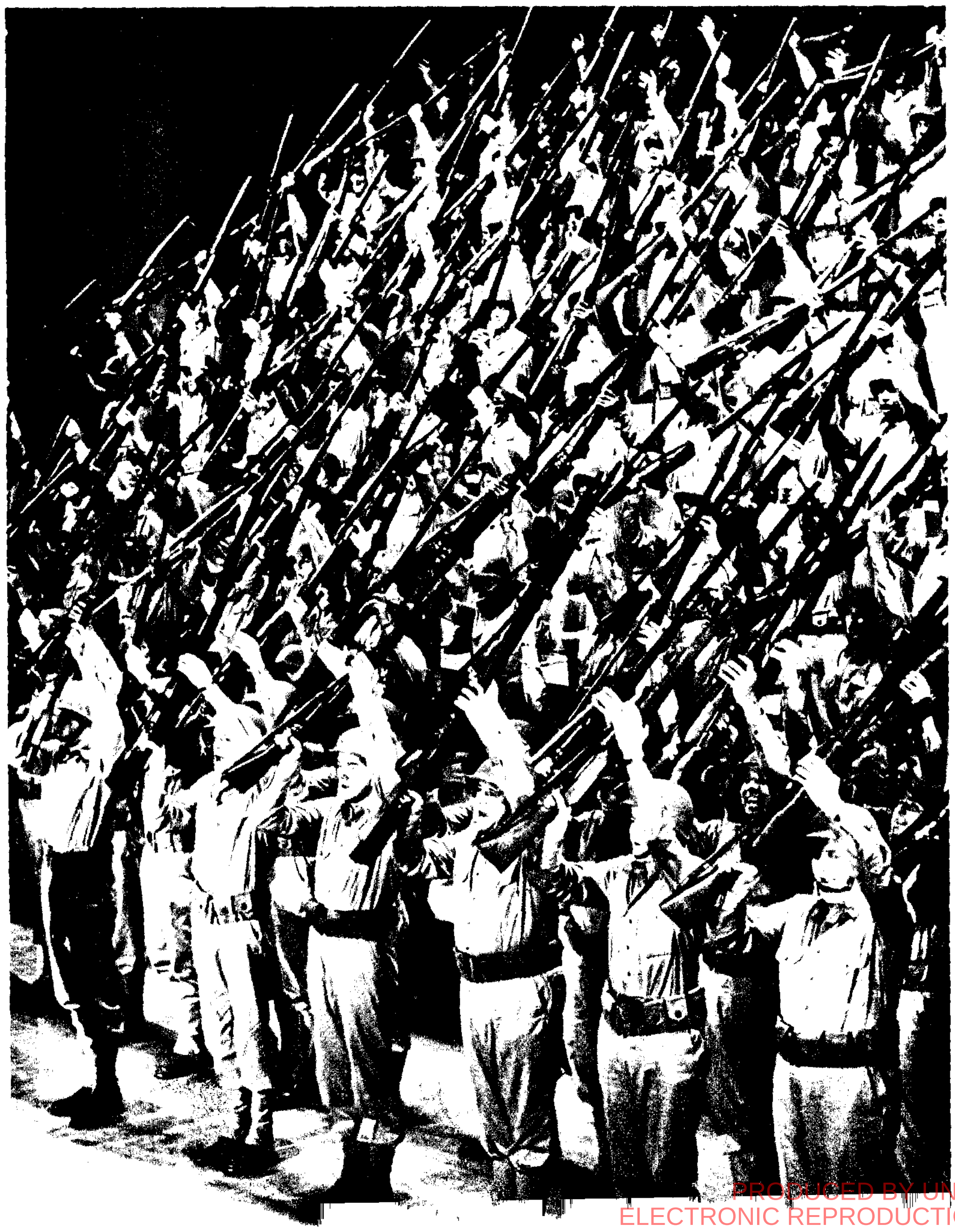


Armorers hauling up bombs for a B-24, or Liberator, wonder ship of the war in Africa. These giant planes finished the job the smaller bombers had begun

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BALKAN

The rousing finale to a great show. What they are saying is that a show is a show but soldiers are made for fighting. They sing the theme song again, "This is the Army, Mr. Jones." It is tough, it is hard—but it's war. No more private rooms, no telephones, no meals in bed. The old days are OVER

The famous Russian Wi-hin-ter ballet starring those fabulous females, Pvt. Rol ert Sidney, Cpl. Nelson Barclift and Pvt. Clarence Jaeger (from left to right)- the most beautiful dames on Broadway and by far the best dancers. Th turbaned figure in the center is Pvt. Julie Oshins, comedy star of the sho



This is the Army

By Kyle Crichton

After twenty-five years our very versatile Army does it again. Stage-struck soldiers have taken Broadway by storm with the aid of a civilian named Irving Berlin

THE ringing of a bell will not stir Irving Berlin; the honk of a horn will not frighten him; but the sound of a bugle will immediately start him writing another Yip, Yip, Yaphank! Between wars, he is merely a journeyman millionaire; during wars, he writes Yaphank.

The new version is called This is the Army, and the American theater has never known a greater success. During its first week in New York it grossed $75,000, and it has played to an average of $48,000 a week ever since. First-night tickets sold for $16.50 each, and the show has never known an empty seat. The movie rights were sold to Warner Brothers for $250,000. It is estimated that by the time the nation-wide tour is finished, the show will have turned in $5,000,000 to Army Emergency Relief.

"The only man in history who ever started a war to get a Broadway hit," they say jocularly of Mr. Berlin backstage at the show.

Mr. Berlin didn't start the war but as soon as the first draftees turned up at Camp Upton, he began edging his way down Long Island to look over the old camp. There was nothing left of the layout he had known during the last war, but the Army was throwing up new buil ings on the same site, and Berlin becam suffocated with memories.

He allowed it to be known that, if su ficiently pressed, he might write anothe Yaphank show. He even intimated th he needn't be floored by the clamor. H wanted to help and if the governme needed him he would turn on the greate popular music faucet since the days Stephen Foster and let the Army hav the results, for free, no charge, no string attached.

The Yaphank show had been done camp to raise money for a building t house families visiting the soldiers. had been an Army sensation, wa brought to New York for three week and got $80,000 for the cause. Berli thought this one might be a little larg in scale. His friends were not too sur This was another war, and it might b that the Army was too busy to bothe with play-acting.

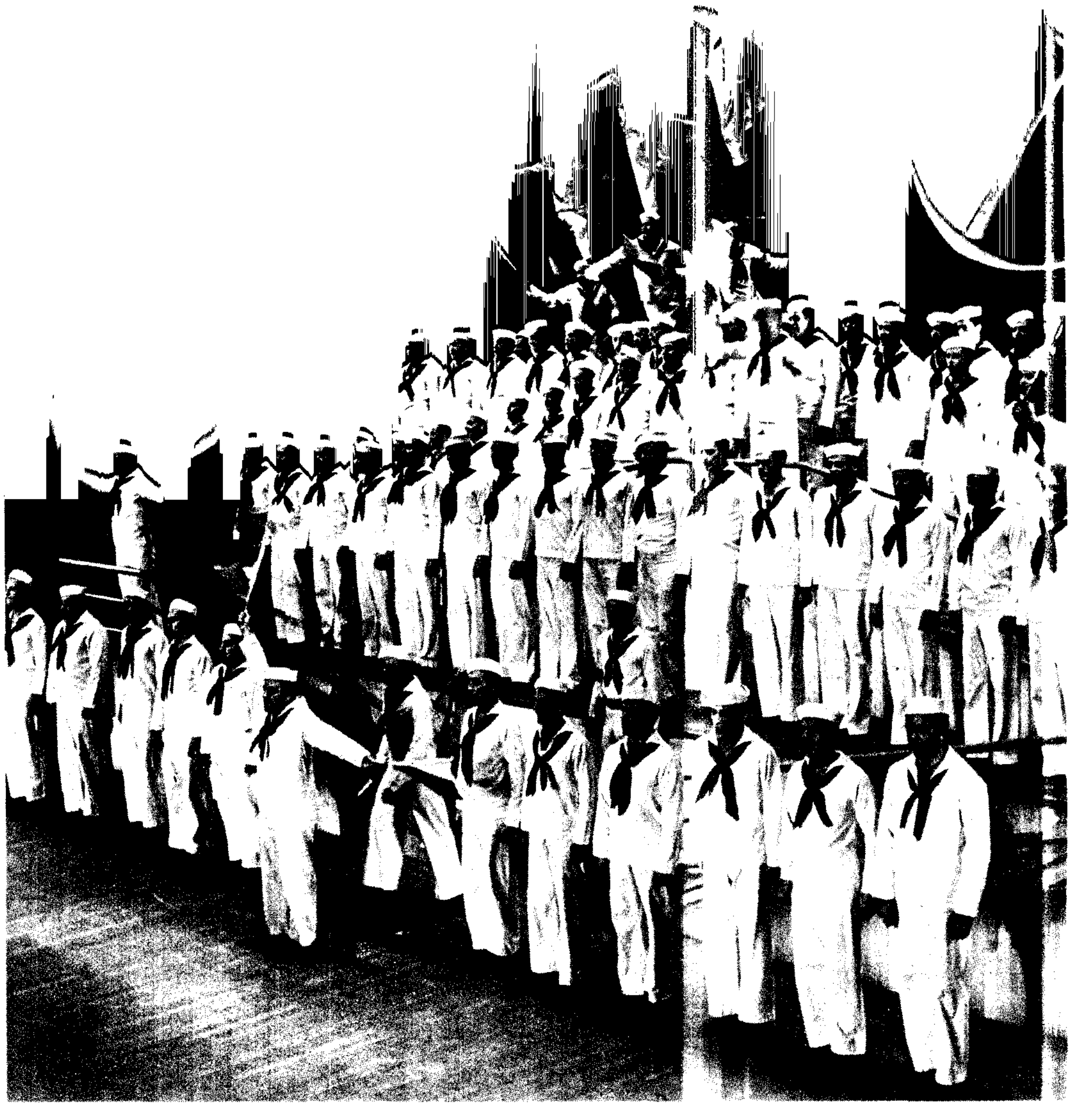
"You mean soldiers change?" aske Berlin anxiously, making a mental not to look around the house and see if h could find his old uniform. He ha worked up to a sergeant in the late un pleasantness and had felt pretty cock

His offer of doing the new show wa started through the proper channels an then he waited. When it seemed th nothing was going to happen and he wa just about to take a new Hollywood o fer, a letter came approving of the pla and asking him to get started. Befor that, he hadn't put a note on paper bu now he sat down and wrote the entir show in three weeks.

"It's just like Yaphank," he says. " just followed that."

With the numbers in hand, he wer

This is the great man himself—Irving Berlin, in his old Yaphank uniform. Behind him is Sergeant Ezra Stone, director of the present show. Many a tear falls when Berlin sings "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," in a cracked alto voice filled with nostalgia



Just in time, the Army realizes that there is also a Navy in the war. They are prompted by a song that says: "The Army may be in the groove, but Walter Winchell won't approve unless you give a cheer for the Na-a-avee." This is the cheer with accompanying chorus rumpus, a first-act finale that almost tears the roof off

The celebrated Stage Door Canteen number, featuring the impersonations of James MacColl (not shown here) and of Pvt. Alan Manson, top right, in back of Julie Oshins' big hat, as Jane Cowl. The lady, center, is Louis de Milhau; the romantic gentleman is Earl Oxford

own to Camp Upton and enlisted the elp of Sergeant Ezra Stone of Broadway nd Henry Aldrich fame, who had aleady staged twenty-one shows at the amp and knew what talented birds were anging around. Stone collected the roup, and Berlin picked out the tunes.

"Remarkable thing," the members of he cast still say. "He had the whole orm of the thing that first time, and ith the exception of putting one number in the second act that was originally n the first act, we play it now the way e outlined it."

Most of the cast was found at Upton, ut when the show was announced, aplications began to come in from former ctors. The greatest find was the Allon rio, gymnasts, held by many to be the inest act of its kind ever to appear on he stage. On their questionnaires they ad each writen: "One of us was drafted nd the other two enlisted so we wouldn't separated." They had managed to tay together in the Army and now howed up at rehearsal. Their names are ngelo Buono, Louis Bednarcik and eno Erbisti.

Unknown to them, another performer as moving heaven and earth to get with he act. This was Belmonte Cristiani of he famous circus family, the aristocrats f the tanbark. When he found he was etting nowhere, he took other means.

"Finally sent his agent around to see s," the show people say.

Cristiani proved to be a great find, aking the double-somersault leap over our men that makes the act so marelous.

Alan Manson had been fooling around ith the camp shows, and he was evenually to become Jane Cowl in the famous Stage Door Canteen number. He had never seen Miss Cowl but his burlesque of her floored Broadway.

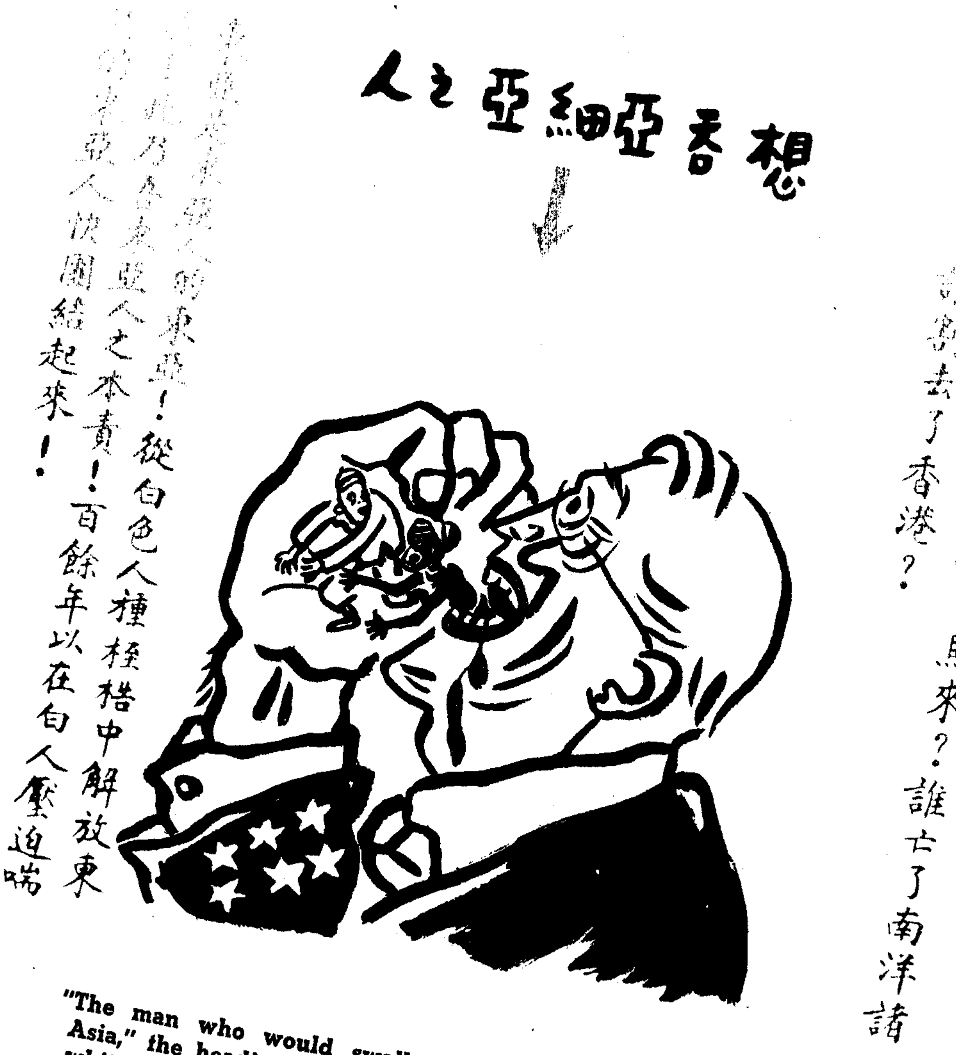
Julie Oshins, the comedian, had been a favorite on the "borsch circuit" of the Catskills and had been as far as London with his partner Lessy, but he had never been able to make Broadway. On his questionnaire he had written: "Have tux; willing to travel." After the opening night in New York, he could have had his pick of jobs on Broadway. The only drawback is that Broadway doesn't exactly have its choice of Army men. Oshins isn't too excited about his success.

"I do a couple of lines, and they're hysterical out there," he says. "For years I massacre myself. And where do I get? Anyhow, I wanna fight." He pauses and makes a hasty gesture. "Not too long, understand . . . But I wanna fight."

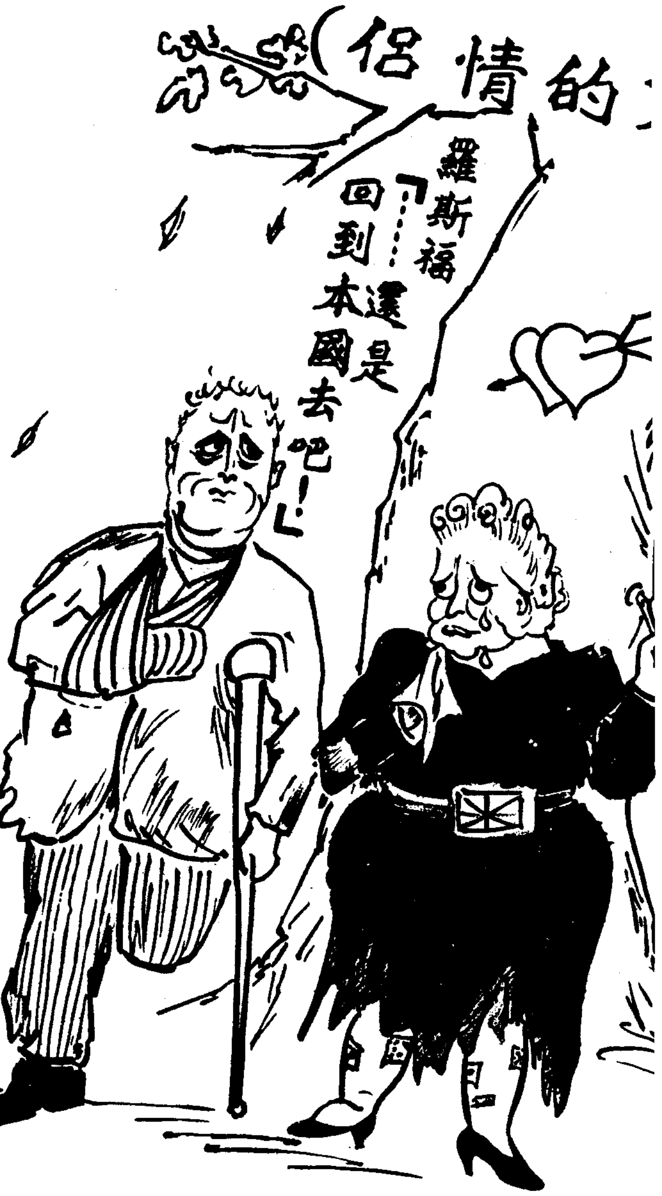
William Horne had sung under Toscanini and Stokowski and had appeared in recital at the White House. The chances of his engagement by the Metropolitan Opera were good when war broke out and he went to camp. He was brought back from Fort Slocum for the show and was a hit singing I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep.

James MacColl had a minor reputation around *(Continued on page 28)*

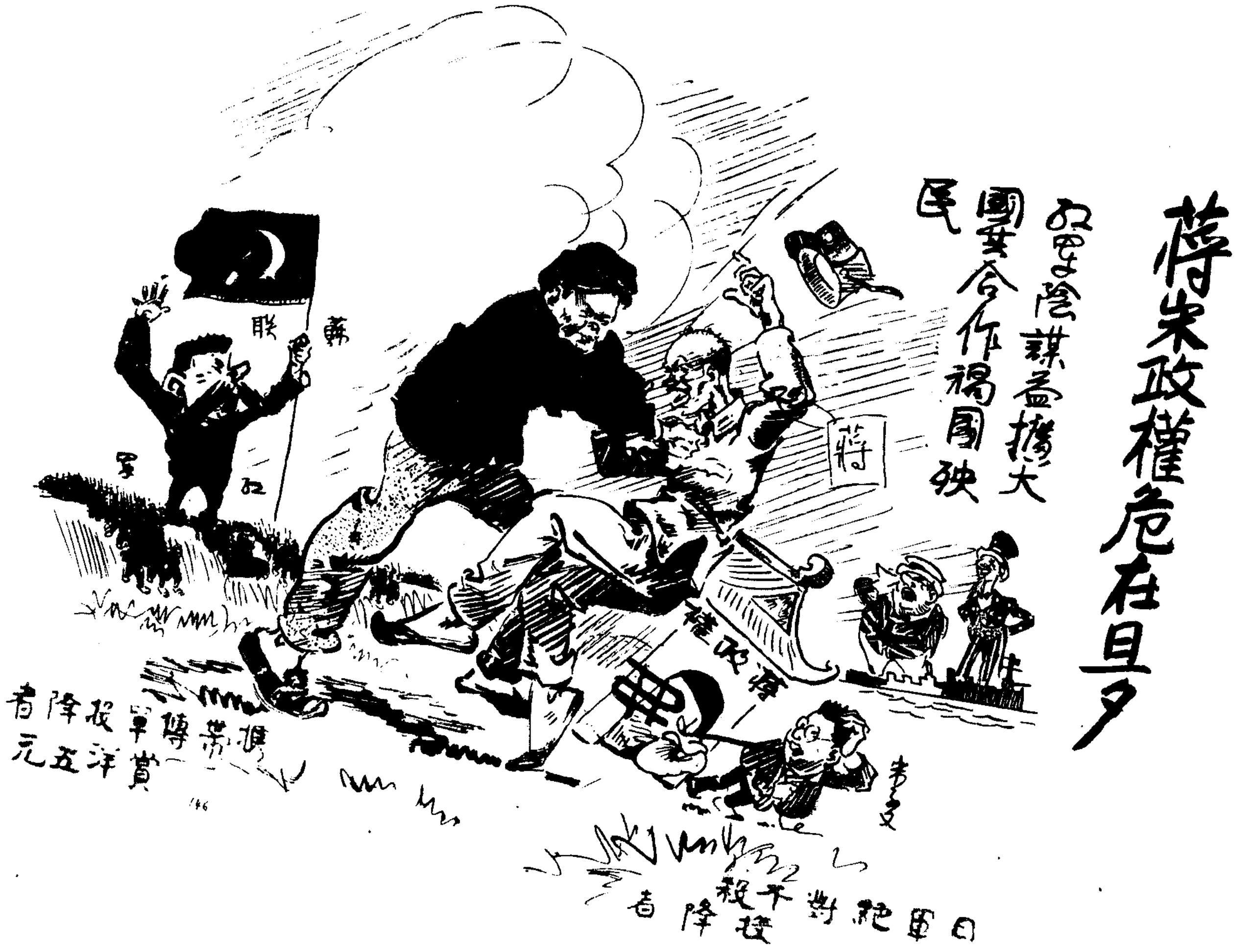
Mr. Berlin resurrects the Ladies of the Chorus number from Yaphank and *sets it up* in Mid-*Victorian* dress, with some pretty and some awfully homely dames. The arch little thing fourth from the left is Bobby Moore, son of Victor Moore


想吞亞細亞之人
亞細亞是亞細亞人的東亞！從白色人種桎梏中解放東
亞乃各東亞人之本責！百餘年以在白人壓迫喘
息的東亞人快團結起來！
誰吞下了印度？誰滅了馬來？誰亡了南洋諸
島？誰割去了香港？

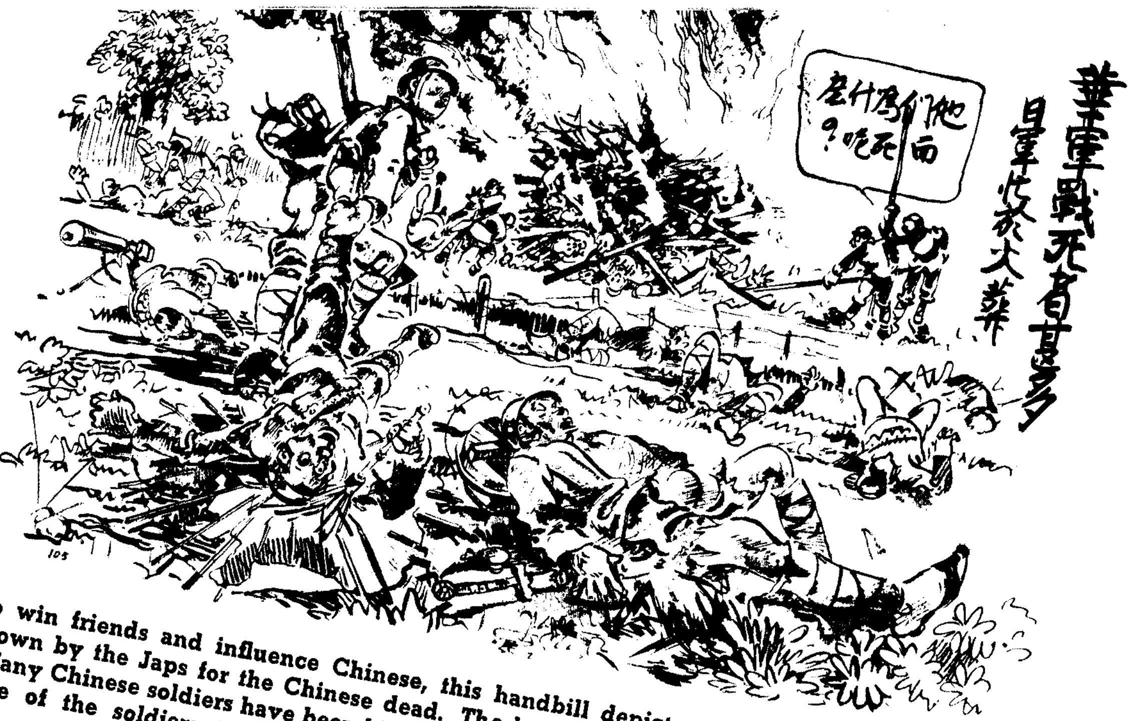
"The man who would swallow up Asia," the heading here, is just the white race in general. The writer, a hard man with an exclamation point, says on the left, which is where you would look last if you were Chinese, "Asia is for the Asiatics! To liberate Asia from the White Man's prison is the natural duty of every Asiatic! All of you Asiatics who have groaned under the yoke of the White Man unite!" At the right, he goes in for question marks: "Who swallowed up India? Who crushed Malaya? Who annihilated the South Sea Islands? Who bit off Hong Kong?"


的情侶(
羅斯福「……還是回到本國去吧！」

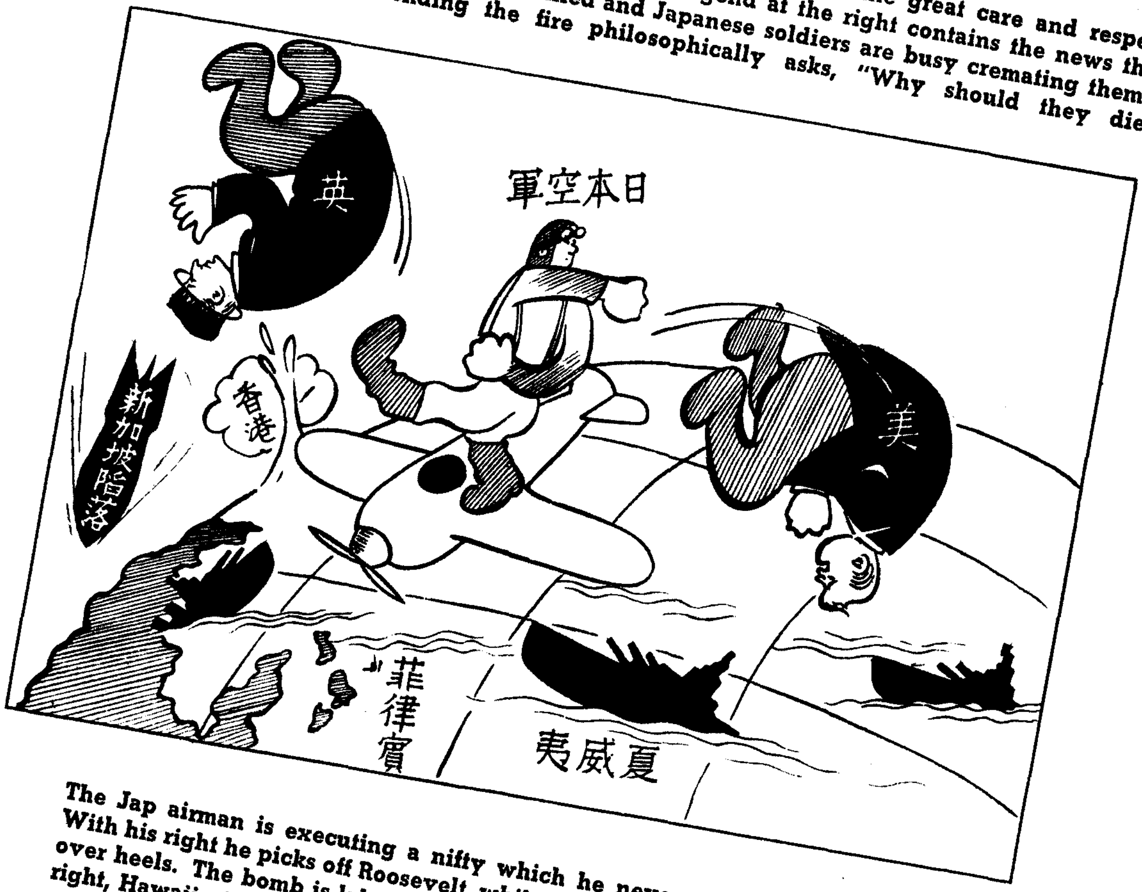
"The pitiful plight of this pair of lovers" is the catchy title for this s scene. Roosevelt, somewhat the worse for wear, is saying, "Let us go ba to our own country!" To which Churchill tearfully answers, "See in what straits we have gotten ourselves! What is there left for us to do


蔣宋政權危在旦夕
勾結陰謀擴大
國共合作禍國殃民
蘇聯
紅軍
蔣
蔣政權
攜帶傳單投降者
賞洋五元
日軍絕對不殺投降者

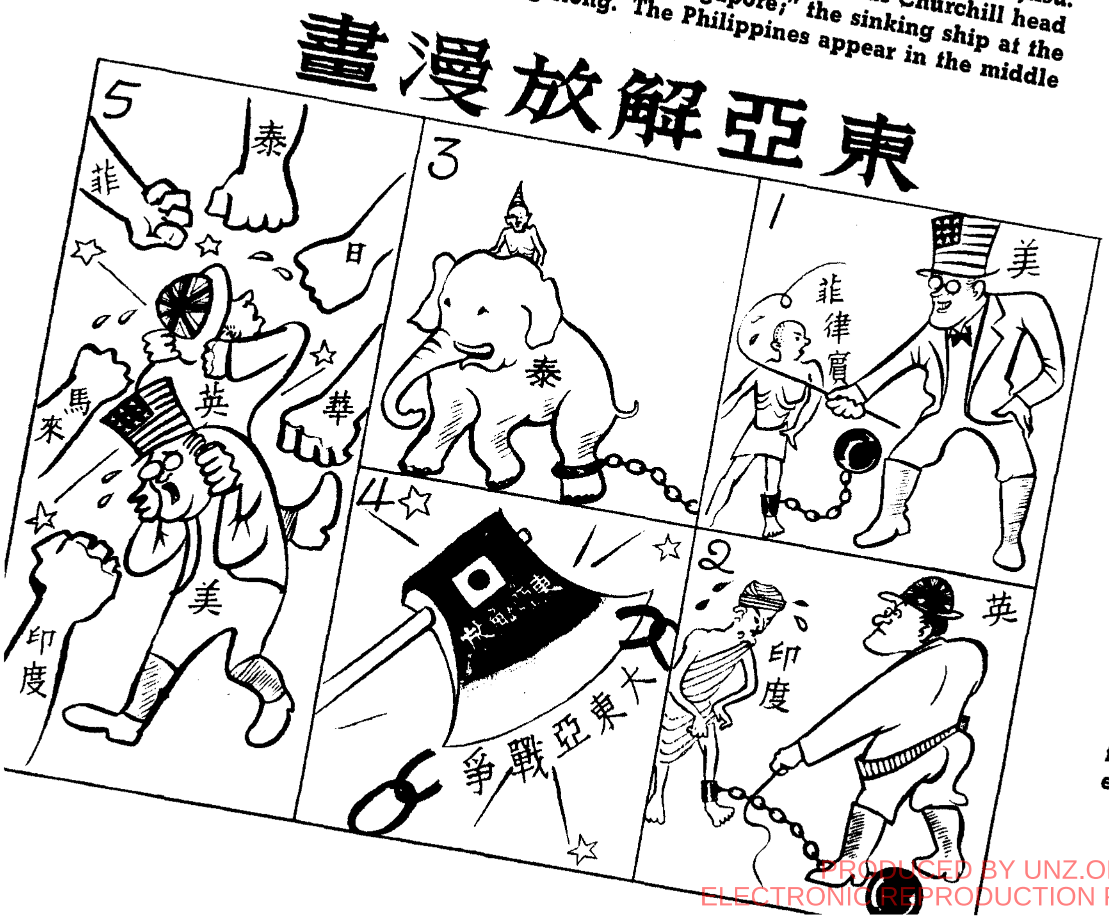
"The political power of Chiang and Soong is doomed" is this melodramatic warning, "The Communists' plot thickens: so-called Nationalist-Communist collaboration will bring misfortune to the country and misery to the people." Chinese Communism is depicted bowling over Chiang's political power, while T. V. Soong, Minister of Foreign Affairs, takes it on the lam with treasury funds. Stalin, Churchill and Uncle Sam enjoy the spectacle in the background. The note at bottom right says, "Anyone who surrenders to us holding this leaflet will be given a reward of $5.00" (worth about 25 cents in American money at the rate arbitrarily established by the Japs, but, at black market prices, as little as 7 cents). As an afterthought the note at bottom left promises, "The Japanese army will not kill anyone who surrenders to it"


華軍戰死者甚多
日軍忙於火葬
他们为什么而死呢?
105

To win friends and influence Chinese, this handbill depicts the great care and respect shown by the Japs for the Chinese dead. The legend at the right contains the news that "Many Chinese soldiers have been killed and Japanese soldiers are busy cremating them." One of the soldiers tending the fire philosophically asks, "Why should they die?"



The Jap airman is executing a nifty which he never picked up in *jujitsu*. With his right he picks off Roosevelt, while his left boot sends Churchill head over heels. The bomb is labeled, "Fall of Singapore;" the sinking ship at the right, Hawaii; the splash, Hong Kong. The Philippines appear in the middle



Reading from top to bottom and from right to left, Roosevelt is shown cracking the whip over the Philippines, Churchill over India; Thailand, too, is in chains until the friendly ax of Japan severs them. The pay-off comes when (reading clockwise from the bottom) India, Malaya, the Philippines, Thailand, Japan and China turn on the enslavers. The title, of course, is "Liberation of the Far East"

Jap Propaganda Amuses the Chinese

WHILE I was a "guest" at Bridgehouse, the Japanese prison-cage in Shanghai,* they asked me what I thought of Japanese propaganda. I told them. I said it was pathetic. They admitted that propaganda was a little out of their line and accused us of prolonging the Chinese war with ours.

I pointed out that the Japs probably didn't need propaganda as long as their winning streak continued, but that they had missed the boat before the war. Their propaganda efforts then had consisted of letting any nondescript junior officer sound off on foreign affairs, with wild swings at America in particular.

"What people believe this year, they forget the next," said my interrogator.

But that was strictly a sour-grapes attitude. The Japs are going in heavily for propaganda—especially of the picture and cartoon variety. The samples shown on these pages were dropped from planes over Shanghai. Batches of handbills are dumped over occupied and unoccupied areas of China whenever the Japs have some victory to crow about or a political anniversary to celebrate.

Much to their delight, the Chinese *run and pick them up and appear to* be very amused. Within a few minutes after the handbills are dropped, not a single one remains in sight. The Japs even have motion pictures to prove it. They show these films to the folks back home, deluding them with the hope that the Chinese are prepared to hop on the Axis bandwagon with willingness and enthusiasm.

The Japanese propaganda offices have yet to learn the real reason why the Chinese run so eagerly for their childish messages. They do it not out of idle curiosity; throw-aways attacking the British and Americans are no novelty to the Chinese. One of the things Chinese coolies and ricksha men have least of is paper . . .

The Japanese "paper raids" come in very handy.

M. C. FORD

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*Slow Death in a Jap Cage by M. C. Ford, Collier's for September 5, 1942

SLOW FUSE

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The war was partly to blame; so was the U. S. Government. Mostly, though, it was a mean bear that started picking on Lafe Pardee

MAYBE, as Lafe said later, you could lay some of the blame on the war for what took place; but war or no war, what happened wouldn't ever have happened to anybody but the Pardees, because nobody else on earth could have thought up the idea Lafe thought up.

Not that the United States Government didn't have some responsibility in the matter, if you wanted to look at it in that way. In the first place, if they hadn't taken Lafe's pack of hunting dogs to train for sentry duty with the Army, that bear wouldn't never have come within gunshot of the Pardees' place. And in the second place, if they hadn't cut down the production of sporting ammunition to make cartridges for the soldiers Lafe might just have took his gun out, and shot the bear, and got the whole thing over with; although I doubt that anything that simple would ever have occurred to him, his ideas running more to complications, as a general rule.

Professor Kintner, up at the Big Sag High School, once said Lafe was a genius in reverse, and I guess that comes as close to describing him as you can come, because he can think up more harebrained ideas than any man I ever saw, most of which ought to get him killed, but don't.

This bear idea was one of them.

The reason I happened to be there when it took place was I'd been laid off out at the Little Willie. It was purely a gold mining proposition, and the government hadn't started making bullets or tanks or airplanes out of gold yet, so when we run out of steel to work with, we were through, our priority rating being as far down the list as the bottom man on a totem pole.

Ordinarily it wouldn't have bothered me much. In a place like Big Sag a man could usually pick up enough work to keep him in groceries, but the war had changed that. What with the defense industries drawing men out to the Coast, and the draft, there wasn't hardly nobody left in town except women and children and old men, and what old men there was left weren't doing any business.

I HUNG around town for a while, and asked everybody I knew, and there wasn't any work to be had. It was about that time I decided I'd go out to the Pardees' for a few days, and maybe do a little fishing.

I should have known better. It seemed like every time I saw Lafe I got in some kind of trouble. The last time I'd got dog bit and couldn't get around very good for ten days, but in spite of that I decided I'd go. One reason was I liked Lafe, no matter what the people in Big Sag said about his being crazy. Another reason was that Babe and Frank and Dave had joined the Army, and now Lafe's dogs were gone, and I figured maybe he and the old man might like some company for a change.

So I went out there.

I was late getting started. It's a twenty-eight-mile ride, and Old Blue isn't as young a horse as he used to be, so I took it easy.

It was sundown when finally I got there. I unsaddled Old Blue down at the barn, and forked some hay down from the mow. It was getting dark by the time I finished, and I could see a lamp burning in the kitchen window up at the house.

I started up the slope, and for just a minute I was sort of grateful to the Army for taking those dogs of Lafe's, because with them gone a man could at least walk from the barn to the house without maybe having to climb a tree and holler for some help. It seemed right peaceful and quiet without them barking and yelling the way they used to do.

I WAS thinking of that, how peaceful it was, and that's why it scared me so when something rose up out of the shadows by the woodpile and let out a "Woof" that liked to have made me jump right out of my shoes.

It wasn't a dog either. I couldn't exactly say I saw it, it being a little dark for good visibility, but I didn't need to see it to make a good guess as to what it was. It sounded like a bear, and it smelled like a bear, and that was good enough for me.

My hair rose up till it lifted my hat. Those dogs were bad enough, I thought, but one thing I could say for them: If they'd been there I wouldn't have walked face to face with any wild animals in the back yard; and between the two I reckoned I'd have had to state a preference for the dogs, mean as they were.

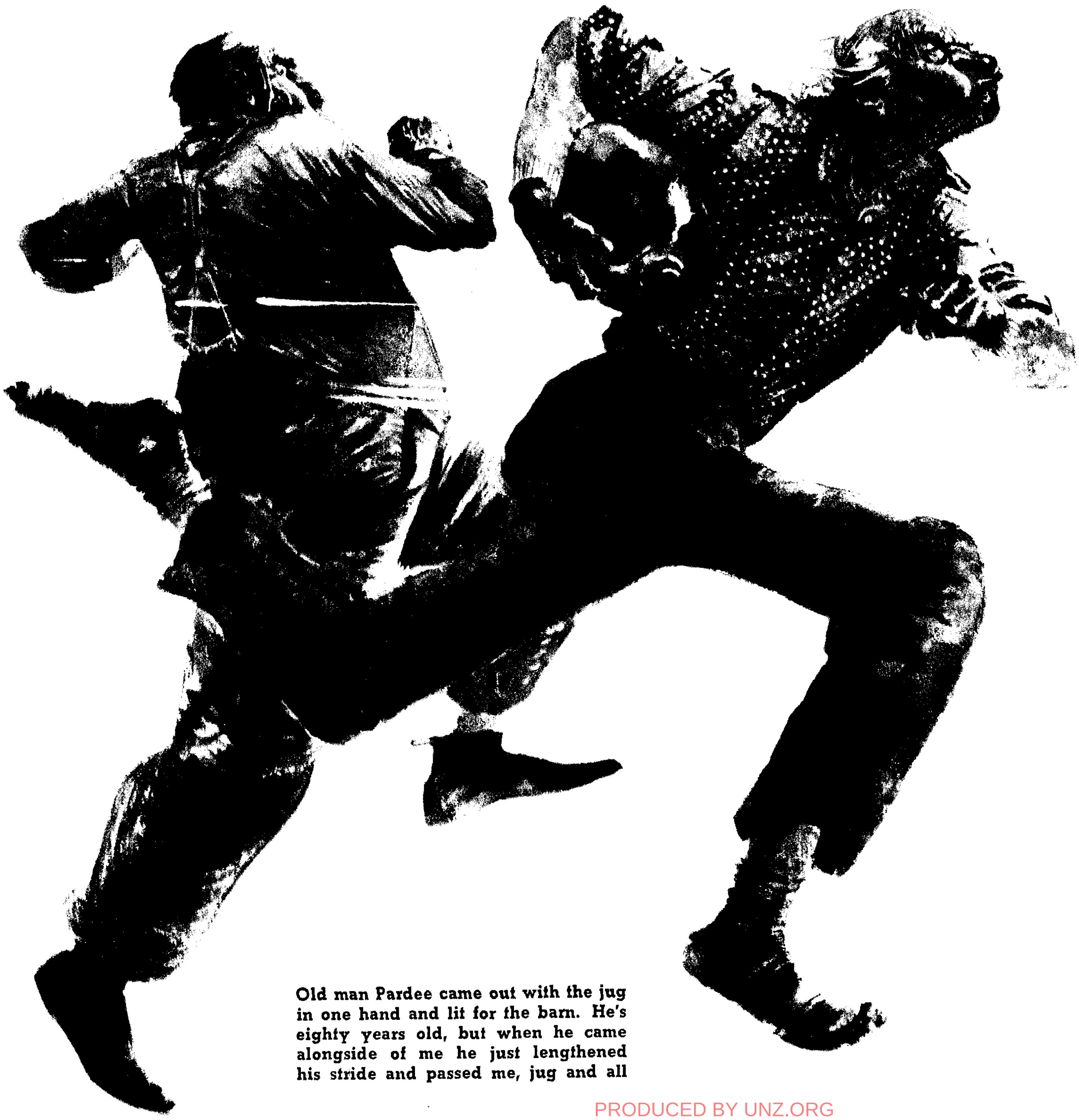
It was maybe twenty yards from the woodpile to the back door, and I made it in not more than four—five jumps. I didn't go busting on into the house though, the way I felt like doing, because I didn't want Lafe or the old man to get excited and maybe shoot me before I had a chance to identify myself. I knocked on the door and said, "It's me. Jeff. Jeff Tatum!" And somebody said, "The door's open, ain't it? Come on in." So I went in.

Lafe and the old man were both in the kitchen. The old man was pouring a glassful of moonshine whisky out of a jug, the way he was apt to be doing almost any time you happened to see him, and Lafe was tending something in a frying pan at the stove. The old man set the jug on the table.

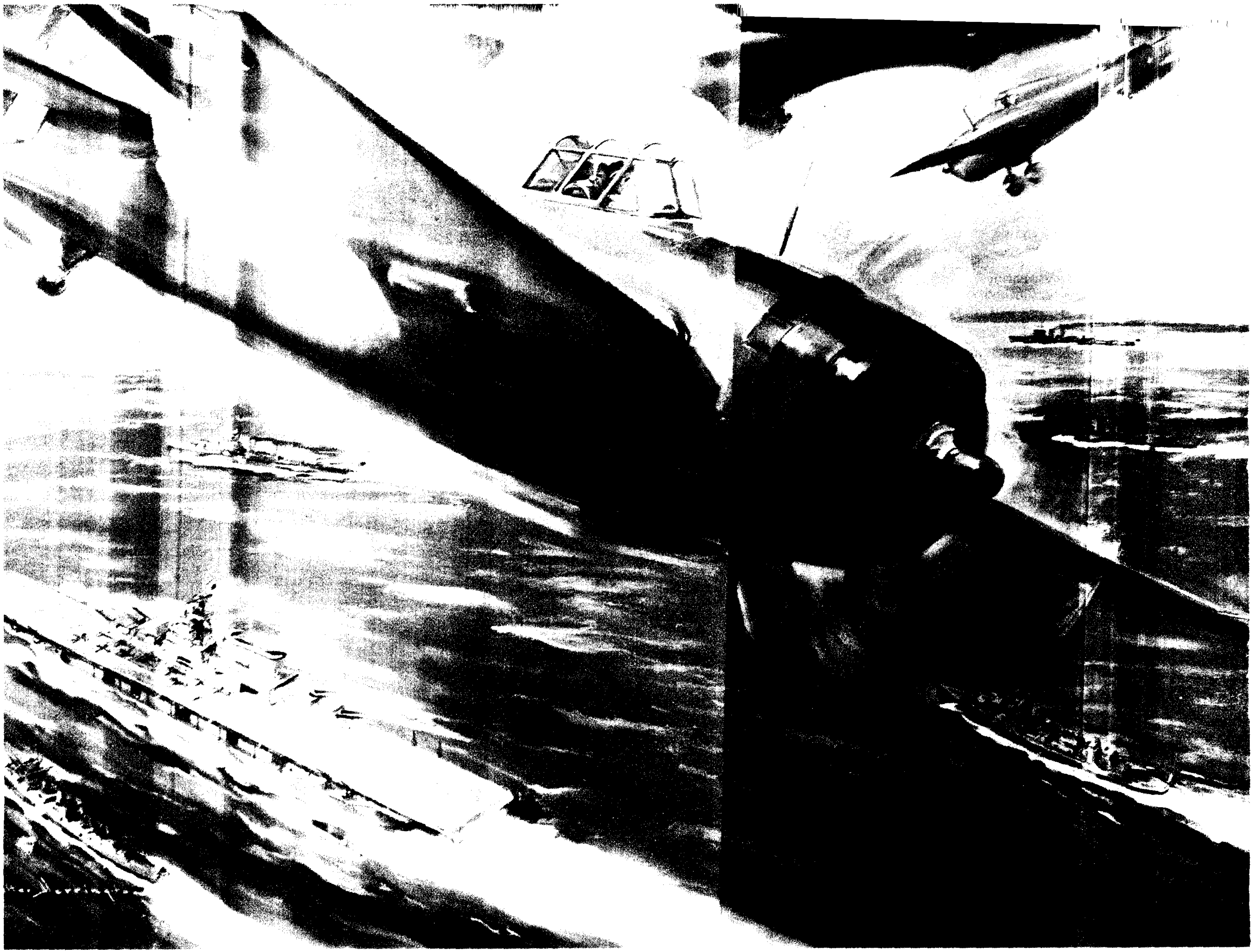
"Jefferson," he said, "I can't exactly say we was expectin' you, but now that you're here draw up a chair and set."

I drew up a chair and sat, because I was still a little weak in the knees from the way that bear had scared me. I drank off a half tumbler of liquor the old man poured for me, and after I got my breath back I said what was on my mind. "Lafe," I said, "it ain't any of my business, but you ain't got rid of

(Continued on page 40)



Old man Pardee came out with the jug in one hand and lit for the barn. He's eighty years old, but when he came alongside of me he just lengthened his stride and passed me, jug and all



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HERRINGTON

Kent McCrea looked down at the postage-stamp runway and followed his squadron leader in a wide sweeping bank

Right in the Basket

By Charles Hurst

It's a sound idea, taking the war to the enemy, provided, of course, you are sure that he's there

HAVING completed its assignment, the fighter patrol slid over at around four thousand; then the thin formation of blue-gray specks broke up, to slant sharply down toward the carrier heading into the wind, her wake a white plume in the jade-green sea, while the narrower ribbons of the destroyers at landing positions indicated all were making their ordered twenty-five knots.

Kent McCrea looked down at the postage-stamp runway that grew smaller and smaller the nearer he got to it and followed his squadron leader in a wide sweeping bank. Circling the carrier in single file they took up landing positions. Kent watched the signal officer closely. The checkered paddles gyrated furiously. Too high . . . too slow. Kent growled and gauged his distance again. He thought his speed was right.

A rash of colored flags broke out. The landing crews ducked for the catwalks but Kent grinned and bent his attention upon that tilting expanse just ahead of him. He eased her off a trifle and then cuffed her down at the top of a high pitch. He felt the cross cable of the arresting gear seize upon his hook, the pull firm but steady. The squat little fighter plane came to a stop; the crash barrier dropped and the handlers sprang to his wings.

Kent felt the curiously intent eyes of the plane directors upon him as he made his way toward the island. He was aware of a feeling of impending crisis; as if something important to him was about to happen, something not altogether unexpected but nonetheless unpleasant; as if things were at last catching up with him.

"Rise and kowtow, men, here comes Cold-landing McCrea!" the little fighter pilot, Shorty Seymour, from Wichita, sang out from across the lounge just off the wardroom. "Come over and have a drink, or are you going to get tough and force me to shake you for it?"

They rattled the dice and Shorty won.

"You know," Shorty confided, his eyes still faintly questioning, "you had the S.O. guessing for a minute out there this afternoon. He didn't quite know whether you were coming or going."

Kent's eyebrows lifted. "That was a waveoff, you know. I thought you were going to come short."

Long John Black, the squadron leader, barged up. "Thought for a minute you were going to stub one on—nice cooking! But didn't you see that waveoff?" he demanded practically.

Kent shook his head, his eyes steady. "No, I didn't," he said. "That bobbing deck was right down a one-way tunnel."

"Well," Long John grunted, "one of these fine mornings it's liable to fly up and kick you right square in the seat of the pants, if you don't watch your flap speed."

"Aw, don't mind him," Shorty counseled largely. "Any time you walk away from a carrier landing—you can chalk 'er up as a good one."

STEADILY, day after day, the fleet and its train forged south and westward.

"All officers report to the wardroom!" The order—twice repeated through the loud-speaker system—came, deep and raucous.

Kent followed Shorty up the ladder, through the watertight doorway and along the blue-lighted passageway and on into the wardroom. Extra blackboards had been brought in from the ready rooms. A map of the Pacific theater had been chalked in sections, Darwin to Dutch Harbor.

"This is it," Kent said to himself. "This is what you've been waiting for."

"Gentlemen," said Captain Roberts

without warning, "early this morning a contact was made with the enemy by a number of our scout bombers. I regret to advise some of them failed to return. We rendezvous with other units of the fleet tonight."

The wing commander touched the maps with a long wooden pointer as Captain Roberts outlined the operations order in relation to the general battle plan as far as he considered it necessary and expedient. His round face was touched by weariness but his eyes were alert as he finished.

"Our objective is to intercept and destroy the enemy carrier with its supporting units which we have reason to believe is the one attacking the western islands. Gentlemen, each of you will prepare yourself to go ahead."

Kent turned in with the words ringing in his ears: "Prepare yourself to go ahead." He wondered.

Morning found them steaming slowly west, reinforced by other portions of the Asiatic Squadron. Tension grew, and scuttle-butt rumor had it there was to be a shake-up in command.

"Guess who is coming to our house!" Long John grinned as he came into the wardroom for breakfast. He looked directly at Kent. "None other than your old friend from Pensacola—"

"Gimlet-legs Parker!" the table chorused as one man. "Walk the plank! . . . Walk the plank!"

Rumor was right—Captain Roberts went to the Big Flag and Captain Parker came aboard on the first dogwatch. Kent and the others were idling about in the ready room, when Commander Iselen came in.

"Check flying sheets," the commander ordered. "A big Jap carrier is based somewhere in the islands to the south. You must locate her and return to support an attack by our torpedo and scout bombers. In case of emergency you will be in reach of land at several points.

"You are not to invite attack but are to bend every effort to locate the enemy carrier. I may say now that it is most imperative this be done. The safety of Australia, even all India, may well be dependent on it."

LOOKING down through a light layer of cotton-puff clouds from five thousand was like looking at a vast yardage of dotted Swiss—white dots on a blue background—as Kent swept over the outlying reefs guarding a number of flat jungle-covered islands. He had come farther than he had planned and much father than his orders had covered. As he passed over the islands, away to the south he thought he could detect a low line of smudge. He was unable to determine whether it was smoke or clouds. But dead ahead, some thirty miles, bulked the dark, jagged reach of another island.

Kent checked on it quickly. He could do it. It would be cutting it a bit fine, but he thought he could make it.

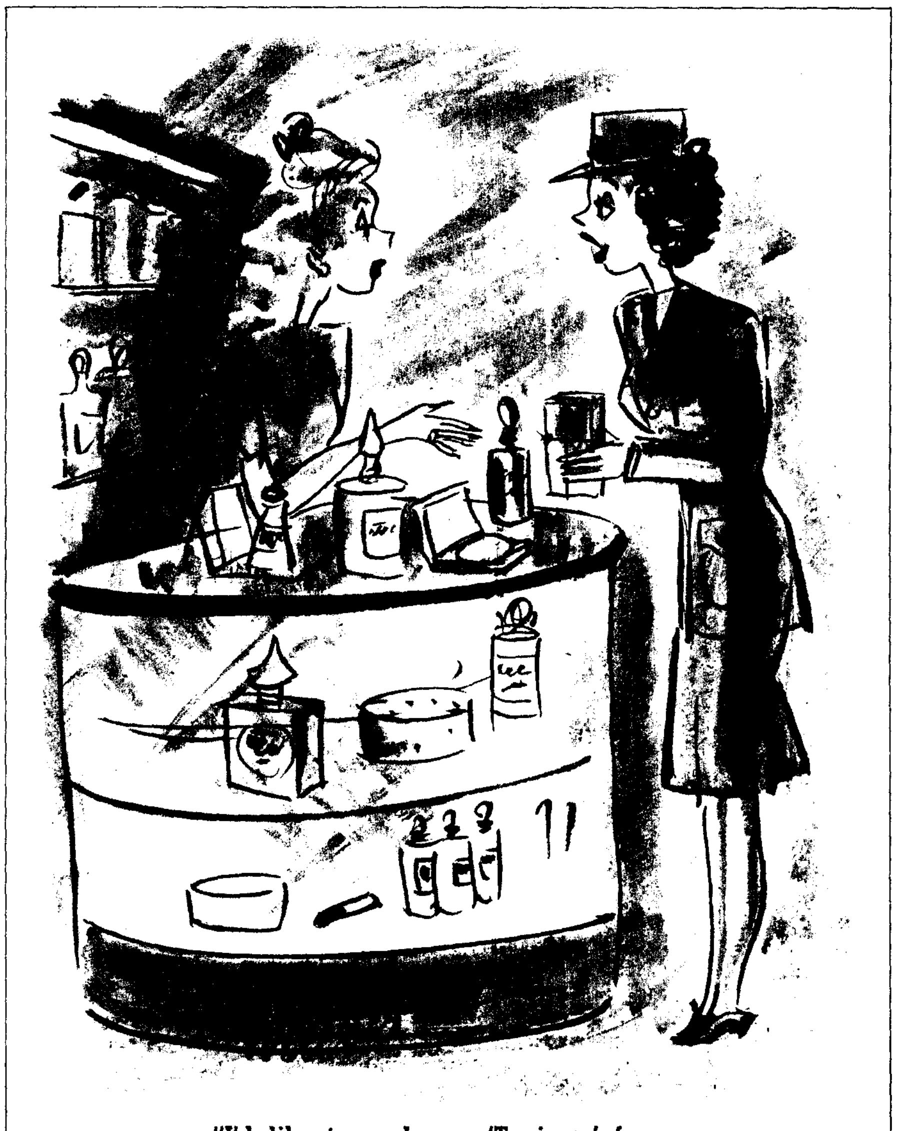
When he had climbed to seven thousand he found himself looking down upon a rough pock-marked terrain, scarred by volcanic eruptions and successive lava extrusions which were but partially screened by the encroaching jungle. A lighter-colored spot off to port drew his attention; it lay near a great pile of broken rock.

He slid down and looked closer. An age-old blackened headframe swam into view, and knifing out to sea was a deep green lead of color that marked the line of an abysmal fault. He circled the spot, still looking down. It was an old abandoned mine and dump; the dirty white was cyanide tailings. He circled again, something in the back of his mind not wholly at ease. He dropped to a thousand feet, looked intently at the sky for a long moment to neutralize his eyes and then flashed a quick glance at the end of the deep lead where the thickly matted jungle swept down to the water's edge.

And then he had it—had what the patrol had missed the day before.

NEAR the low islands he had passed coming out, Kent ran into a line squall that rocked the plane back on her tail with the sudden shock of an explosion. He righted quickly and tried to climb above it, but his motor decided to declare all bets off by conking out.

Without a moment's hesitation, he kicked her over and streaked for the lee beach in a long erratic glide. He had time to tell himself there was a lot of wind pushing out from somewhere, for the water had drawn off the beach, leaving a strip of sand he hoped was fairly firm. The space was short and without hesitation he slapped her down, hard and quick. The jerk nearly snapped his head loose from his spine.



"I'd like to exchange 'Toujours' for a small bottle of 'One Moment with You'"

COLLIER'S BARBARA SHERMUND

He crawled out and the wind tore at him with savage fingers. A quick glance showed landing gear intact. It cracked open the engine cowling, and he had to hold on with one hand while he checked over the motor.

"Now if this were a story I've read," Kent told himself, "I'd have to tear her down with the help of a toothbrush handle and a busted watch spring and realign a crankshaft, but it appears that all I've got to do now is to assemble a magneto that looks about as closely knit together as a five-and-ten dishrag." He looked for his tool kit. The kit was gone. All that was to be found was a single taper file; and with this simple tool Kent went to work on the magneto.

The squalls had now developed into a full gale, and soon little rivulets began to seep down from the matted roots of the jungle behind the plane. Kent realized he would have to work fast or soon find the beach sand cut into gullies from the waves piling high on the opposite side of the low island. He set to work, driving down on the cap screws with the aid of the file and a small piece of coral.

Like a well-trained pup, the motor sat up and barked when he wound her up. He gunned her and felt the wheels lift from their cups in the wet sand.

"Come on, baby," he implored, "step out for papa." And somehow he managed to horse the plane around and head up the beach. Then he felt himself picked up like a leaf in the wind and slapped down toward the white nest of combers.

But the little plane got her teeth into the gale and hung on like a bull terrier; slowly, foot by foot, like a student fireman going up a knotted rope, she edged up into the gathering murk.

"Now all I've got to do is to find home base somewhere out there in the soup," Kent grinned wryly. "And then comes the little item of setting her down."

A HUNDRED miles out from the beach the plane plunged into the clear of an underset. Kent looked up to see stars faintly luminescent behind a thin semitransparent screen—center of the circular disturbance. The plane bored on and Kent was debating whether to climb upstairs or to stay where he was, when he spotted a darker blot on the ghostly white-capped surface off astarboard. He failed to make it out at first and then he knew. It was an American cruiser. He shot a quick look at his fuel gauge to find the needle "on the pin."

His mother ship should be up ahead and to the south. She had to be *somewhere*, pretty quick. He shot over a darkly wallowing battlewagon and on ahead along the train. Then the flight deck of the carrier slid under him and he circled to come in lower.

It would be touchy from now on in. He knew that flight path was pitching like a horse with a sand burr under its tail.

A discreetly shaded lamp blinked rapidly. Okay . . . lower. Kent grinned. The setup was for a crash landing. He could even see the asbestos man, a slight smudge against the solid black of the superstructure of the island. He eased her down a bit, felt his wheels wham down just clear of the stern ramp and the plane shoot into the air. He eased back firmly and hooked onto the arresting cable at the bottom of a long steep pitch. And he walked away without so much as a strained landing gear; the strain was all upon his legs; they felt like rubber.

Ready Room Number 1 filled like a ten-cent movie for kids on Gene Autry night.

"Hi-ya, cowboy," Shorty whooped, jumping to help with the chute straps, while Kent grinned around at the sea of blankly questioning faces. "*Some* knittin'!"

"You kinda cut her a mite fine," Long John observed dryly. "We was all getting set to walk out to meet you with a lantern."

"Lieutenant McCrea report to airplot. . . . Lieutenant McCrea report to airplot," the loud-speaker blared peremptorily.

"Regards to Gimlet-legs," Long John grinned sourly.

THE words of Captain Roberts came to Kent as he made his way up toward the bridge. *Prepare yourself to go ahead.*

At the end of the blue-lighted passageway, the air officer joined him. "Take it easy . . . and say it slow," he warned, not unkindly. Kent nodded, and a moment later he was standing before the long barren table, facing the silent men behind it—Captain Parker, his executive officer, and the wing commander. They were coldly serious.

"I wonder, Lieutenant," said Captain Parker somewhat grimly, "if you do not think it singularly appropriate that my first day aboard should not want for some manner of extra problem?"

A yeoman came in from the chartroom and handed the wing commander a slip of paper. The wing glanced at it and shoved it along to Captain Parker. "Your tank shows exactly three gallons of fuel," he said quietly. "That's just about on the ragged edge of suicide."

"What caused you to land?" Captain Parker asked. His thin face was glacial.

"Racked magneto, sir."

"Do you feel that you have anything to say in support of your action?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"You understand, of course, that you not only risked your life, but also the almost certain loss of some thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of government property?" the captain demanded icily.

"I have found that enemy carrier, sir."

The wing commander stared at Kent. "Our patrol advise they have scouted that sector thoroughly and saw nothing to indicate—"

"It is quite easy to understand why they overlooked her. The camouflage was rather more clever than usual and there is no sign of a base because they've laid her tight to an old mine pier."

"Well," the W.C. grunted, "we will soon have a check on that. If your observation is accurate you have rendered a valuable service to the fleet—"

Kent knew why he stopped at that.

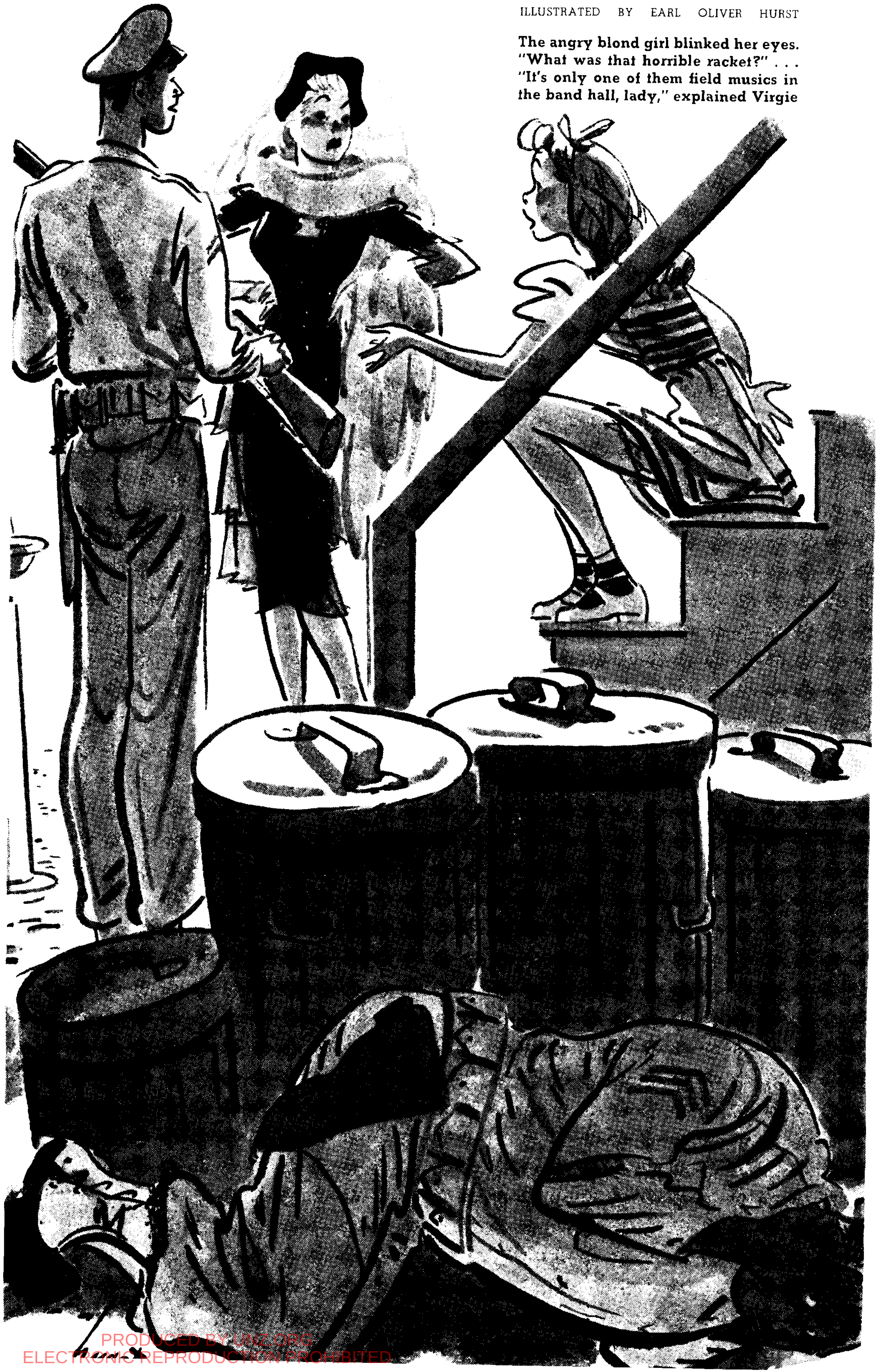
(Continued on page 56)

Virgie and the Angry Fi-fi

By Frank X. Tolbert

In the language of the Marine Corps, a fi-fi is a lady. Marines love ladies, but sometimes there are disagreements in which weapons are flourished

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



The angry blond girl blinked her eyes. "What was that horrible racket?" . . . "It's only one of them field musics in the band hall, lady," explained Virgie

SERGEANT MICHAEL J. (Asiatic) DONOHOE weighs two hundred and five pounds in his skivvy drawers. And around the post he is known as a monument to Marine Corps chow.

One afternoon this summer Sergeant Donohoe had to conceal his two hundred and five pounds behind the scuttle butt and the G.I. cans on the O.D. shack porch. This was a pretty undignified thing to do since Donohoe happened to be sergeant of the guard. But under the circumstances, Asiatic could only be thankful for the cover.

On this particular day, Asiatic and Miss Virgie Grew, aged eight, had been sitting on the O.D. shack steps talking in Chinese. The corporal of the guard and the sentry at the main gate were listening to the precise monotones and cricket chirps and wondering what was ailing Virgie and the big sergeant.

"I would ask Asiatic what kind of lingo that is," said the corporal of the guard to the sentry, "only he has just had another big scrap with his gal. And when Asiatic is sore at his fi-fi you just lose numbers any time you shoot the breeze with him."

For sometime only two persons around the post had known that Virgie could speak Chinese. Major Arthur Chidester and Sergeant Donohoe shared the little girl's secret.

Virgie had lived more than half of her eight years in Shanghai and Chungking. Her nurse had been a North China woman. And the red-haired child had learned something of the Peiping colloquial—when her parents were not within earshot.

Since China, Virgie's father, Colonel Elmer Grew, had been stationed in London, San Diego, Quantico. And now the colonel was commanding officer of the crack Marine Barracks battalion in Washington, D. C. So Virgie might well have forgotten all she had learned from her nurse but for the two "China Marines," Major Chidester and Asiatic.

"Why is your fi-fi corked off at you?" Virgie asked. The little girl's eyelashes and eyebrows were very black and, contrasted with her flame-colored hair, gave her a slightly surprised look.

"Aw," replied Asiatic, "she is just mad. I do not understand women. In Scotland, where we trained with the Commandos, or San Diego or Havana, the saxophones in the sloop shoot all sound about the same. But the women are different. And Ronnie is the most different of them all."

"What would you think about, Asiatic," asked Virgie, "if you'd got all shot up and were about to die?"

"Don't go talking about shooting," said the sergeant. "Ronnie still has that .38 I giv' her. I guess, if I were going to check in I might think some about how red and yellow the water looked when I was standing watch on the Ranger in the evenings. But most of all I would think about Ronnie. I have known fi-fis all over the world. But Ronnie is the most beautiful of them all."

"You shouldn't teach those fi-fis how to fire a pistol," said Virgie. "Remember that White Russian gal who took a shot at you from the dock when you left Shanghai."

"Aw, her," said Asiatic, and his bony, tanned face arranged itself into a crinkly grin. "She was just saying goodby. She was a sweet fi-fi and she hated to see me leave, I guess."

Then Donohoe added:

"But my new girl, Ronnie, can really shoot. I would put my money on Ronnie against some of them gunnery sergeants out at the range. And she is plenty corked off at me. I would not be surprised much if she took a few shots at me without no time for snapping in."

"She likes you real well," said Virgie. "Why don't you explain things and make up?"

"Explain! How you going to explain anything to a jealous fi-fi who has a hog-leg and can shoot straight with it?"

Donohoe looked down Eighth Street, through the wrought-iron fence. A blond girl, who was neither fat nor slender but very shapely, was approaching the big gate. Her pretty face was tense with anger.

Asiatic hit the deck, belly-cruised for a few yards past the scuttle butt and squirmed behind the G.I. cans.

"That must be your fi-fi," said Virgie, "and she sure looks corked off."

"You've got to help me, honey," whispered Asiatic. "This is serious. Get down there and tell the corporal of the guard that I ain't home to nobody. And see if you can't get her to shove off. The colonel will bust me again if ornery fi-fis come around taking shots at me here on the post."

Virgie said, "If you live to get busted." And she went down the steps at double time. The blond girl was only a few yards away.

"Asiatic is off on a detail. *(Continued on page 30)*

Collier's correspondent reports to an American father on the welfare of our Navy in Northern Ireland. After spending a week with them he finds their health is perfect, their diet something to arouse the envy of the richest Londoner, and their morale high. This heartening picture is the result of careful planning that makes you feel proud of our officers and men overseas. John, rest assured, the boys are doing all right

The American boys are great sight-seers and it didn't take them long to learn all about Londonderry and call it "Derry" the way the natives do. They'll tell you, too, that it's Britain's only completely walled city

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CAPA

LETTER NO. 2

DEAR JOHN: You'll perhaps recall that when your son joined the Navy last December he weighed 133 pounds with a copy of the Sunday newspaper in his lap. He had what you always called a "cigarette cough," and you were a bit worried because he never took any exercise. His idea of a strenuous day was eight hours behind the cage at the bank, and then, if he had energy enough, a two-hour stretch at the neighborhood movie theater. You always figured that if he took a deep breath he'd knock himself out and you were surprised when he passed his physical.

I've spent the past week here in Londonderry with your kid and a lot of others like him and all I can say is that I don't want any trouble with either him or any of his pals.

They are all hale, hearty and husky, and the average gain in weight among the men here during the past three months has been eight pounds. They didn't gain those eight pounds by eating toasted marshmallows and reclining on their backs. They earned those eight pounds the hard way and what they've earned is all muscle. Take a look at his picture and the pictures of his pals on this page. This bunch here at Londonderry is just about the healthiest group of youngsters in the world.

Captain Brighton Davis is the medical officer in charge of them and of their very modern hospital. He has twelve doctors working under him and for the moment they have pretty soft jobs. I went through his hospital today and found that more than 50 per cent of the beds were empty—no customers. Captain Davis has been with the Navy all his life. He went through the last war but even he is amazed at conditions here among the men.

"You know how many men we have here," he told me today. "Take that same number of men in civilian life. There would, in the normal course of events, be enough disease and operations to keep a pretty big staff of doctors busy. But, as you see, half of our hospital is empty and most of the beds you see occupied by British patients—we treat them just as we treat our own men. What do we get mostly? An occasional fracture, which is inevitable when men are working on ships and in machine shops; a few appendectomies, a few tonsillectomies and now and then a case of mumps. And as for what writers call 'social disease,' that is virtually nonexistent here in Londonderry. The health of the men here is far, far better in every way than the health of the same number of civilians anywhere in America."

This amazing good health is due in part to discipline, in part to the naturally healthy life they lead, in part to the realistic, honest, common-sense outlook of the Navy in insisting that every human precaution against any kind of infection be taken—but it is chiefly due to the pride, common sense and decency of the men themselves.

Captain William Larson is the head man here. He is in charge of the whole works. This morning I followed him on inspection tour. When the "Old Man" has an inspection, he misses nothing. He went up and down the rows of sailors standing at attention and he looked a bit disappointed because he couldn't find a button missing or a shoe unshined.

Captain Larson is one for suddenly making up his mind to have an inspection most any time. This morning, after he had inspected a very large group of sailors, he told his aide that he'd like to inspect the Marines. They had no advance notice of his coming. A bugle tooted and inspection was on. First there was the routine inspection, the inevitable walking up and down interminable lines of neat, uniformed Marines. That was perfect, as it should be. But then Captain Larson said he'd like to see a few of the huts.

"I'll just pick them at random," he said casually.

Marines' Quarters Are Immaculate

"Yes, sir," the major in charge said, and I wondered at his confidence. After trailing into perhaps fifty of the large Nissen steel corrugated huts where the men live, eat and play, I could understand the major's confidence. I've seen army barracks in Germany, France, Britain, Russia, Libya and a few points west, but I never saw anything as immaculate as the living quarters of the United States Marines here in Londonderry. To begin with, none of the men live under canvas. The huts (all brought over from America) have wooden floors and every morning every floor is scrubbed with a combination of warm water and kerosene. Where most army service huts of any country are drab-looking, these huts are all painted brightly inside. The lighting is good and in many cases the men have improvised ingenious lamps with beer cans as bases, or have taken packing cases and made chests of drawers. These improvised chests were painted and in many cases were covered with green drapes. We went from one hut to another and soon it got to be a game.

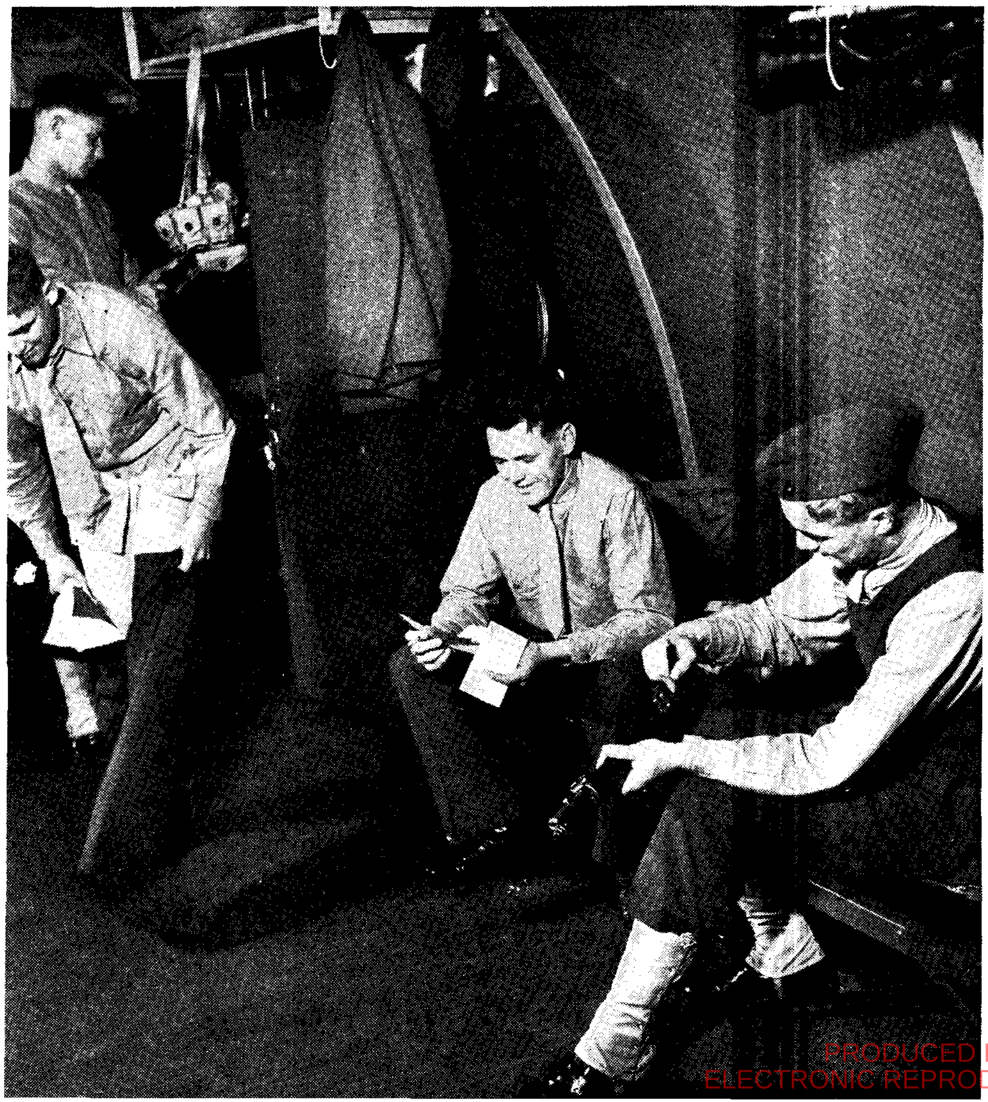
"Come on, *(Continued on page 36)*

Navy standards prohibit the use of local milk, but there's no objection to local talent—for laughs anyway

Castle Dunluce used to be a pretty good fortress. But that was six hundred years and several sieges ago

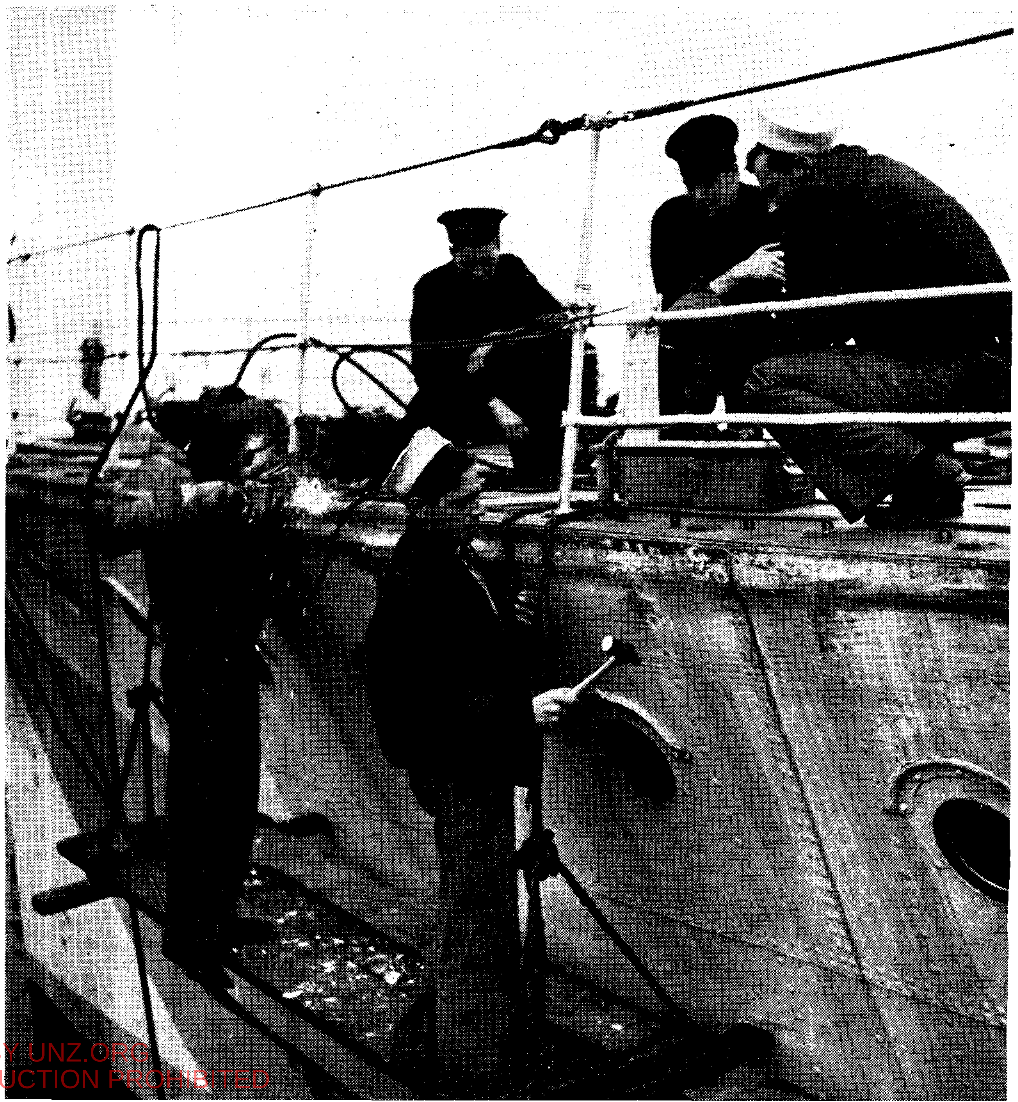
Captain William Larson, the head man, misses nothing on his tours of inspection. The sailors had no advance notice of this one, but look at their shoes shine. Above: A baseball game and a devastating swing that fails to connect

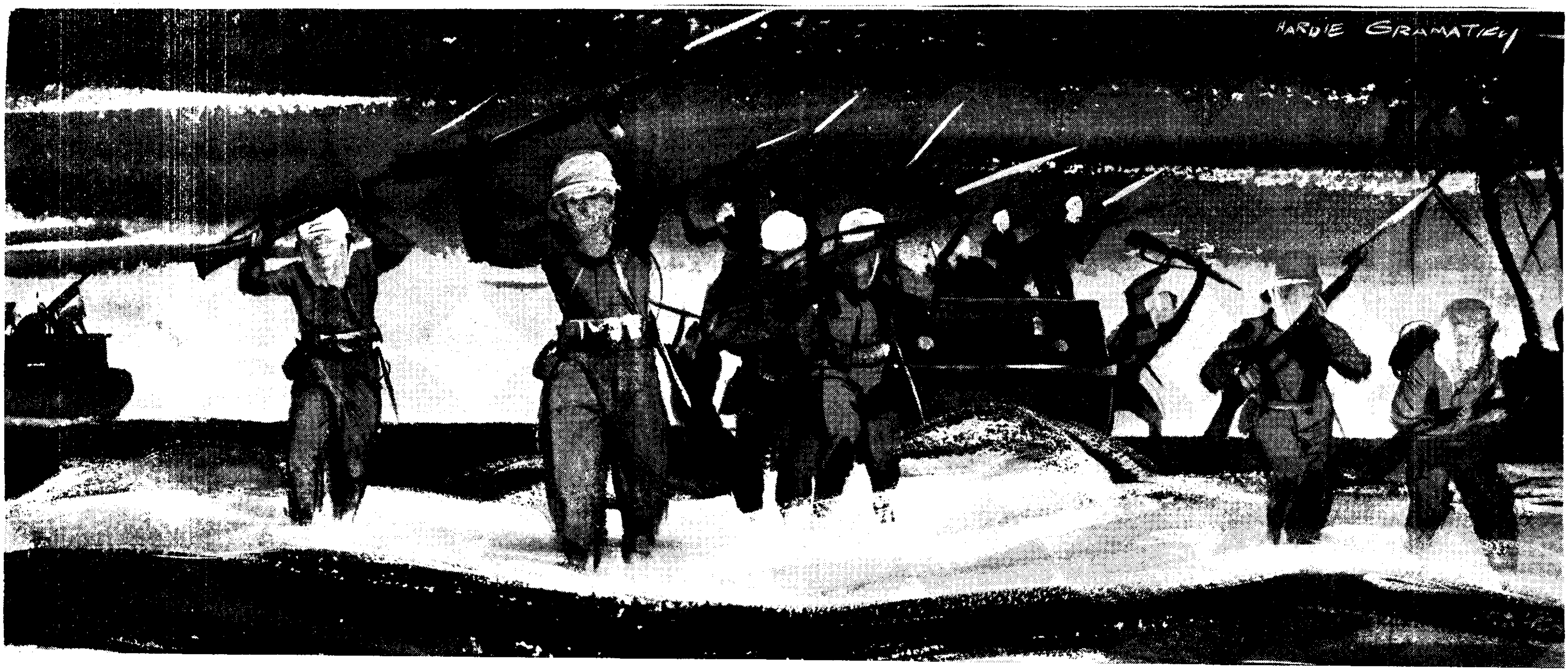
Inside a typical warm, clean Marine hut, Pvt. Malenkamp of Michigan cleans his gun and Pvt. Tewksbry of Boston, Mass., reads a welcome letter, while Pvt. Kilbro of Charlotte, North Carolina, gets ready to pose for this picture



On the sight-seeing picnics held each Sunday, lunch consists of thick ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, American beer. The shillelagh carried by the sailor is just a souvenir; he has more potent weapons for protection

The British sail them and when the Nazis hit them, the Americans make the repairs. "Are they doing a job? What do you think?" said the captain of a damaged destroyer. He'd expected a two-week shore leave and got four days





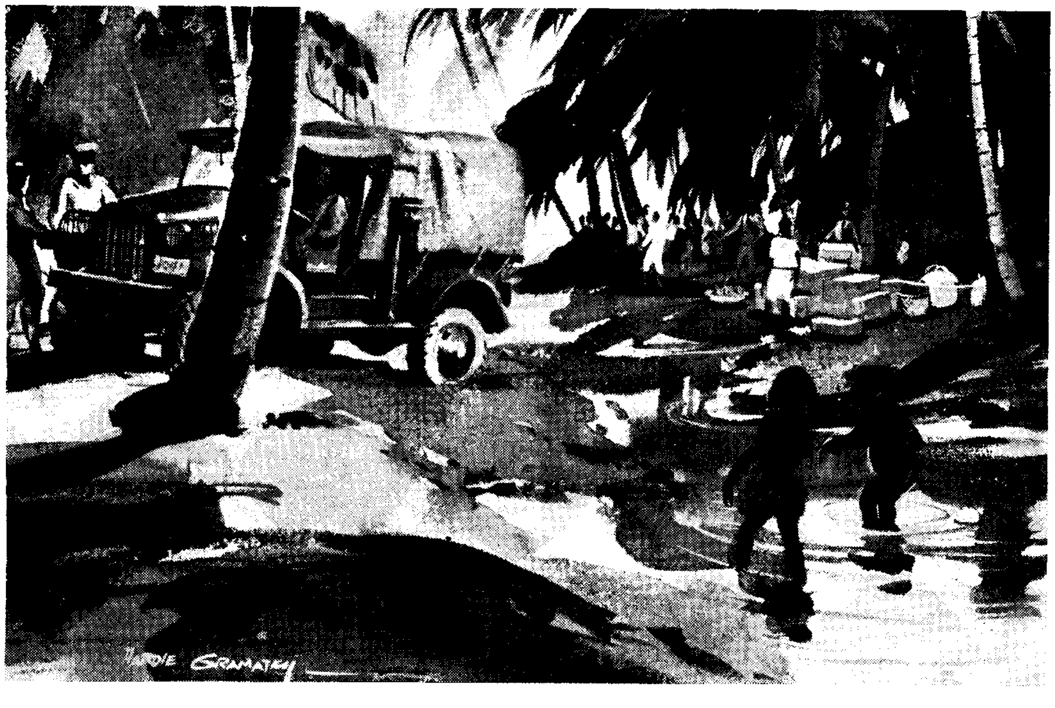
ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

For night landings, soldiers go ashore with mosquito nets over their heads. These nets are much more important than gas masks

HEALTH SPIES

By J. D. Ratcliff

Wherever our soldiers go, throughout the world, they are protected against disease, fever and parasites by the careful advance research work of the Army's Medical Intelligence Division. It is a splendid job



Troops avoid water holes used by native tribes, for fear of hookworms

BLINDFOLD yourself and drop a pencil point on a map of the world. Maybe it will land on a country in the tsetse-fly belt of Africa or on one of the unwashed states of India. No matter where it lands, the chances are that the United States Army has more medical information about that place than local physicians practicing there.

Its Medical Intelligence Division—a part of the Preventive Medicine Service of the Surgeon General's office—collects information about every country on earth. It spies out health facts the way other intelligence organizations gather information about enemy combat planes and deck armor. No matter where troops move, it must be ready with a complete file of facts. It tells Army doctors from Arkansas about the dengue fever in China, about filariasis in India and sleeping sickness in Africa.

The reason for this activity is apparent. We face a situation radically different from the one faced in 1917. At that time our Army was fighting in countries with problems parallel to our own. In France, doctors found the same measles they had known at home in Iowa, the same pneumonia they had seen in Pennsylvania. This time we are headed for some of the backwoods regions of the earth and we are encountering some very special miseries.

Medical Intelligence has a spectacular mass of facts. It knows about poison snakes along the Gold Coast and about lice, ticks, and disease-spreading insects of other countries. It has surveys of buildings all over the world which might serve as emergency hospitals and it has word about the type of electricity generated by utility plants; if the Army decides to go to a certain country it doesn't want to take 60-cycle X-rays when only 25-cycle current is available. Medical Intelligence has full information about breeding habits of mosquitoes that infest any country; it has charts that show disease rates.

Reports have to be complete. Not even the most astute general staff is exactly sure where its armies will be six months hence. The Medical Corps has to be ready to go anywhere, prepared to meet any conditions.

One recent—and relatively minor—job will give you an idea about its work. When troops moved into Trinidad, Medical Intelligence was prepared. One of the most striking bits of information concerned a mosquito. Certain relatively arid regions of the island were eaten up by malaria—involving as much as 70 per cent of the population.

The War on Malaria

One of the varieties of anopheline mosquitoes—the malaria spreaders—didn't breed in swamps. They bred in trees—in the water cup of an air plant. This plant particularly favored the immortelle tree, which is used to shade cocoa plantations. Extensive plantings of these trees had created ideal conditions for the mosquitoes.

Armed with these facts, it was a simple matter to rid Army posts of this health threat. Medical officers dispatched details of men to destroy the air plants and to cut trees. Malaria was greatly reduced by this measure.

The Army got interested in geographical medicine two years ago. Under guidance of Colonel James S. Simmons, chief of the Preventive Medicine Service, it began collecting random health facts from all over the earth. Libraries furnished the basic picture of any country. Traveling doctors, missionaries and businessmen brought it up to date.

The work grew in importance when it became apparent that we were in for a global war. Medical Intelligence became a formal organization in June, 1941. Last spring it was upped in status to a division of the Preventive Medicine Service with Lieutenant Colonel Tom F. Whayne in charge.

Colonel Whayne, 37, is a big, quiet Kentuckian. He has been in the Army ten years—two of which were spent in Panama where he got invaluable experience in tropical medicine. He is an able organizer and a shrewd fact finder.

Step into his office. It is littered with maps showing world distribution of various diseases. There are maps for Grade-A miseries like cholera, typhus and bubonic plague, and maps for diseases you've probably never heard of—things like kala azar, the black fever of China, and African loa loa.

The files contain an incredible variety of medical believe-it-or-nots. They tell about poisonous sea snakes in the Persian Gulf and about South Pacific clams as big as meat platters that may grab a swimmer's foot with a bear-trap grasp. The jungle regions in Burma are infested with leeches voracious enough to produce anemia in a short time. They must not be yanked off—this leaves their heads under the skin to set up infection. The recommended method: Touch them with a lighted cigarette and they drop off.

Medical Intelligence also posts warnings to troops—warnings that save lives sometimes, or long periods of hospitalization. Thus, troops in Australia are advised to avoid water holes used by native tribes. The ground around them is sure to be infested with hookworms.

Scorpions are a problem in North Africa. These poisonous creatures like a warm place to spend the night. So they crawl into shoes that have just been taken off—and bite when the owner puts them on in the morning.

Doctors bound for Iceland, Russia and Alaska get cold-weather hints. Don't rub snow on frostbitten feet; it's one of the worst things that can be done. The frozen foot should be warmed gradually. The Russians have developed a novel and satisfactory treatment: Put the frozen foot in another man's pants. If he doesn't object too much, the foot will thaw out in time.

Desert warfare also imposes problems. Men with chronic respiratory trouble should be kept out of the sandstorm

(Continued on page 48)

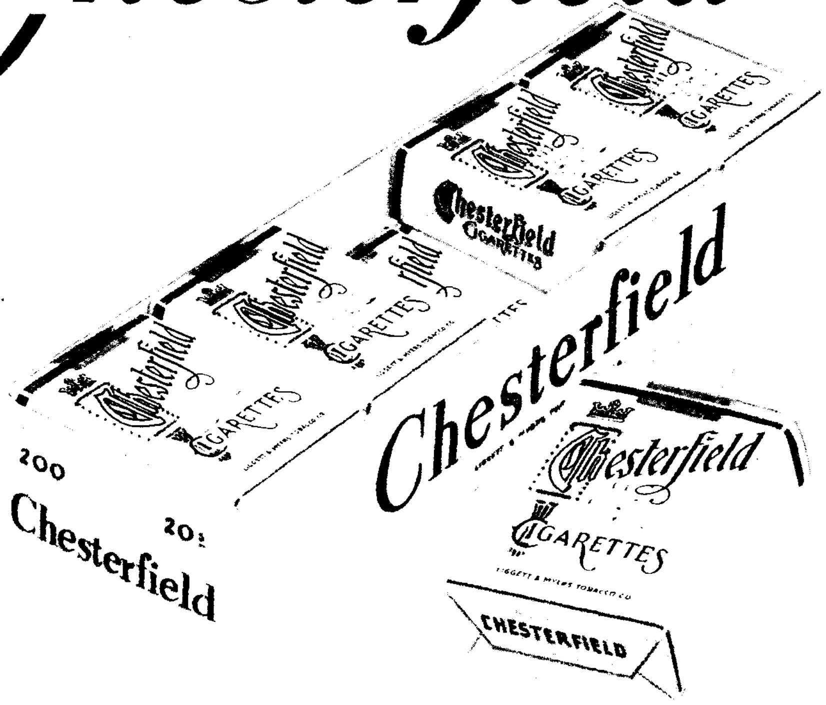
CLAUDETTE COLBERT is doing a grand job in the Volunteer Army Canteen Service (VACS to the boys)
☆ You should see her starring in the new Paramount Picture "PALM BEACH STORY" ☆

KEEP 'EM SATISFIED WITH *Chesterfield*

Milder.. Cooler.. Better-Tasting Cigarettes

. . . that's what smokers ask for . . and that's CHESTERFIELD. *Milder* when you smoke a lot . . *Cooler* when the going's hot . . and *Better-Tasting all the time!* Buy CHESTERFIELDS by the carton and treat the boys and yourself to more smoking pleasure than you've ever known . . .

They Satisfy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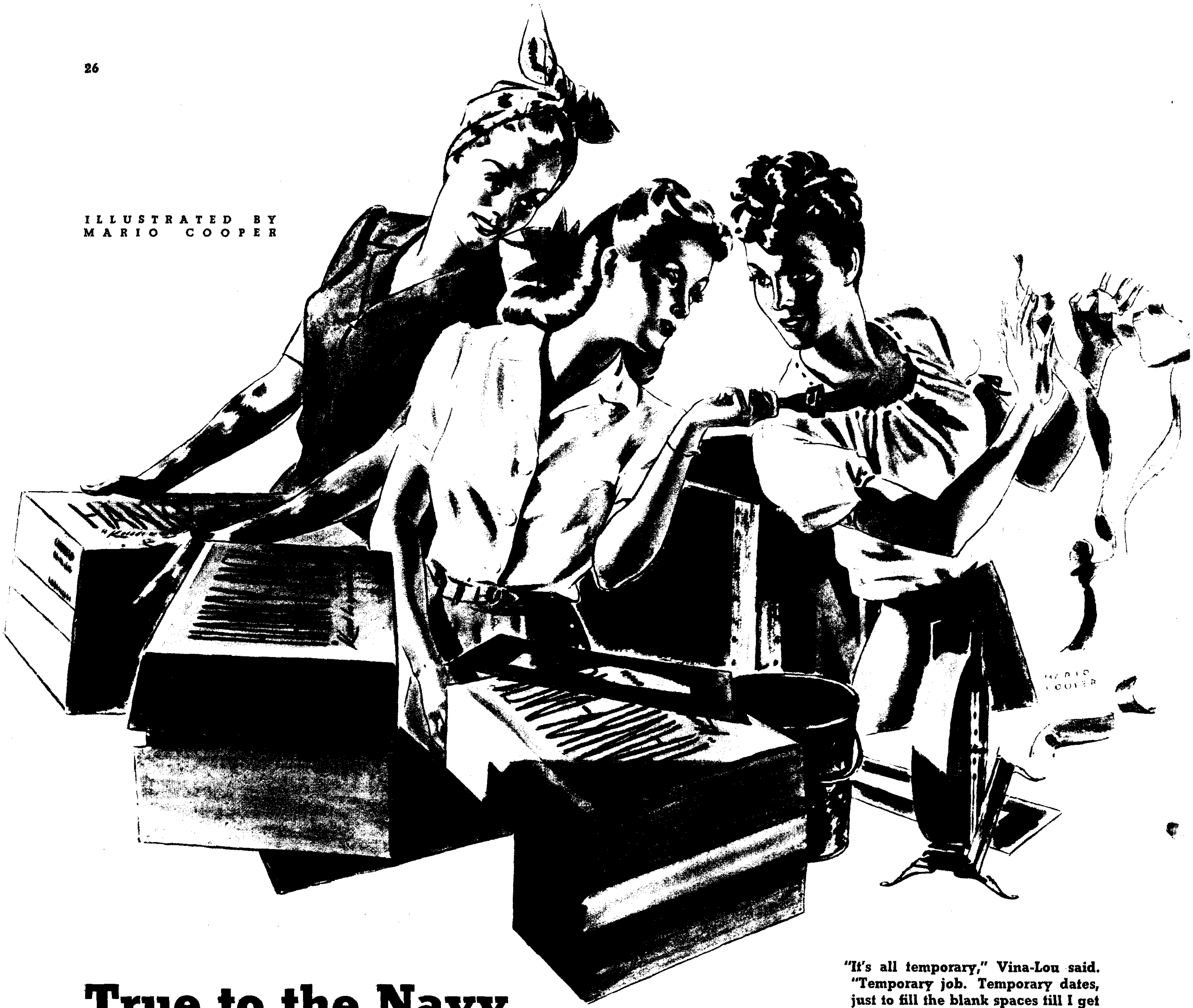


"It's all temporary," Vina-Lou said. "Temporary job. Temporary dates, just to fill the blank spaces till I get the price of a ticket to San Diego"

True to the Navy

By Kermit Shelby

She was young, good-looking, and in love with her husband. But he wasn't around when she began to step out—not at first

THE way the Tennessee State Employment Service lady had explained it to Vina-Lou, when you worked at Hanky-Pack (Kind-to-Your-Nose) Inc., you worked behind a machine in a snow-white uniform, furnished and laundered by Hanky-Pack, Inc. You had your own locker, too. So when Vina-Lou showed up for the new job that Monday morning she had on her slacks, her white wedgies, and a double-strength uplift "bra" beneath her blouse. She was a little surprised when Mr. Rose led her to the second-floor warehouse.

"The government froze our prices," Mr. Rose vaguely explained, "so I'm putting you to work pulling coupons."

As she followed Mr. Rose across what seemed to be acres of dusty-smelling concrete floor, all the fellas in the warehouse stopped putting boxes of Hanky-Packs on the ball-bearing runways and greeted Vina-Lou's arrival with low whistles of welcome.

Vina-Lou didn't turn or wave back or anything, but a warm glow of pleasure broke out up and down her spine, making the white wedgies click faster, making the slim hips sway more rhythmically. They couldn't see, yet, that her blue eyes held impish lights that danced; that her mouth was a rosebud; that her flat black freckle was a God-given beauty spot; that her provocative eyebrows suggested one who might, startlingly, burst into song.

All they could see was her figure.

Tall, slim, and graceful-curved, Vina-Lou was built like a not-yet-grown, blooded race horse. No one was more aware of this than Vina-Lou. Nevertheless, it *was* reassuring to a Navy widow like herself—Vina-Lou was nineteen—to know that her cylinders weren't getting rusty.

To Vina-Lou, that low, admiring whistle of the fellas had the same tonic-bracing effect that her kid husband, Mack, claimed Scotch liquor gave to sailors.

Mack! The wedgies clicked faster as his man-blue eyes and sleep-tousled head—always the vision she carried of him—flashed in her mind like a sort of sweet-tingling lightning.

What would Mack say when she wrote him she was working out her ticket to San Diego in a Hanky-Pack factory? She'd ought to have a letter from him, sure, by tonight!

Fellas, to Vina-Lou, were kindred spirits who wore pants. But Mack was in a class all by himself.

Vina-Lou regretted the loss of the white uniform, kinda; but she saw, right away, with so many fellas around, that the place wasn't going to be dull.

Mr. Rose led her through a sort of hallway of boxes stacked higher than his head, and into a cubicle where four girls, all looking new and vaguely uneasy, were huddled like frightened chickens beneath a clear-burning electric bulb.

Mr. Rose turned a box over with his foot.

"All you have to do is stencil out where it says 'Profit-Sharing Coupon Inside,' on all four sides. Tear the box open, take out the coupon inside, reseal the box with tape, and stack 'em over on this side, in rows."

Vina-Lou took a good look around. The heavy cardboard boxes were sealed tight with glue. All you had to open them with was your two hands. Vina-Lou gathered she was supposed to wade in.

A slim, swarthy-skinned girl named Betty, with curly short black hair and calculating dark eyes, had charge of the coupons, and she counted them with a great show of concentration and often. Betty was an "old" girl—meaning she had worked downstairs on the machines, the past three weeks. She seemed to take it for granted her seniority gave her authority. She subtly bossed the

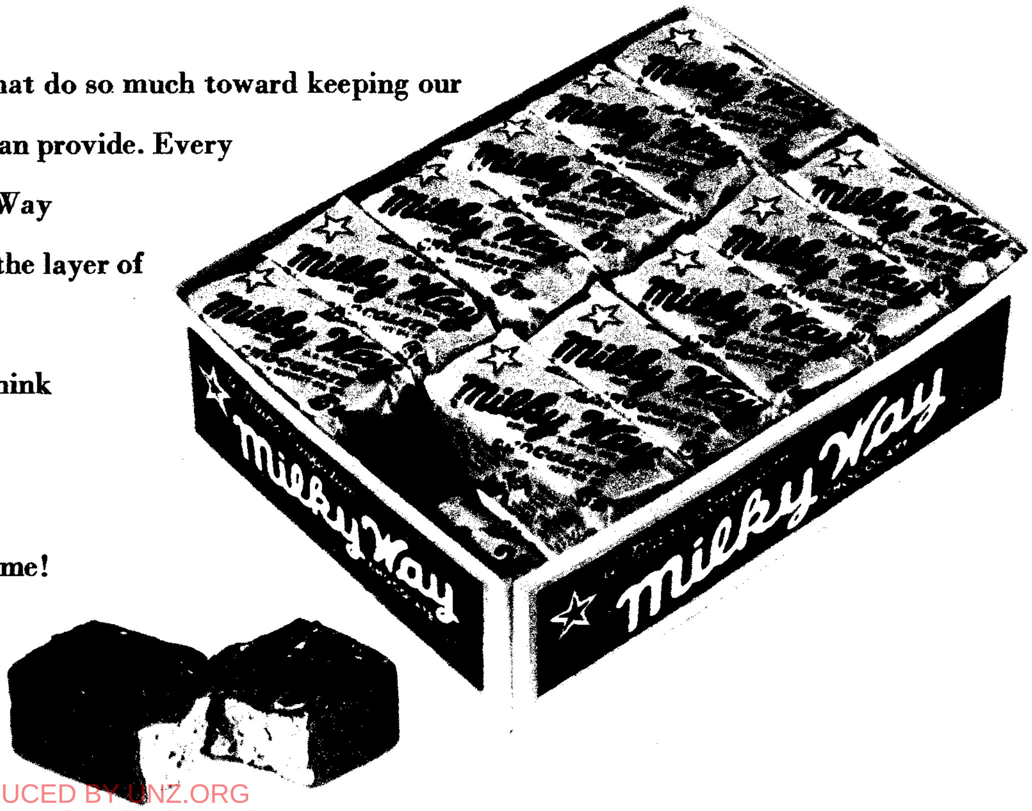
(Continued on page 60)

Milky Way
Milky Way

HEY FELLOWS, LOOK WHAT MOTHER SENT ME...

AND DO I LOVE MILKY WAYS!

Yes, it's the little things that do so much toward keeping our boys happy . . . little luxuries that you can provide. Every last man of them loves a Milky Way candy bar . . . loves the pure milk chocolate coating, the layer of smooth creamy caramel and that luscious center of chocolate nougat, flavored with real malted milk. Just think how much he will appreciate a whole box of the same delicious Milky Ways he enjoyed so much at home!



cool shaves

For Facial Harmony!

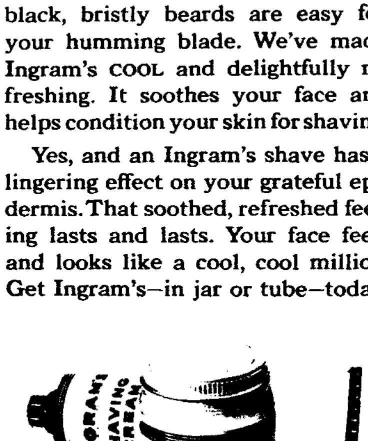
INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

A SYMPHONY of smoothness—a jam session for speed—that's an Ingram's shave! Tune up your cheeks and chin—with Ingram's!

Ingram's billowy lather does such a quick and thorough job, even black, bristly beards are easy for your humming blade. We've made Ingram's COOL and delightfully refreshing. It soothes your face and helps condition your skin for shaving.

Yes, and an Ingram's shave has a lingering effect on your grateful epidermis. That soothed, refreshed feeling lasts and lasts. Your face feels and looks like a cool, cool million. Get Ingram's—in jar or tube—today.



Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM'S shaving cream

This is the Army

Continued from page 15

Broadway, but no manager was annoying him with offers until he appeared in the Army show in the Stage Door Canteen sketch, which he wrote and in which he gives remarkable impersonations of Alfred Lunt and Herbert Marshall. If the war will kindly stop, MacColl is fixed. He now has a tremendous reputation, both as an actor and writer.

The toughest bit of casting the show faced was in a field which seemed originally to be the easiest—the Negro dancers. Operating on the theory that all Negroes are hoofers, the management experienced a shock on finding that the colored soldiers at Camp Upton were interested in more serious things. It was necessary to send out a talent scout with a piano accompanist to camps throughout the country before the dancers were found. They happened to be pipperoos, stopping the show cold on opening night, and repeating often since.

Another find was Corporal Milton Rosenstock, who is credited with much of the success of the production by the way he handles the orchestra and choruses. He had been assistant conductor of the Brooklyn Symphony, but it was no secret during rehearsals that Mr. Berlin was worried about Rosenstock. He confesses it freely.

"That's a fifty-piece orchestra out there, the biggest any Broadway musical show has ever had," he says. "I'm not going to impress you by saying I knew Rosenstock could do it. I didn't think he could do it. I wanted to make a change the last week of rehearsals, but the others talked me out of it. He's great, isn't he?"

When Mr. Berlin found Philip Truex, son of Ernest Truex, at Camp Upton, he conceived the idea of including other famous sons. Joe Cook, Jr., was found at Eglin Field, Florida, and now does an imitation of his father, teetering precariously on a unicycle while juggling Indian clubs, meanwhile admonishing the audience to hurry their applause "because I don't keep this up long." Others are Robert Moore, son of the celebrated Victor Moore, and Alan Anderson, son of Maxwell Anderson, the playwright. Anderson is stage manager of the production.

The Dancers Are Sensational

But what distinguishes the show, in addition to the Berlin music, is the dancing. That had been a problem from the start. This was before the days of the Waacs and Waves, and the female dancers had to be men. In the usual college show, the football players get rigged up in skirts, and fond parents scream with delight—but this was going to face Broadway competition. The rest of the cast could be something less than wonderful, but the gentlemen in gowns had to be good. They turned out to be sensational, thanks to Private Robert Sidney and Corporal Nelson Barclift.

Sidney had formerly worked with Balanchine and had directed the dances for Banjo Eyes, the Eddie Cantor Broadway show; Barclift had been successively a chorus boy and a dancer with Weidman and Martha Graham. He was training at Fort Benning, Georgia, where he qualified as a rifle marksman and as an expert with the hand grenade. Together, the two directed and danced in such sensational numbers as That Russian Winter and A Soldier's Dream, but their favorite is I'm Getting Tired, in which they dance, ballet-fashion, about a park bench with such grace and agility that eyes are apop all over the audience.

As an example in co-operation nothing has ever excelled This is the Army. It cost only $18,000 to put the curtain up, and most of that money went for labor. A. L. Berman was in charge of production and he had help from all quarters. Hassard Short lighted the show gratis; Lynn Murray did the vocal and choral arrangements as a work of love; Nat Dorfman had handled the publicity out of the kindness of his heart and will continue to do it throughout the year's tour.

"The women at Brooks' worked at night without pay to finish the costumes in time for the opening," said Mr. Berlin. "Hundreds of people helped. I wish you had space to name them all."

The sentimental high spot of the show is the appearance of Mr. Berlin singing Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning, the hit of the original Yaphank production. With him is a chorus line of other old Yaphankers, looking, as someone has said, like men who had been sitting around the Lambs Club ever since the last war, waiting for this opportunity. However, when Berlin lifts his squeaky little alto voice in the nostalgic old song, there is many a damp eye in the house.

A Gargantuan Moving Job

The production opened on tour in Washington on September 29th; goes to Pittsburgh, October 12th; Philadelphia, October 26th; Baltimore, November 9th Boston, November 16th; Cleveland, November 30th; Cincinnati, December 7th; St. Louis, December 14th; Detroit, December 21st; Chicago, January 4th. It then jumps to Hollywood to make the picture. After that, the tour will be resumed in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and cities not yet arranged for. A separate Army unit will handle transportation and housing on the road, quite a task when dragging four hundred men around the country.

Here are some figures about the production: (a) In four weeks 130,000 pieces of sheet music were sold in the lobby, over 100,000 being of the hit song Earl Oxford puts over, I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen. (b) Souvenir programs sell at the rate of 4,000 a week. (c) Record albums are now being sold. (d) The shirt Mr. Berlin wears for his number is 14¼ neck size. (e) The company members were originally paid $2.35 a day for room and board in New York and later raised to $2.75 a day; on the road the pay will be boosted to $3.75 a day. (f) Rain or shine, the company does two hours of military drill a day.

When Berlin first played the numbers for the cast, somebody said in surprise: "Where's the dialogue?"

"You just make that up," replied Berlin easily.

So they sat around and thought up gags. After a week or two of that, Berlin said, "That's enough; write those down."

The best line of the play goes to Julie Oshins and we won't ruin it by repeating it.

"A guy threw me that from the chorus," he explains.

Help came from strange quarters. The production was laid out and built by a former stagehand, Sergeant Peter Feller. His father had helped on the original Yaphank show.

"Put in a plug for the stagehands," says Feller. "They're always getting kicked around. An apprentice stagehand has to be as much up in engineering as a stage designer."

And now with all this done, Hollywood is getting a whack at This is the Army, and the rumors are terrifying. There has to be a story, it seems, and that means a dame must be dragged in. There are rumors that Jimmy Stewart will star in it and perhaps Clark Gable will be allowed to show his shaven phiz. The girl will naturally be the colonel's daughter, and there will be a romance and moonlight and a lot of husky soldiers acting as background for the usual Hollywood banalities.

Just a word to Hollywood: *Watch out!* Hundreds of thousands of people are going to see the show on the stage and like it for itself. They won't like something else made of it. Go easy on the colonel's-daughter stuff. Some people instinctively dislike colonel's daughters.

THE END

When these gentlemen are unscrambled it will be found that under them all is Geno Erbisti, the "understander" of the Allon Trio. The squirt on top is Pvt. Pinkey Mitchell; farther south are Pvts. Louis Bednarcik and Angelo Buono, other members of the old Allon. To the left, hanging on, is Cpl. Leander Berg; to the right is Sgt. Art Steiner; sitting in Erbisti's arms is Pvt. Belmonte Cristiani, of the famous circus Cristianis

Lightning War, U.S. Style—

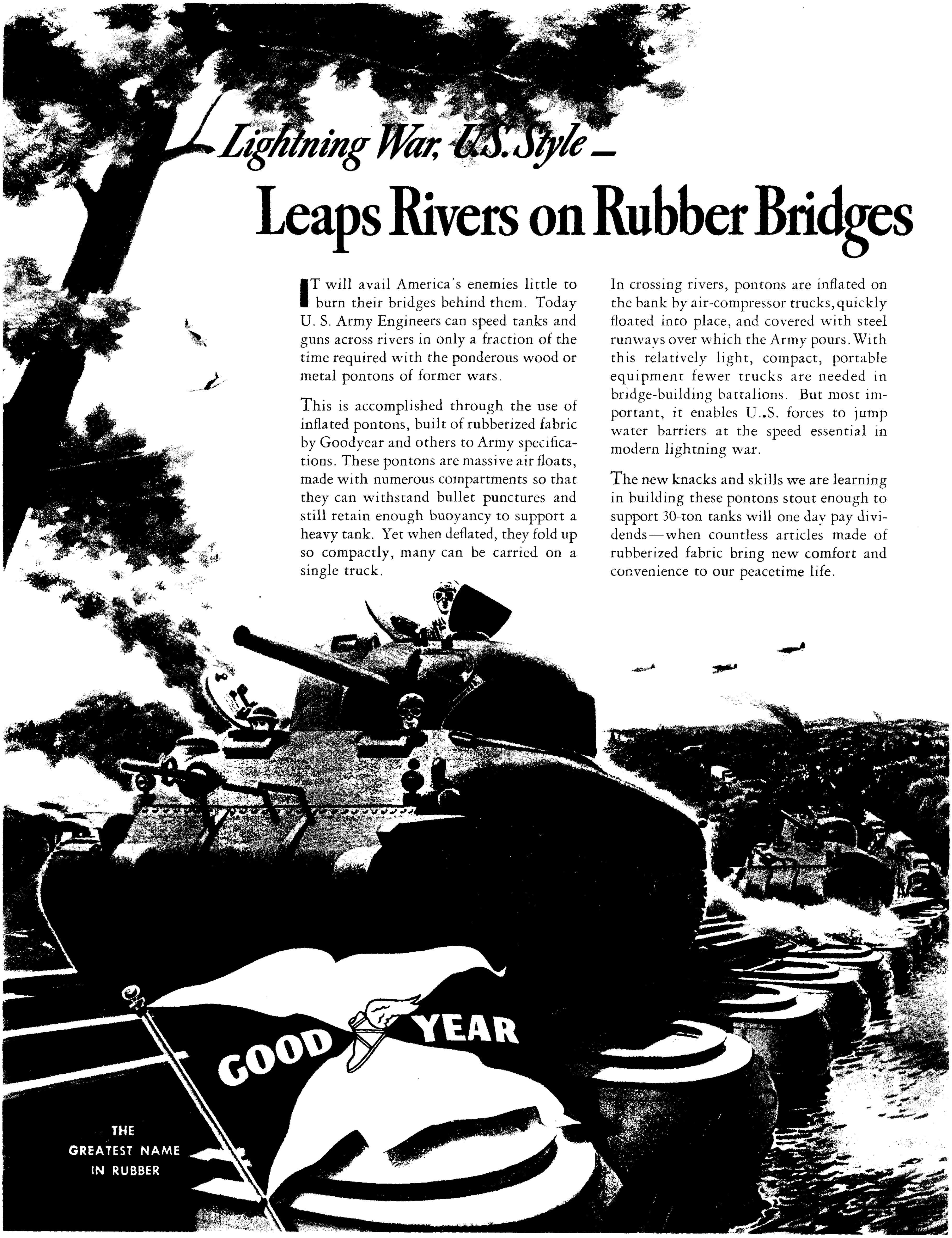
Leaps Rivers on Rubber Bridges

IT will avail America's enemies little to burn their bridges behind them. Today U. S. Army Engineers can speed tanks and guns across rivers in only a fraction of the time required with the ponderous wood or metal pontons of former wars.

This is accomplished through the use of inflated pontons, built of rubberized fabric by Goodyear and others to Army specifications. These pontons are massive air floats, made with numerous compartments so that they can withstand bullet punctures and still retain enough buoyancy to support a heavy tank. Yet when deflated, they fold up so compactly, many can be carried on a single truck.

In crossing rivers, pontons are inflated on the bank by air-compressor trucks, quickly floated into place, and covered with steel runways over which the Army pours. With this relatively light, compact, portable equipment fewer trucks are needed in bridge-building battalions. But most important, it enables U.S. forces to jump water barriers at the speed essential in modern lightning war.

The new knacks and skills we are learning in building these pontons stout enough to support 30-ton tanks will one day pay dividends—when countless articles made of rubberized fabric bring new comfort and convenience to our peacetime life.


GOOD YEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Virgie and the Angry Fi-Fi

Continued from page 21

see, Spencer," said Virgie to the corporal. The sentry brought his riot gun to port arms. The corporal spoke:

"Yes, ma'am?"

"I want to see Sergeant Donohoe," the blond girl replied. "Send him down here in a hurry or I'll go in and get him."

"Asiatic has gone ashore on some kind of a detail, ma'am." And then Corporal Spencer added, politely, "There's not nobody goes through this gate unless they got the right kind of papers."

From the porch there came some strange sound effects.

"*Chui* (attention)!" Asiatic howled from under the scuttlebutt. Then he shouted a stream of instructions in Chinese to Virgie.

The blond girl blinked her wide green eyes. "What was that horrible racket? It sounded a little like Asiatic."

"It's only one of them field musics in the band hall, lady," explained Virgie. "They're always making goofy noises."

"*Ni-men tung pu tung* (Do you understand)?" Donohoe yelled from the porch.

"*K'o-pu-shih ma* (Yes, to be sure)," Virgie answered the hidden sergeant. Then she spoke to the visitor:

"That's the kind of stuff those field musics are always yelling. Lady, Asiatic has been trying awfully hard to get in touch with you."

"I've got a telephone and a mailbox, and he knows where I live."

"Yeah, but he has been away on so many of these crumby details and everything. He said he was awfully sorry you got mad with him. And he wants you to meet him tomorrow afternoon around 16:30 over in the park on the corner of Pennsylvania and 17th Street. He was going to send you a telegram. He's awfully sorry."

"What do you mean, 16:30?"

"That's 4:30 o'clock," replied Virgie, patiently.

THE girl looked at the deserted O.D. shack porch. She looked along the southern arcade of the barracks and up the driveway. Her green eyes were still angry. She said, "All right, kid. Tell that big ape I'll be there tomorrow afternoon. But Asiatic better be there or someone is going to get hurt."

When she had gone, the sentry brought the riot gun down from port arms and drew a long breath. Virgie went back to the porch. Lieutenant Hitesman, the officer of the day, was there and he was saying, "What the devil are you doing under that scuttlebutt, Asiatic?"

"Aw," replied the sergeant. "I have lost a battle pin down here among the pipes. I'm always losing them things."

"All clear," said Virgie. "Your fi-fi just caught a taxi in front of the drugstore."

Sergeant Donohoe gathered his long legs under him and got up.

"Thanks, Honey," he said. "But I don't know whether you should have made that date for me or not. I would hate to be shot in action over in Lafayette Park. Why is it that the most beautiful fi-fis have the worst tempers? I am afraid we ain't going to make up very soon."

That night Virgie dreamed about heaven. In the dream, heaven had a rifle range, and the Lord was a big noncom with no room left for hash-marks on his sleeve. But the blond fi-fi came into the heaven and started shooting at Asiatic with a Browning automatic rifle. And the Lord had to stop her and give her a good shaking.

Virgie woke up troubled. She got up and brushed her red hair and put on some coveralls, very like the dungarees which the men wear when they're out boon-docking.

She tiptoed into her father's bedroom for a before-breakfast talk. But the colonel was taking a shower. A shining new Reising submachine gun was lying on the bed. Colonel Grew had a nervous habit of field-stripping weapons while he read. And he had, probably, disassembled and assembled the submachine gun a dozen times while studying some reports the night before.

The gun was one of the M-55 models with a folding butt stock. Virgie took a look out in the hall. Then she picked up the weapon, fondly.

Frowning, the little girl removed the magazine, set the fire control selector on full automatic, unwound the takedown screw and removed the stock, pulling the trigger to make sure the hammer was forward. She next unscrewed the bumper plug in the rear of the receiver and tipped the muzzle of the wicked little gun up vertically while pulling the trigger so that the hammer spring would drop out. . . .

COLLIER'S "Can't we move up a little closer?" VIRGIL PARTCH

She had some trouble taking out the action bar, and it was a full three minutes before she managed the field strip. Now, the little girl could take apart and put together with considerable speed and ease most of the infantry weapons used by the Marines. She could do these things because she had watched her father and the men handle firearms for years. And, too, she loved guns. But this new Reising, though beautifully simple, was not so familiar.

"I need some schooling on this," said Virgie to herself. "I'll see Corporal Watt."

SHE had started to assemble the weapon when her mother's voice sounded in the hall.

"Come to breakfast, Virginia," said Mrs. Grew. She was approaching the door to the bedroom. The parts of the Reising were arranged neatly on a piece of wrapping paper. Virgie had to scamper from the room to keep from being discovered. She grasped her mother tightly by the hand and steered her by the bedroom.

So it was that Colonel Grew appeared at the breakfast table with a slightly annoyed look on his face and with the Reising gun, now assembled, under his arm.

Mrs. Grew had a beautiful voice and sometimes she sounded like an actress in a Shakespearean tragedy. She had been married to Colonel Grew and his collection of firearms for fifteen years. But she was still afraid of guns.

Now she looked at the Reising gun, and she said in a low, accusing and questioning voice, "Elmer?" Then, after a silence, she added, "Are you trying to ruin Virgie's nervous system by bringing a thing like that to the table? You know how guns scare the poor child."

Virgie drank her orange juice and said nothing. The colonel laid the submachine gun on a desk. He kissed his wife and he kissed Virgie, spanking the little girl's plump legs briskly as he bent over.

"I'll see you after breakfast," he whispered.

Mrs. Grew smiled at Virgie and said, "I've a nice surprise for you, dear. You are going to a movie this afternoon with Wainwright Becker. The admiral will bring Wainwright over sometime after lunch."

Virgie answered her mother: "That's nice."

Virgie thought: "Of all the dirty details—I really get 'em. Going to the movies with that nasty little poge from the Navy Yard."

Wainwright was seven years old. His father was an admiral at the nearby Navy Yard. The fat little boy had lived at naval stations all of his life. He had acquired a thoroughgoing dislike for Marines, and he considered it his mission to make things as unpleasant as possible for members of the Corps.

The colonel said, "You're not going to let those kids go to the movies alone, I hope. That Wainwright should be put in a cage, anyway."

"I," replied Mrs. Grew, "will take the children down in a taxi. I've a club meeting which should last about two hours. After it's over I'll go by the theater and get Wainwright and Virginia."

The thought of spending an afternoon in Wainwright's company made Virgie sad. She took a piece of French toast and she wandered out on the screened-in porch of the colonel's quarters. She sat in the porch swing and chewed on the toast and looked out on the Barracks parade ground.

Now, during the War of 1942, the parade ground was a very busy spot. The day before, Secretary Knox and General Holcomb had stood in the shadows of the ancient arches and decorated a Marine hero of the Battle of Midway. On this morning, a platoon of athletic-looking boys in dungarees were rolling heavy marching orders. At another end of the compound, a company in well-starched khaki was wheeling through close-order drill while Asiatic howled commands rhythmically in his baritone voice:

"Hup, tup, th-ree, fou-R—th-ree, fou-R, th-ree, fou-R—and to ya LEF'," sang the sergeant. And it was like music to Virgie.

On the porch she tapped her feet with the cadence and counted in Chinese: "*I, erh, san, ssu—I, erh, san, ssu—I, erh, san, ssu—.*"

Now she was singing with Asiatic, and her voice grew louder. Then she stopped. There was someone else on the porch. Boldly, Virgie chewed on her toast for a moment before looking up. It was the colonel.

"I'll be a hootin' nanny-hoot," said Colonel Grew, "a Chinese cadence count. I guess you've heard Chinese soldiers a lot—but how could you remember? You surprise me every day, Honey—almost as much as you're going to surprise your mother some day when she learns that you're a gun-lovin' little hyena and not the crybaby she wants you to be. I was going to punish you for leaving that Reising all torn up and lying on the deck. But I guess you've got enough trouble—with Wainwright coming over."

THEN the colonel added, "You'd better wait down at the gate in the afternoon and meet Wainwright. The men don't like the little pest much, and I don't blame them."

So it was that Virgie was stationed on the O.D. shack steps when Wainwright appeared at the main gate that afternoon. The fat little boy demanded admittance and called the sentry a number of salty but uncomplimentary names. Wainwright had been eating chocolate candy and there were smears of goo on his white collar and on his round, fearless little face.

"Secure everything," said Asiatic, "here comes Wainwright, and with pogy bait smeared all over his face as usual."

Wearily Sergeant Donohoe yelled at the guard: "Let him in."

Wainwright was slightly knock-kneed and his fat legs hit together as he crawled up the steps to the porch. He greeted Virgie politely. He turned to Sergeant Donohoe and said, "How's things with you bellhops? Did you hear about the scrap over at the Cross Roads Inn last night? Two Navy Yard sailors whipped five of these here Eighth and Eye Street Marines."

Wainwright made up the story about the fight. But he knew it would infuriate Donohoe.

"*Wo yu pu feng* (such an idiot)!" commented Virgie.

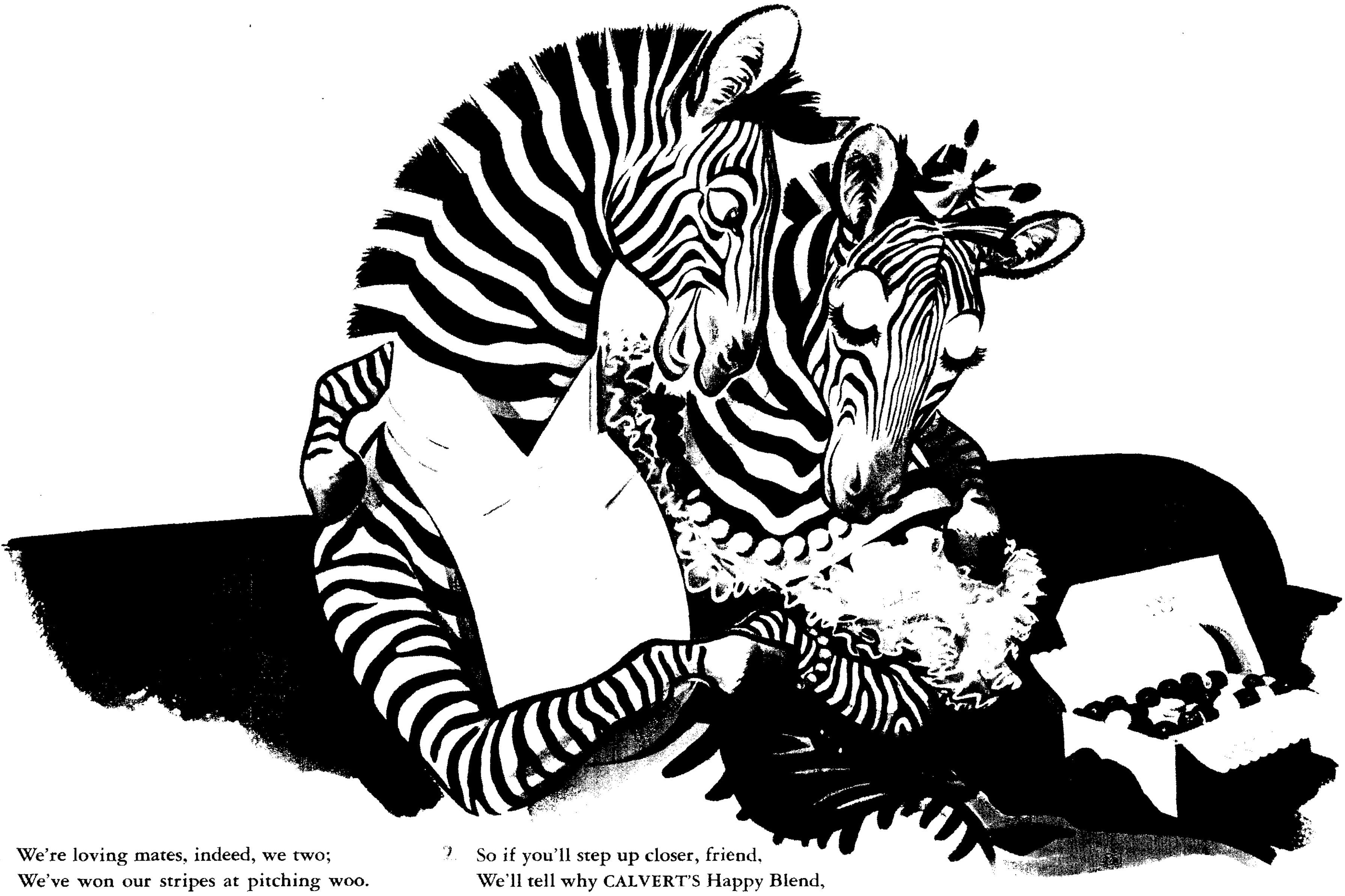
"*Na-ko jen t'ai tsao koa* (he's a bad one)," agreed the sergeant.

"My dad needs an orderly, Asiatic," continued Wainwright, "maybe you could get the job."

"I reckon," said Virgie, "that I had better take Wainwright down to the house and secure him until it's time to shove off to the movies. Goodby, Asiatic, and be sure and show up for that date. Come on, *shui-shou* (sailor)."

Wainwright said, "Sergeant, do you

"In black and white, we'll demonstrate Why Happy Blending's simply great!"



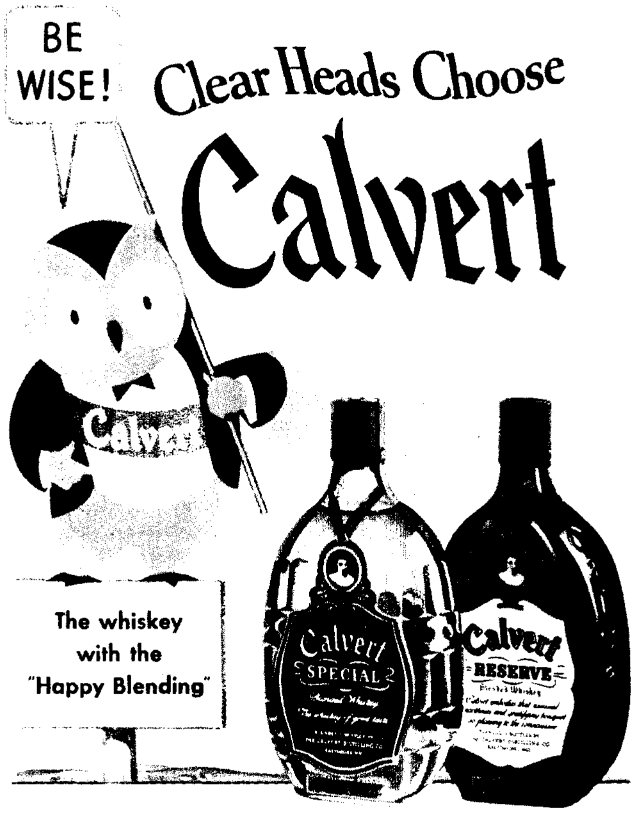
1. We're loving mates, indeed, we two;
We've won our stripes at pitching woo.
On Happy Blending, if you please,
We're qualified *authorities!*

2. So if you'll step up closer, friend,
We'll tell why CALVERT'S Happy Blend,
A blend of whiskey virtues rare,
Is super . . . tops . . . beyond compare!

Calvert
SPECIAL

3. You see, some whiskey traits are *scrappy,*
While others are congenial, *happy.*
So CALVERT chucks the traits that fight
And blends *just* friendly ones—*just* right.

4. That's why each mellow sip you savor
Is tops in smoothness, mildness, *flavor!*
No drink has got what CALVERT'S got—
It's *Happy Blending.* Try a spot!



BE WISE!
Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
Calvert
The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"
Calvert SPECIAL
Calvert RESERVE

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Carl slows down factory operation!

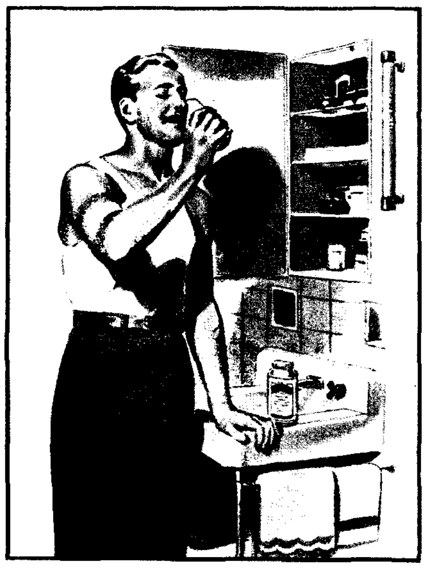
CARL NEEDS A LAXATIVE, but he has to show the men at the plant how to operate some new machines.

"Interruptions won't do," Carl figures. "Even man-minutes count today!"

HAVING POSTPONED needed relief, Carl fumbles, can't seem to explain things clearly.

"I slowed things down all along the line," he confides to Mrs. Carl when he gets home, all in.

John wins production award!



JOHN NEEDS A LAXATIVE. He's training a group of new workers, too.

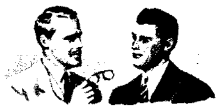
But—to feel better faster—John takes speedy Sal Hepatica, which usually acts within an hour.

BY THE TIME HE GETS TO WORK, John feels more like himself. He tries a new production scheme. His trainees get the idea fast. And John gets the plant award for stepping up production.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

TODAY—when man-hours and man-*minutes* count—it's your duty to keep fit.

So don't put off till evening the laxative you need in the morning. Take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.



Sal Hepatica acts by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—with no discomfort, no griping. It helps counteract excess gastric acidity . . . helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too.

Three out of five doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica!* Next time *you* need a laxative, take this sparkling, speedy saline. Remember, it's up to all of us to keep fit!

**Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.*

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

"TIME TO SMILE"--Tune in Eddie Cantor Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. W. T. (Beginning September 30th).

want some candy?" And he held out a half-melted chocolate in a fat fist.

"Naw," said Asiatic, "shove off."

Wainwright, with a swift downward motion of his hand, rubbed chocolate over the sergeant's starched, shining-clean precisely pressed khaki trousers. Then the fat little boy started to scramble off the porch. But Asiatic caught him on the bottom steps.

"You ornery little chow-hound," said the sergeant. "Here's one time you're going to get spanked, even if your pa secures me in the brig."

Asiatic sat down on the steps and became very busy giving Wainwright the flat of his hand. Wainwright squirmed and pinched Asiatic's muscular legs as he took the spanking. Then the sergeant heard the clicking of heels. The corporal of the guard was saluting. The sentry had his riot gun at present arms. Admiral Becker was coming up the driveway.

The sergeant scrambled to his feet and saluted. Wainwright, scowling, was now sitting on the ground. The admiral looked at his son. Then he said to Asiatic, "Good afternoon, Sergeant. Carry on."

The admiral lit a cigarette and walked on up the arcade toward the colonel's office.

A HALF-HOUR later, when liberty call had sounded, Asiatic left the post in "sea-going" attire: blue pants, khaki shirt and white cap cover. At about the same time, Mrs. Grew, Virgie and Wainwright were riding downtown in a taxi. This trip proved almost disastrous. Wainwright, still tingling from his spanking, was standing up in the cab. He was studying the driver's neck at close range.

"I," announced Wainwright, in a gloating voice, "know jujitsu." The admiral's son had watched sailors learning judo at the Norfolk training station.

"Yeah?" answered Virgie, without interest.

Wainwright spread his fat arms wide, doubled his fists and hit the taxi driver a smart blow on each temple. The surprised fellow almost swerved the cab into a trolley car. He slammed on the brakes, and it looked for a while as if Wainwright were going to get his second spanking of the day. But Mrs. Grew soothed the driver's feelings by promising him double fare. And Wainwright ate five chocolates and gave no more trouble until they arrived at the theater.

Mrs. Grew escorted the children to seats well up front and said, "Now, stay right here until I get back, no matter how long you have to wait. Wainwright, I want you to be a little man and don't bother any of the ushers."

The movie was about a Mexican gal who stabbed her boy friend fifteen times in the back because she caught him dancing with another girl. After Mrs. Grew had been gone about twenty minutes, Virgie said, "This thing bores me. I'd about as soon listen to First Sergeant Sylvester lecture the men on Rocks and Shoals."

"I know what Rocks and Shoals is," announced Wainwright, triumphantly, "it's about naval law."

"Let's leave," said Virgie, crossly. She was getting worried about Asiatic. "We can go over to the park and see if Asiatic is getting along all right. That fi-fi might really shoot him."

"I don't want to see that old bellhop," said Wainwright. "I hate him." The little boy's stomach was beginning to hurt, and he was curled up in the seat, half asleep. Still, he followed Virgie out of the theater. The doorman was wearing blue flannel trousers with red stripes down the sides. As Virgie was getting pass-out checks, Wainwright smeared a generous quantity of melted chocolate on the uniform of the doorman. The children had to leave rather hurriedly.

The corner of Pennsylvania and 17th was on the far end of the park. And Virgie and Wainwright approached Asiatic's rendezvous stealthily, moving from bush to bush. Wainwright was holding his stomach, and he began to moan a little.

"Stop your blubbering, you little poge," said Virgie, "I don't want Asiatic to know we're watching. But I'm just worried about him—that's all."

The children peeked from behind a bush and saw Ronnie and Sergeant Donohoe standing on the corner. She was hitting Asiatic over the head with a small bag. Apparently, the bag contained something heavy, for the big Marine was staggering with every blow.

Wainwright had ceased crying. His round, little face shone, happily. He selected a large rock.

"Bellhop!" screamed Wainwright. He charged from behind the bush, got in range and hurled the rock, hitting Asiatic squarely on the burr of the right ear. The battered sergeant fell into a flower bed. And the little boy charged in and started smearing a chocolate icing on the Marine's blue trousers.

Wainwright was starting on Asiatic's shirt when Ronnie grasped the fat little boy firmly and jerked him to his feet.

"Oh, you horrible little brat," she said, and she gave Wainwright such a hard spank on the back side that he, too, fell into the flower bed beside the sergeant.

Asiatic was still dazed and he was only half aware that he was being thoroughly kissed. "Will you ever forgive me, darling," the blond girl was saying. "I'll never get mad at you again—if you behave."

Asiatic's head was beginning to clear and his eyes were getting back in focus. He looked to the left and there was Wainwright sitting there, calmly watching Asiatic being kissed.

The sergeant scrambled to his feet, picked up Wainwright and began to paddle the little boy. Wainwright's fat face was dark with anger, but he wasn't blubbering now.

A husky man in a khaki naval uniform had emerged from a side entrance to the White House grounds. He crossed the street to the park. He was Admiral Becker.

The admiral stopped for a moment. He looked at Ronnie rubbing the bumps on Asiatic's head. He looked at Wainwright being spanked by Donohoe. Then he lit a cigarette.

"Carry on, Sergeant," said the admiral and he started walking downtown with long strides.

Virgie said, "After your spanking, Wainwright, we'll hustle back to the movies. I'm sorry I had to bring you over here. But I knew that Asiatic and his fi-fi would quit fighting as soon as you got around 'em."

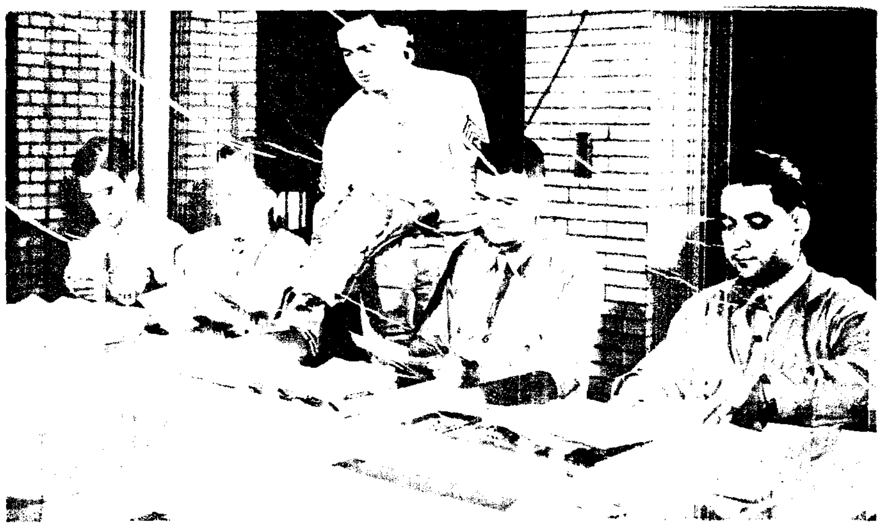
AT DINNER that night Mrs. Grew said to the colonel:

"I'm not going to let Virgie go to the movies for a while. She's much too nervous. The poor darling was so excited that she was almost breathless when I took her out of the theater today. You would have almost thought that she had been running. And Wainwright had been crying, I believe. Virgie seems much better now, though, and she has gone upstairs to play with that big doll that Colonel Potts gave her."

Colonel Grew looked at the desk where he had left the Reising gun that morning. The submachine gun was gone.

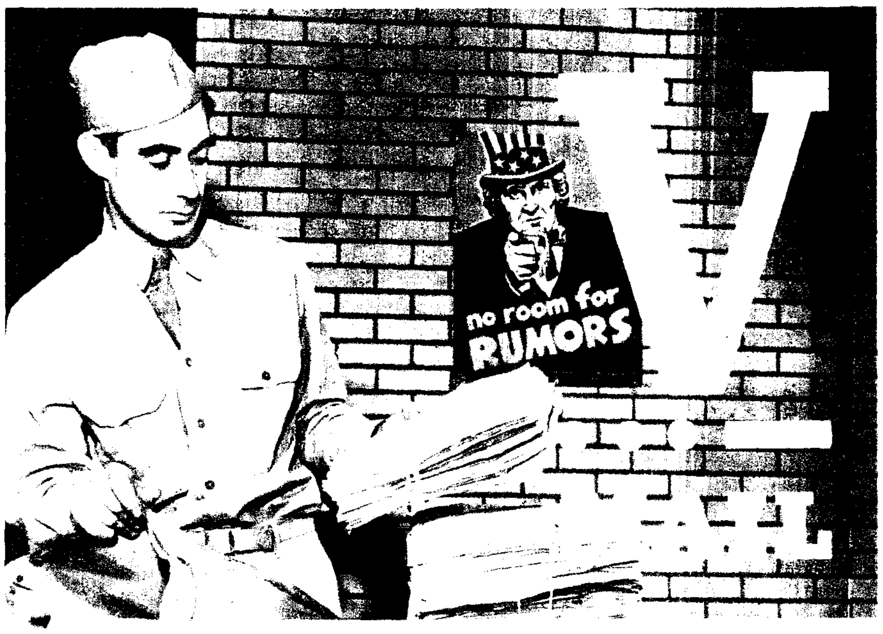
"I know," said the colonel, "that Virgie is having a wonderful time playing with that big doll."

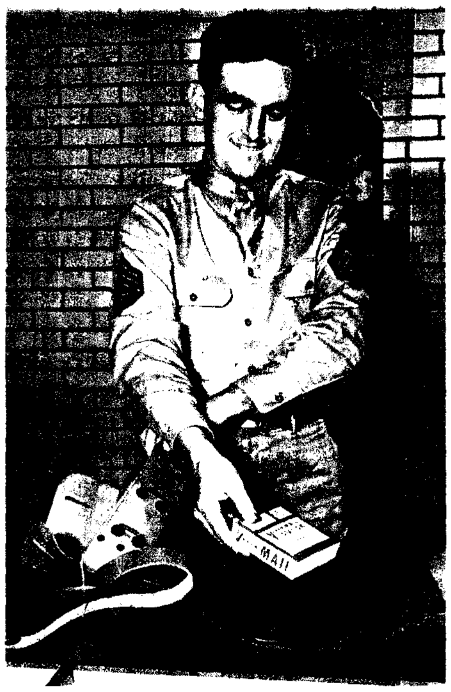
THE END



ELATIVELY new, but now very popular, is the V-Mail system for letters to ıd from soldiers overseas. Written on special forms, letters are mailed in the ːgular manner to San Francisco or New York Army P. O. and censored (above)

ƆRTED in three categories (whether written in pencil, in ink or on a type- riter), bundles of 500 letters (below) go to an Eastman laboratory to be photo- raphed on movie film. Each letter is reduced to the size of a postage stamp





ʌ roll like that shown at right ontains 1,500 communications. Ɔbviously, snapshots and other ouvenirs cannot go by V-Mail

ʌfter being photographed, film s returned to an inspector. Lt. ırookover (below) is in the Adju- ant General's Dept., Manhattan

Ɔverseas, V-letters are projected bout half their original size ın sensitized paper, cut (lower ight) and wrapped in envelopes

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You can actually see the extra comfort. Absolutely smooth, no tufts, bumps or hollows. Lighter weight, easier to keep clean and handle. Makes a smoother, neater bed. Fully ventilated Sertaseptic coverings, permanently germ and odor repellent.

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WEST COAST AND CANADA, $42.50

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Expert advice to help you put your sleeping equipment in first class condition is now available to you without obligation. Don't delay! See your Serta dealer today for this new, helpful service.

DUE TO THE WAR . . .

Your dealer's supply of Serta Tuftless Innerspring Mattresses may be limited. If so, ask to see these other fine Serta Mattresses.

Serta AAAA	Four A Model	$39.50
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Soft, luxuriously comfortable, beautiful to look at, smart and healthful. Every mattress fully posturized. Permanently germ and odor repellent Sertaseptic coverings.

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LONG'S
Hats

ARISTOCRAT OF
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The refinement and luxury of regal fur-felt . . . styled by expert artisans . . . distinctively detailed to meet the exacting demands of discriminating men.

Longworth $4.40
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LONG'S HATS
"Wear Like the Name"

Featured at all ADAM HAT STORES
and other fine Shops Everywhere

PRESSING NECESSITY

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Helen Mueller demonstrates a new patriotic skill—pressing a husband's suit. Secret of a professional job is the piece of cotton twill, thick enough to retain moisture and prevent shine. Start with the shoulder and don't repeat Helen's mistake by letting the iron touch the fabric

Next step is to press the collar, keeping the coat in the same position on the board. Make a crease where the collar turns over, continuing it down to an inch beyond seam where collar joins lapel. By pressing the collar flat in this way you prevent any ballooning

Careful, Helen, the iron has slipped off the twill again! This time she's working diligently on the sleeve. Best for this is a sleeveboard. Keep turning the sleeve as you press so you won't get a crease, undesirable because it cuts across wrinkles and makes them more noticeable

Here's friend husband himself showing you how not to carry a newspaper, unless you want ripped pockets. He hangs his raglan-sleeve coat on a hook because a hanger would throw its sloping shoulders out of line. Never hang his regular coats or jackets this way

Good treatment to give a hat is brisk brushing. Don't use a whiskbroom because its stiff bristles tear the fabric. Use a hat brush with curved handle. Always brush your hat before wearing so if you decide to go strolling in a cloudburst, rain won't beat the dust in

Go to work next on the lapels, to be rolled instead of creased. Best way to do this is to press lapels flat on both sides to an inch below seams which join them to collar. The reason for rolling the lapels is that they get lots of rubbing and when creased they fray sooner

Press the back and sides of the coat by laying them, in turn, flat on the ironing board. Remember to keep the cotton twill dampened with a sponge. Soldiers, sailors and Marines will find Helen's routine is best for putting snap into a tired and wrinkled uniform

Helen shakes talcum daintily on a good wool coat in the process of removing a gravy spot. Start by rubbing a good commercial cleaner on with a sponge or soft cloth, placing blotter underneath to absorb excess. Dust with white talcum and when dry, brush off

Best type of clothes hanger is the wishbone type which approximates the average person's shoulder structure. Pants can be folded over the cross bar. To utilize closet space it's a good idea to put a bar near the ceiling, using wooden hangers with extension poles

NEW suits are getting scarce. Tailors are getting scarcer. And it now appears that we shall see blossoming historically beside the arts of war, the humbler arts of clothes-pressing and button-sewing.

Helen Mueller, the girl you see handily wielding the iron across the top of the page (and, incidentally, the girl who posed for this week's cover) postponed her trip to Hollywood, where she is representing Collier's in Columbia's picture Cover Girls, in order to help us demonstrate a few tricks that add to the life expectancy of your suit.

The first thing to remember is to buy clothes that are large enough. The strain of movement in a tight suit weakens seams. If you are wealthy enough to own two suits, it is smart to wear them on alternate days. Hang the one you're not wearing in the closet and it will iron itself out. This will save you many pressings, which tend to weaken fabric. If your suit is particularly wrinkled, wet a whisk broom and go over the wrinkled places. They will be gone by morning.

Brush your clothes after you take them off. Otherwise, the dust has eight hours in which to eat quietly away at the wool. Empty the pockets and go over them, inside and out, with your whisk broom. Brush under the lapels. If you still have cuffs, turn them down and brush.

Conquer your natural inertia—or that of your wife—and see that lost buttons are replaced, small tears mended, ripped pockets fixed. If you get caught in the rain, hang your suit to dry where the air can circulate through it until completely dry.

Pressing at home is an elementary matter. It requires merely a good ironing board, a nice shiny iron, piece of cotton twill, sponge, sleeveboard, and steady nerves.

If you land in a mudhole the best thing to do is whip over to the cleaners. But egg spots and beer spots and other small accidents can be obliterated if you have ambition and the right condiments. The experts say that ninety-five per cent of the spots men get on their suits can be removed with warm water, if they're taken care of immediately. That goes for egg, coffee, tea, fruit juices, beer and wine. Tobacco stains require a little alcohol. But let them remain a few days, and they baffle even the shrewdest professional cleaner. Turpentine will get rid of paint spots, and any good commercial dry solvent will eliminate oil and grease. ★★★

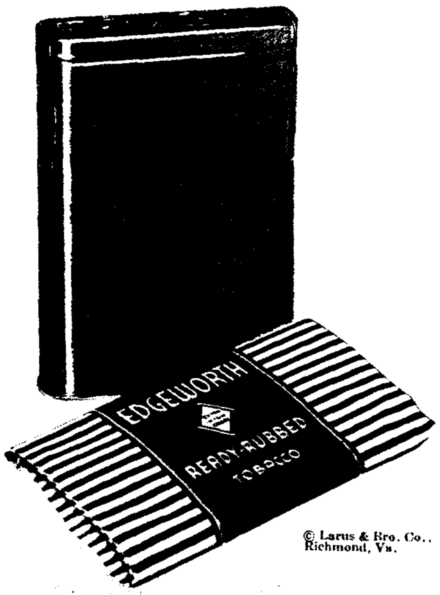
INSIDE EUROPE

DAVID ROSS, CBS ANNOUNCER, SAYS:
"I have smoked Edgeworth for years and it was a pleasant surprise to me when Larus & Brother Company, the makers, asked me to do a series of poems on the radio. This is one of those occasions when a radio announcer feels he wants to tell all of his friends about his sponsor's product. I hope you'll enjoy smoking this grand tobacco."

"Just Like You And I"...

I was browsing through
a book last night,
When, much to my surprise—
The name of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco
Flashed before my eyes;
It was Gunther's: "Inside Europe,"
Page five-hundred-thirty-two,
And it told about a famous man
Who smokes that tin of blue.

His name is known
throughout the world,
A name you'd recognize,
For he's the Chief Executive
Of one of our Allies,
And I couldn't help
but thrill with pride
To know that great men *buy*...
In fact, *demand* that Edgeworth
brand—
Yes, just like you and I.



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EDGEWORTH
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PAW'S SENDIN' HIS PHOTYGRAFF TO HOLLYWOOD REG'LAR SINCE HE DISCOVERED
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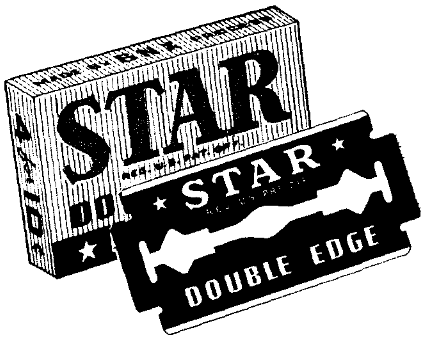
★ You'll like *your* face a lot better after you use 6NX Star Double Edge Blades. 6NX is a new combination of special, tougher steel, new machines, new sharpening methods. It produces vastly keener, more uniform blades that make your double edge razor perform miracles!

SAVE STEEL *by making your blades last longer. Handle carefully, dry thoroughly, protect the edges! Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

REGULAR 10¢ PACK... ECONOMY 25¢ PACK



STAR

DOUBLE EDGE BLADES

For Double Edge Razors!

Letter to a Man with a Boy in Ireland

Continued from page 22

Captain—surely you can find fault with something?" I suggested to Captain Larson.

We went into one of the kitchens. Unlike the kitchen in your own home, there was no odor of cooking or of coal or gas. Captain Larson opened one drawer after another. In the very back of one of them he found a bowl. He held it up, but his face fell—the bowl was immaculately clean. The food that was being prepared there in that kitchen almost made a London exile swoon with envy. The menu for the day was tacked up on the wall. Take a look at it.

Breakfast:

Canned fruit
Assorted cereals
Milk and sugar
Fried eggs
Fried bacon
Hot rolls, jam
Bread, butter
Coffee

Dinner:

Rice chicken soup
Creamed chicken on toast
Mashed potatoes
Buttered corn
Vegetable salad
Ice cream
Bread, butter, coffee

Supper:

Soup and crackers
Grilled hamburger steak
Brown gravy
Baked potatoes
Succotash
Cold baked beans
Jelly roll
Bread, butter, tea

The richest man in Britain couldn't buy three meals like that today.

Discipline among the American sailors and Marines is as good as among any group in the world, but it is on a slightly different plane. For instance, the head cook sidled up to Captain Davis while we were inspecting the kitchens and said: "Captain, you know that good No. 3 cook I had—that kid who was always gettin' in trouble?"

Davis smiled. "What's he done now?"

"Well," the head cook said, "he ain't done nothin' really bad. But he came in a little late last night and the Marines, seeing him sneak under a hedge, shot over him. That's orders. Then they nabbed him and now he's in the guardhouse and up for a court-martial. They won't let him come back to work for me no more, but I was thinking if you could use a good cook out at the hospital, he'd be all right."

The Guy is Human

"The calf might behave better in a new pasture, you think?" Davis laughed. The cook nodded and Davis said he'd see what could be done. That night I heard Davis pleading the case of the errant cook to Captain Larson. At his court-martial, he got a bawling out from the captain and was then assigned to the hospital. A lot of commanding officers would have thrown the young cook in jail for a long period. Larson has a warm, human feeling for his boys, and when he is sure that their dereliction from duty is merely the result of natural high spirits, of youngsters finding themselves for the first time in a new country, he treats the dereliction as such. But no real troublemaker would find any sympathy with Larson.

However, a week spent with the boys while they were playing as well as working didn't reveal any troublemakers to me. I went out with them to the local pubs at night; to the dances arranged by Londonderry authorities; to the picnics held far out in the country every Sunday afternoon, and I couldn't find any more difference between our sailors and Marines than you would find with average junior classmen at any college.

The boys are great sight-seers and it didn't take them long to learn all about their new home and to call it "Derry" as the natives do, for no one in Ulster ever calls it "Londonderry." They have walked around the walls of Derry and they'll tell you that Derry is the only completely walled city in the British Isles.

The Green Pastures

They've visited the enormous Cathedral of Derry, exceeded in age only by the venerable Armagh Cathedral, and they have climbed to its tower to look over the River Foyle and the lush green pastures beyond. Then, too, they have learned to take the climate of Ulster in their stride. The most fervent Ulsterman must admit that his climate leaves much to be desired. It rains part of nearly every day in the Six Counties, but perhaps that is why the sides of the hills and the meadows are greener than almost anywhere else in the world.

They take long tramps but they can only walk two miles to the east, for that is Donegal, and to all intents and purposes, enemy territory. Donegal belongs to Eire, and American troops are forbidden to cross the border. De Valera and his people shelter many German agents who are under the guise of diplomats, but southern Ireland's "neutrality" prevents her offering hospitality to Americans in uniform. The hundreds of sailors and Marines of southern Irish extraction now in Ulster are rather bitter toward the land of their forefathers. They know that every move they make is reported to Berlin by spies on the hilltops of Donegal. They know that one night they heard Lord Haw Haw on the radio say smugly: "Late this afternoon Captain Larson returned to Londonderry after a visit to London," and they knew that Haw Haw was right. They often feel that invisible Nazi eyes from Donegal are upon them and this is no pleasant feeling. But they've grown fond of the people of Derry.

Hollywood will have to find a new formula if it wishes to depict this new Navy and Marine Corps. The drunken, swearing, boisterous, bragging Captain Flaggs and Sergeant Quirts just don't exist any more, if, in fact, they ever did exist. Not that these men are sissies, but they just don't do their fighting in barrooms and brothels.

I went with eighty of the men on a Sunday picnic. Each Sunday these sight-seeing picnics are held and each Sunday between two and three hundred sign up. They are taken by turn. Now there's nothing exciting about a Sunday afternoon picnic, and I doubt if Captain Flagg or Sergeant Quirt would have gone along. All we did was to drive forty miles from town to visit the Giant's Causeway in County Antrim and then we went to see the ruins of the ancient Castle Dunluce, which was once a mighty fortress. It rests eighty feet above the sea on a rugged cliff and we sat here and had our thick ham sandwiches, our hard-boiled eggs and our cans of beer, and then the walls of the old castle were undoubtedly puzzled to hear shouts of "Kill the bum!" as the boys "choosed up sides" and had a game of softball.

In this war there is no absurd feud between the sailors and the Marines. They all know they're fighting this one for keeps and there is no time for childish side issues. On the way home from the picnic, our crowd of eighty was about half Marines and half sailors. The Marines shouted their lusty song. From the Halls of Montezuma, and then the sailors countered with Anchors Aweigh. Our two busloads of sailors and Marines awoke every twisted lane in Antrim with one old American song after another. Then, becoming more modern, they sang what seems to be the official song of all American and British forces —Roll Out the Barrel. As we rolled into camp late in the afternoon, the boys sang God Bless America.

The boys in Derry are still talking of the visit made to them by the king and queen. They went strong for both of them, but especially for the queen. She did a wonderful job of making the boys feel at home; chatted with the sailors and Marines about their home towns and their families. One of the boys telling me about it blurted out, "She's just like my old lady!"

One of the main jobs of any naval base is the repair of ships. British, Canadian and American destroyers and corvettes limp into Londonderry to be repaired. The trip across the North Atlantic is not an easy one and the little destroyers and corvettes, what with one thing and another, are apt to wind up very tired. I sat in the wardroom of a British destroyer, drinking pink gins with the officers. The destroyer had taken a bad beating while convoying and was in for repairs. I asked the British captain, "Are our boys doing a good job on this crate of yours?"

Ready, Willing and Able

"Are they doing a good job?" He looked thoughtfully at his pink gin. "I wirelessed ahead that I had forty-eight repairs to be done to my ship. We hadn't fastened the lines to the dock before twenty of your lads were climbing over the side with their tools. I had expected it would take two weeks to get the repairs done, which was all right too; we'd been at sea a long stretch, and two weeks on shore sounded good. But in four days they've finished the forty-eight jobs plus two more, to make an even fifty, and now, damn it, we're off to sea again. Are they doing a job?

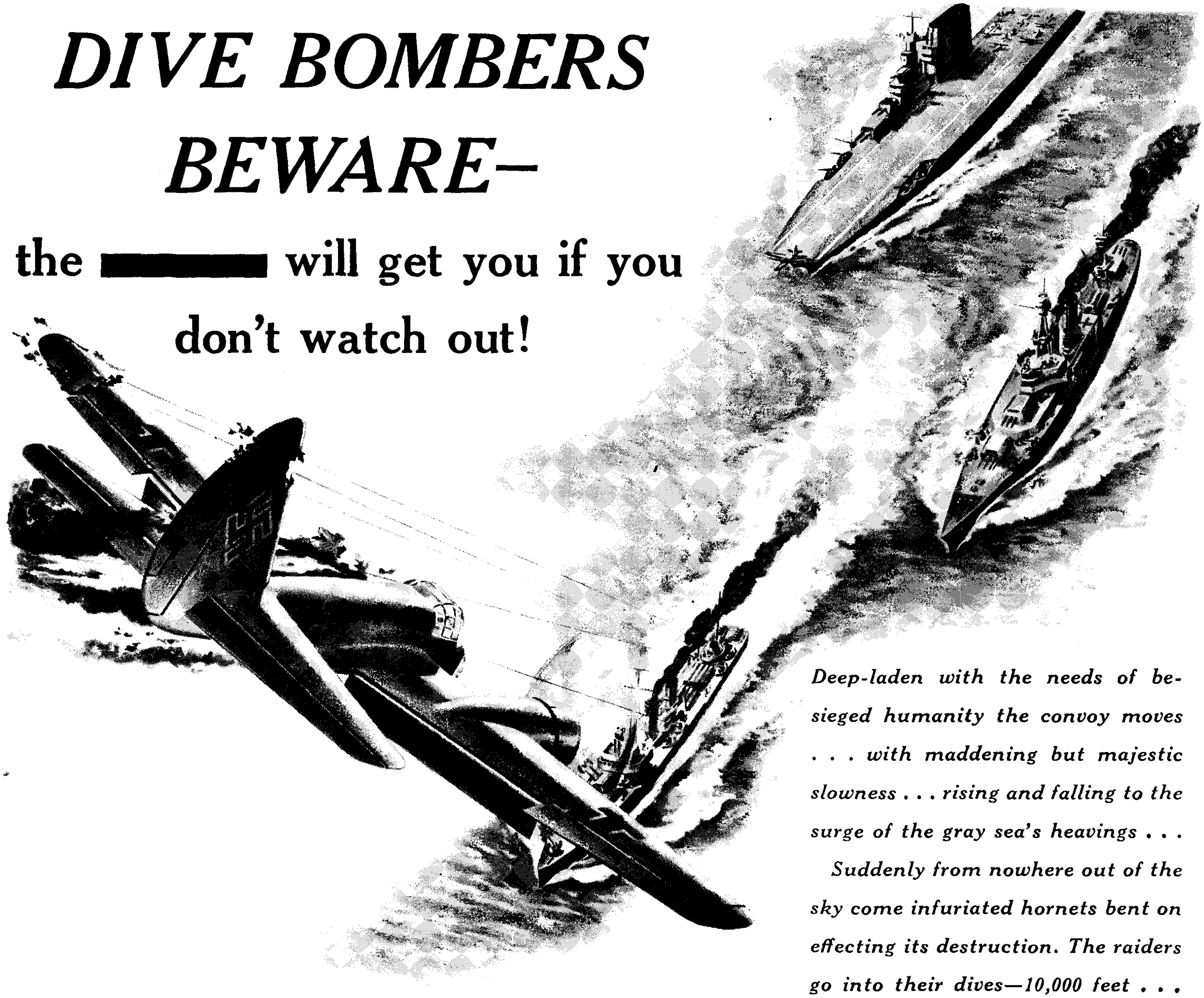
"I know you've spent lots of time in the wardrooms of His Majesty's ships," the captain continued. "And in that time you've no doubt had to drink many toasts to the crews of His Majesty's Royal Navy. And now for a change, and to show you what I think of Captain Larson and the whole bunch here at Londonderry, let's charge our glasses and all of us rise and drink a toast to them—to the American Navy and the United States Marines!"

Well, John, maybe that'll give you a picture of how your kid is doing in Londonderry. He's doing all right and he'll do all right, no matter where he's sent, because the Marine and the sailor of today is a much smarter lad than was his father in the last war. He behaves better, he is more intelligently disciplined, and when the time comes, I'll bet you six-two and even that he'll fight better too.

Sincerely,
Quentin Reynolds.

DIVE BOMBERS BEWARE—

the [redacted] will get you if you don't watch out!



Deep-laden with the needs of besieged humanity the convoy moves . . . with maddening but majestic slowness . . . rising and falling to the surge of the gray sea's heavings . . .

Suddenly from nowhere out of the sky come infuriated hornets bent on effecting its destruction. The raiders go into their dives—10,000 feet . . . 7,000 . . . 4,000 feet . . .

. . . with a roar the convoy's batteries of anti-aircraft cannon speak out with vicious voice. Explosive shells at the incredible rate of [redacted] per minute throw a protective curtain about the convoy.

The lead plane disintegrates into a blazing streak, while its companions veer off to hunt less deadly victims.

They know from bitter experience what high Allied Naval authorities have reported: "The [redacted] anti-aircraft cannon is the best defense yet devised against dive bombers."

And because the safe and speedy transportation of arms and men to the far-flung theatres of war is of supreme importance today, we recall with satisfaction that the manufacture of this hard-hitting weapon was the *first* of Pontiac's war assignments—undertaken ten months before Pearl Harbor.

At this writing its production is taking place at the maximum specified daily rate—*months ahead of schedule*—with the cannon itself having been improved by redesign and considerably reduced in price to the government.

Yet only a fraction of Pontiac's productive power is being devoted to this single activity. In other Pontiac plants—both new and converted—the lessons learned in the manufacture of over two million automobiles are being applied with similar success to projects of similar importance and complexity.

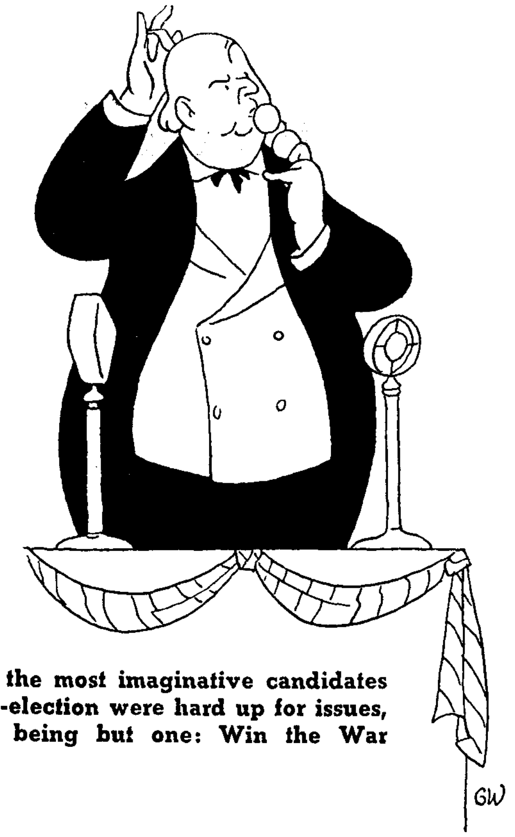
Ranging from automatic field guns and instruments of aerial attack comprising over 4,000 precision parts, to tank units, [redacted] power plant assemblies and vital transport mechanisms, they call for skill, ingenuity, zeal and devotion to duty of the highest order.

And that is the order of the day—*every day*—at Pontiac!

Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.

GM ARMS FOR VICTORY *VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS*

PONTIAC DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



Even the most imaginative candidates for re-election were hard up for issues, there being but one: Win the War

WASHINGTON ROUND BY ROUND

By Walter Davenport

Right now, politicians are having a field day in the OPA. But wait till after election when patronage goes out and rationing comes in. You'll know we're in a war

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IT WAS on the fifteenth of July—and a beautiful day it was if ever we saw one—that Mr. Leon Henderson, boss of the Office of Price Administration, paused to say:

"No one in the OPA organization is going to be permitted to play politics with the war effort . . . OPA is going to be run on nonpartisan lines. . . . If the Hatch Act doesn't get them, the Henderson Ax will. . . . As the focal point of contact between OPA and the public, members of our War Price and Rationing boards must be above suspicion . . ."

Before proceeding with this tale we must say, in the interests of truth and not merely of expediency and friendship, that Mr. Henderson meant every syllable of that. He is an able, honest, intelligent public servant, although a trifle on the "Gangway! Gangway!" side. As an administrator he vibrates with the times, conducting himself and his office in the manner of an independent, guerrilla tank corps.

To do battle with price zoomings, Mr. Henderson got but $125,000,000 of the $210,000,000 he asked of Congress. At least one of his division commanders told us that had Congress granted him all that he asked for, Mr Henderson might have been so disappointed that he'd have lost his head and yelled back at them: "What's the matter—yellow?"

But heavily occupied as they were, after that statement of July 15th, Mr. Henderson's ears managed to catch the disdainful "Oh, yeah?" that greeted it in the several states. The current congressional campaign was then blossoming into an importance than which the war, in the opinion of many members *of Congress, was greater only in a manner of speaking.*

Even the most imaginative of the representatives and senators seeking re-election, thinking only to save their constituencies from the national disasters which would attend their defeat, were hard up for issues, there being but one: Win the War. Local political machines needed tires, gas and, above all, sugar, if completely dispensable patriots were to ride them back to Congress. And nine tenths of the reason why Mr. Henderson wasn't getting along with Congress was that he was not permitting senators and representatives to appoint their own chosen rationers in their respective states and districts. (We are now on the trail of a congressman who, we've been told, has said that it is not at all essential that he be returned. But we think someone's been kidding us.)

But when Mr. Henderson's capacious ears caught that derisive reply to his "No politics" manifesto, his agitation was of major proportions. Had he got all the money he had asked for, he'd have had complete regiments of investigators beating the brush for rationing politicos. And as fast as culprits were flushed he'd have fired them—if he could. The trouble was that a system had been adopted under which the odds were in favor of local patriots.

For example, upon instructions of the OPA, the governor of each state was asked to submit a group of names of gentlemen who, in his opinion, would be dependable in the important office of state administrator of the OPA. These names were duly investigated by Mr. Henderson's agents, and the gentleman considered least likely to be too political was chosen.

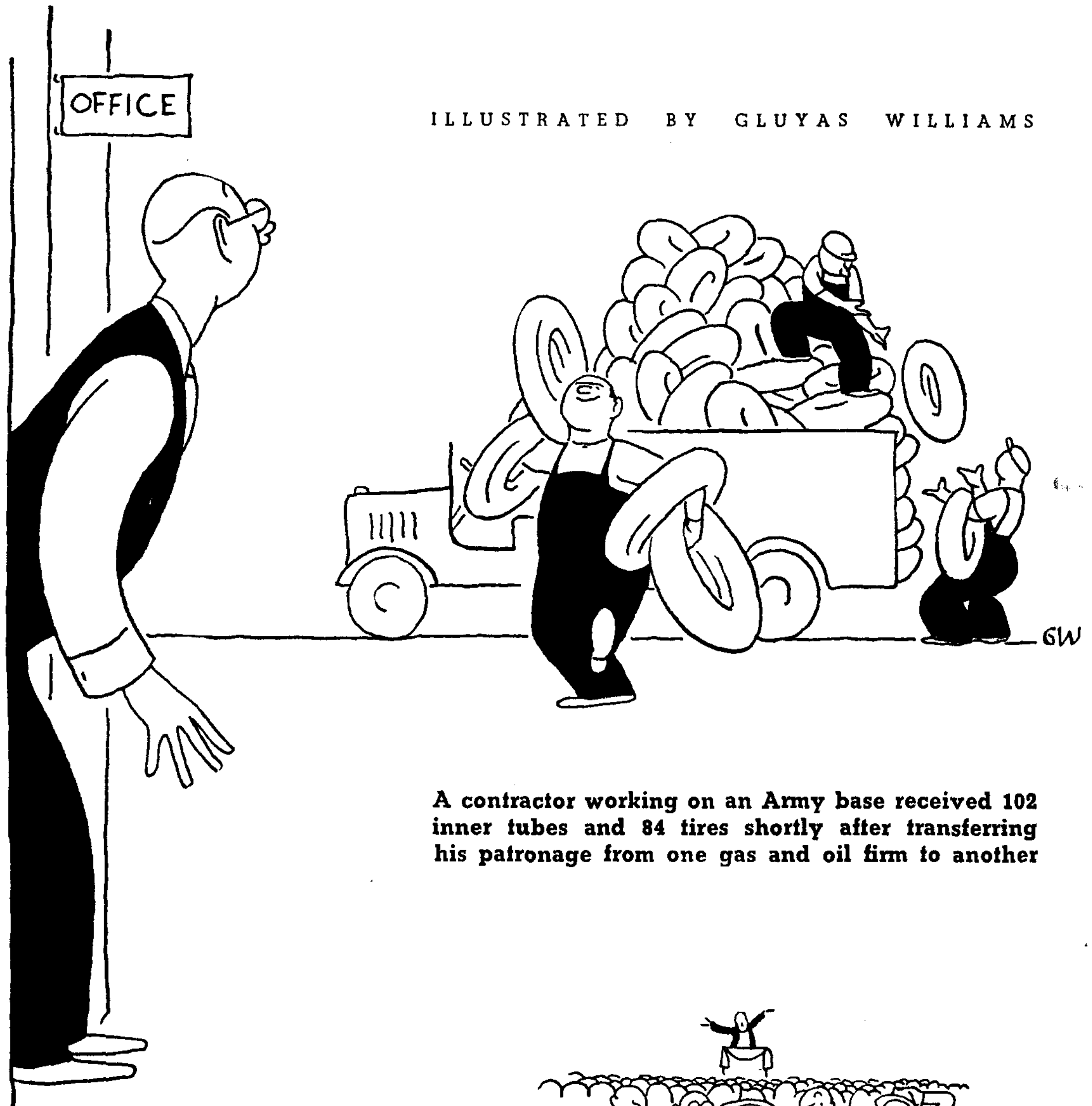
Of course, the governors were not silly enough to submit names of candidates who had known political ambitions of their own, nor of men who were likely to carry on, after appointment, with scandalous independence. Nor was it at all clear that Mr. Henderson could thereafter fire a local administrator who, after all, was the governor's appointment, not his, and whom Mr. Henderson had merely approved of and not anointed.

It was not long before noises of a disturbing nature began to be heard from a number of states. In some of these—Tennessee for example—there was no responsible charge that Mr. John Turner Gray, state administrator, was doing less than an honest job. But from that state, particularly from Memphis, the still-standing citadel of Boss Ed Crump, came howls of indignation. Sugar-rationing books assigned to the custody of the county clerk of Shelby County (Memphis) were suddenly wrested from that official, Mr. Gerald Stratton, when he broke off political relations with the Crump political racket.

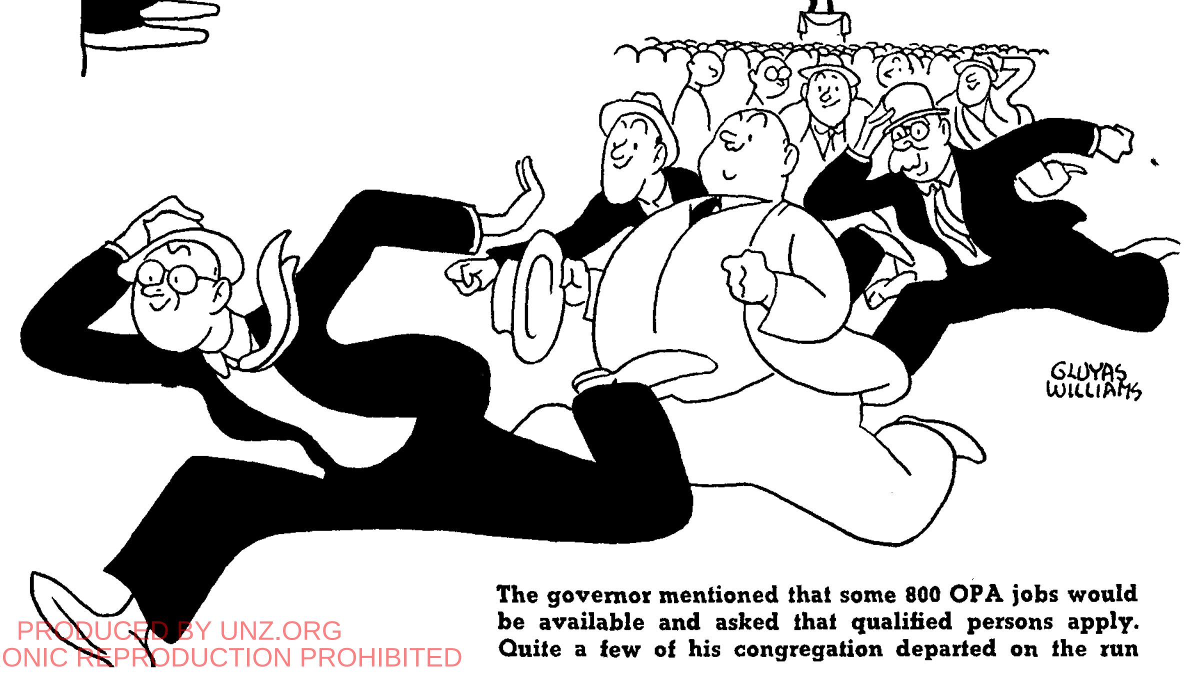
By a singular coincidence, a contractor working on a United States Army air base in Tennessee received 102 inner tubes and 84 tires two or three hours after he had transferred his patronage from one gasoline and oil firm to another. Until then, a number of that contractor's trucks were idle for the want of just that many tubes and tires.

Mr. Gray, a newcomer to the post of state administrator and too busy to be familiar with state-wide details, promises painstaking investigation, but the campaign sandstorm obscures vision. When he gets to it, he will have the testimony of Tennessee merchants and contractors who

(Continued on page 49)



A contractor working on an Army base received 102 inner tubes and 84 tires shortly after transferring his patronage from one gas and oil firm to another

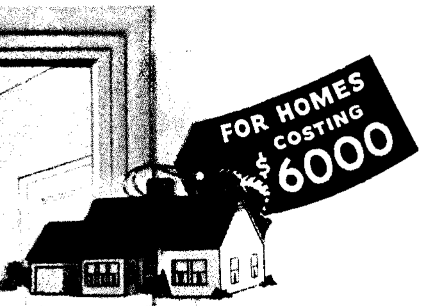


The governor mentioned that some 800 OPA jobs would be available and asked that qualified persons apply. Quite a few of his congregation departed on the run

My War Bond Savings Will Buy a HOTPOINT ELECTRIC KITCHEN Like This

THE OTHER DAY at Red Cross a new light dawned when one of the girls told me how surprisingly little she paid for *her* Hotpoint Electric Kitchen. Why, the money we are saving every month by investing in War Bonds will buy that Electric Kitchen after Hotpoint finishes its war job and starts making home appliances again. And believe me, I can hardly wait . . . In my new kitchen all my work will be like play!

and It's the FIRST Thing I'll Get AFTER the War!



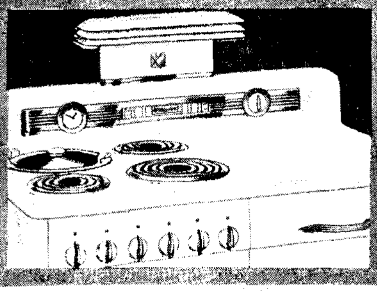
The cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen averages about 10% of home-building costs.

FOR HOMES COSTING $4000

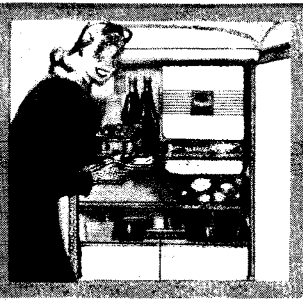
FOR A $6,000 HOME—The Morning Glory Kitchen (above). So inexpensive are the Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Electric Dishwasher, Sink and Steel Cabinets that thousands of homes costing only $6,000 enjoy them.

FOR A $4,000 HOME—The lovely Americana Kitchen (above), typical of hundreds which have been installed in low-cost defense homes throughout the nation, is equipped with the thrifty, efficient Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator and handsome Hotpoint Sink and Steel Cabinets. It is a practical, attractive room designed to save the homemaker time and work.

Buy War Bonds Today—Electric Kitchens Tomorrow!



● Automatic controls on the Hotpoint Electric Range will do all my "pot watching" for me! Complete, delicious meals can be cooked for the family while I'm gone the whole afternoon!



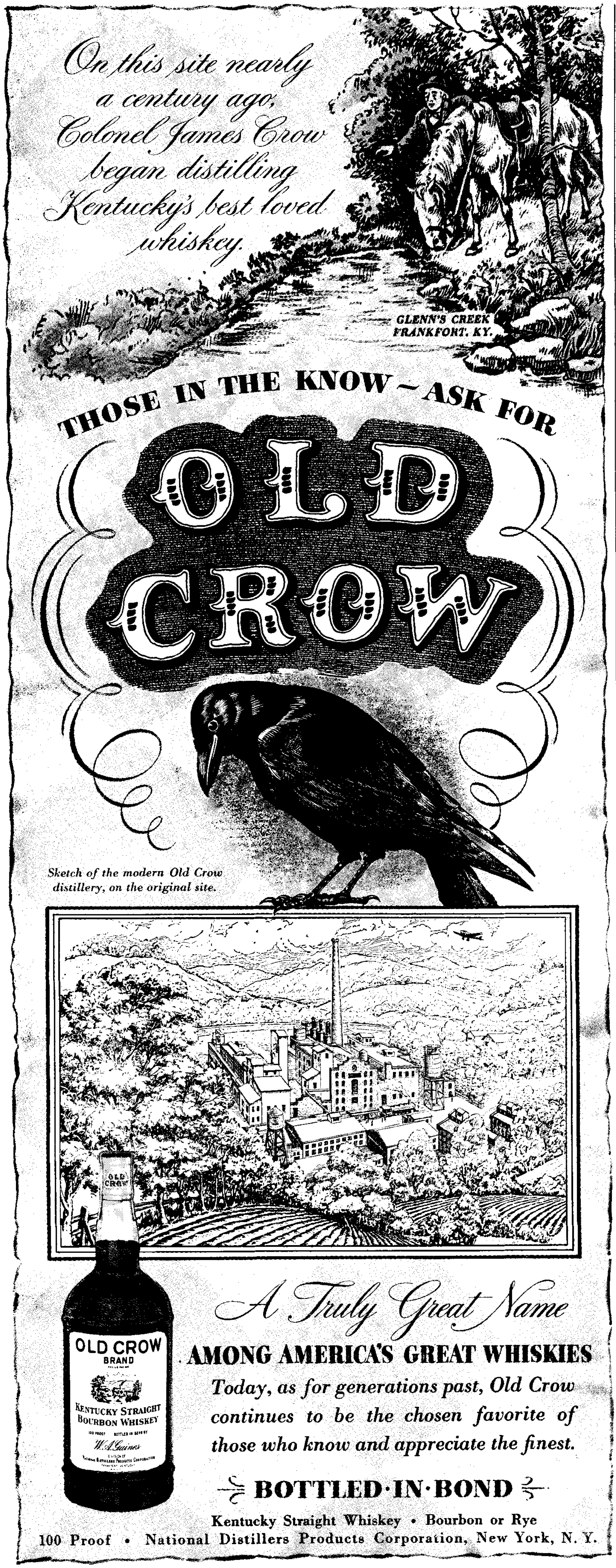
● Because the Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator keeps food fresh far longer, I can save time, tires and money by doing my shopping in big quantities on special bargain days!

● Thanks to the marvelous Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher, Disposall and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets, my kitchen will be as modern as tomorrow's news.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC KITCHENS

EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC., 5686 W. TAYLOR ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



On this site nearly a century ago, Colonel James Crow began distilling Kentucky's best loved whiskey.

GLENN'S CREEK FRANKFORT, KY.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

Sketch of the modern Old Crow distillery, on the original site.

OLD CROW BRAND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

W. A. Gaines

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Today, as for generations past, Old Crow continues to be the chosen favorite of those who know and appreciate the finest.

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye

100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

Slow Fuse

Continued from page 18

those dogs and took to keepin' a bear, have you?"

I wasn't wholly fooling either. I just figured that maybe Lafe had got lonely without something man-eating on the place and had brought in a bear to sort of keep him company. It turned out I was wrong though.

The old man let out a yelp and slammed his glass down on the table.

"Don't tell me that danged varmint is out in the back yard again."

"If you're talkin' about what I saw when I came in, it is," I said. "You had it around for long?"

"Mebbe a week," the old man said. "Every day she comes in here a'lootin' and a'plunderin', and I'm gettin' so I can't abide it no longer."

It seemed he had a good reason for being mad. As a general rule bears aren't so bad, but when you get a mean one you got something awful, and this one was mean. She'd raided the pigpen twice and carried off two shoats, and busted into the kitchen and ate up two weeks' ration of sugar, and the old man was having to use blackstrap molasses in his coffee, and he didn't like it.

"Lafayette," he said, "you just plain got to do something about it."

"I been workin' on it," Lafe said. "I'm gettin' me an idea. You ain't et yet, have you, Jeff?"

I said I hadn't, and he put another chunk of meat in the pan and another potato in the pot, and then he came over and sat down. I was still thinking about the bear though. It seemed to me the simplest way of getting rid of it was to just plain go out and shoot it, and I said so.

Lafe just sat there and looked at me as though I'd spoken something that didn't make sense.

After a while he said, "I reckon you ain't very patriotic, are you, Jeff?"

"What in tarnation," I said, "has patriotism got to do with shootin' a bear?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Lafe said. "A week, two weeks ago I was talkin' to the man in the hardware store down in Big Sag, and he said as how he figured it was a man's patriotic duty to be savin' on sportin' ammunition, seein' as the Army needs all the lead and powder they can git. I been thinkin' about it ever since," Lafe said. "It's right discommodin' just now since that bear come round, but a man's got to do what's right. I only got a few cattridges left for that gun of mine. I ain't a'goin' to go wastin' any on something I can't eat, and right now I ain't got no hankerin' for bear meat."

"I see," I said.

It seemed to me that maybe Lafe was stretching a point, and I couldn't exactly see how one cartridge was going to affect the outcome of the war one way or the other, but I didn't argue. There isn't any use in arguing with Lafe ever. I just said, "Maybe you was figurin' on goin' out and fightin' it man to man with your bare hands."

"Nossir," Lafe said, "I didn't figure on doin' that. I'm gettin' me an idea though."

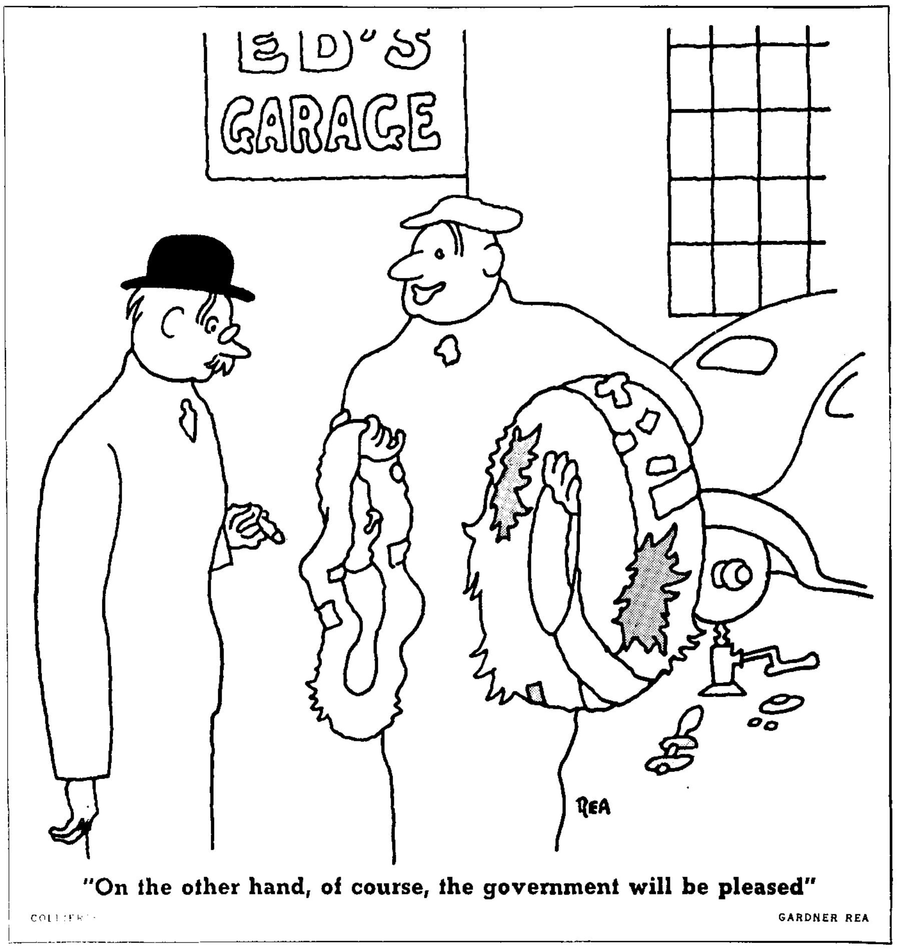
THAT was all he'd say on the subject, and I didn't press it, because when Lafe won't talk he won't talk. He put the supper on the table and we ate it, and after that we sat around for a while just talking.

I gave them all the news I'd heard around town and out at the mine, and they were real interested the way they always were. After a while I noticed that Lafe was quieter than usual.

"What's on your mind, Lafe," I said. "You still worryin' about that bear?"

Lafe didn't say anything. The old man got out his knife and started whittling at the heel in his pipe.

"It ain't purely that," the old man said. "I reckon that bear is what you might call a side issue. The truth is Lafayette's real put out about the way the guv-mint's runnin' this war. Not that I blame him none," the old man said. "Any war I ever heard of the



"On the other hand, of course, the government will be pleased"

GARDNER REA

via Airline to
Pratt & Whitney
Engines
Vought-Sikorsky
Airplanes
Hamilton Standard
Propellers

THE Army's Air Transport Command recently made a decision of far-reaching significance. It called in the commercial airlines and assigned to them the task of operating air routes to combat areas all over the globe.

The response was characteristic—the result electrifying. Already 17 airlines are operating scores of new routes to foreign lands. *Hundreds of flights are now scheduled daily, with the number rapidly rising.*

Hundreds of new transport planes, ordered by the Army over a year ago, have already been turned over to the airlines for these operations. Hundreds more are to come. Airports are being carved out of jungle and desert; maintenance bases set up; communications systems established; and trained flight and ground personnel provided . . . a global air transport system being created with masterful speed and efficiency.

Yesterday America's aircraft manufacturers teamed up with the military to perform a miracle of production. Today America's commercial airlines are called upon by the military to perform a miracle of transportation. *A new chapter is being written in the dramatic story of air power.*

• • •

Pratt & Whitney air-cooled radial engines power the vast majority of these transports. Hamilton Standard propellers drive them all.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

EAST HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT

RECORD Longest punt in football history—102 yards, in Iowa-Indiana game in 1934.

In 1934, too, Pioneer introduced the famous, original Streamlox BRACES

Worn by a constantly increasing number of well-dressed men, these smart jewelry-clasp braces make new friends...new records every year. On and off with a flick of the fingers, they grip gently but firmly — right where you want them for proper support ...for accenting trouser creases. *See them today at your favorite men's wear counter, or write*

PIONEER
12th & Wood Streets • Philadelphia, Pa.
BRACES • BELTS • WALLETS • GARTERS
FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR

RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"
10¢
BC
HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.
10¢ and 25¢

idea was to git out there and git to shootin' somebody, but this one it seems all they want you to do is grow potatoes. Who in the dangnation ever heard of gettin' killed by a potato?"

"What about that, Lafe?" I said.

"That's the way I heerd it."

He told me about it then. It seems that after the Army had taken his dogs Lafe had gone down and tried to enlist. He was over forty-five though, and besides that he lived on a farm, and it seems they didn't want any farmers enlisting in the Army, there being sort of a shortage of them as it was.

Not that you could exactly call the Pardees farmers. The only things they'd ever taken off the land were one volunteer crop of wheat and some of the hardier vegetables that could sort of outfight the weeds and bunch grass without any outside aid or cultivation. I'd known Lafe for going on four years and I'd never seen him do anything that resembled farming. The Army didn't know that though. According to them he was a farmer, and that was what was bothering him.

"They ain't got no right to go miscallin' a man," Lafe said. "They hadn't ought to go namin' me a farmer when I ain't one."

"I reckon the name won't hurt you none," I said.

CONSIDERING the way he felt about not wasting ammunition I should have known right then what to expect.

"Why, Jeff," Lafe said, "I got to be honest about it, ain't I? If the guvmint of the United States of America is dependin' on me to farm I reckon it's my bounden duty to start farmin'. But I'll tell you straight out I ain't hankerin' after it none."

It looked to me like if that was the way he felt about it, there wasn't much else he could do. But you can never tell about Lafe.

"I been thinkin' on it, though," he said. "Give me some time and I reckon I can figure somethin' out, soon as I git shut of this bear problem."

He did too.

I got up early the next morning and lit out upcreek to do some fishing. The high water had passed, and the water was clear as glass, and the trout were rising good. I went six or eight miles upstream, and fished on the way down. It was late afternoon when I got back.

I cleaned my catch down at the creek and brought them up to the house. The old man was sitting in a chair on the sunny side of the building. He told me Lafe was up in the attic.

"Workin' on that bear idea of his," the old man said.

I'd forgotten the bear by that time, but I got curious all over again. I climbed the ladder up to the loft, and got there just in time to see Lafe finish up tying what looked like some sort of a package, except it was the funniest looking package I ever saw. I couldn't be sure just what it was from where I was standing, but it looked offhand like he had about ten pounds of raw beef, cut in thin slices and wrapped up and tied in a bundle.

He's going to poison her, I thought, and it made me feel better about Lafe, because it was something that almost anybody might have thought up.

I went over to look. I said, "What you using, Lafe? Strychnine?" And then I saw what he was using and I almost fainted. It seemed like I'd done Lafe an injustice by judging that he'd ever do anything the way any sensible person would do it, because he didn't have any poison in that meat, or at least not in a strict sense of the word. What he had was eight or ten sticks of dynamite, wrapped up and with a cap and a fuse all set.

"Got my idea from listenin' to them dive bombin' raids on the raddio," Lafe said.

I said, "Lafe . . ." and that was as far as I got, because just then that bear came out of the timber in front of the house. She was a silvertip grizzly, and seeing her in the daylight she was just as big as I'd thought she was the night before.

I was standing in front of the window looking out, and I opened my mouth to say something about getting a gun, and Lafe started yelling, "Get outta my way, Jeff. I'm a'goin' to fling her."

I heard him scratch a match for the fuse, and I ducked my head and he flung her. That bundle of meat whistled past my ear and lit about twenty, thirty yards out in front of the house.

That bear sort of perked up her ears when the meat lit, and then she sniffed a couple of times and walked over there to see.

I was so nervous by then I was holding my breath. I thought: So far so good. And then I liked to have swallowed the cigarette I was smoking.

I yelled, "Fire in the hole, boys. And a short fuse."

That's an expression miners use when there's going to be a blast; and there was going to be a blast any minute now, and it was going to be right where I was at; because I'm darned if that bear didn't pick up the meat, and then walk over and set down on the front stoop to eat it.

The stoop was right below the window Lafe and I was looking out of. I didn't dare go down the ladder because that was within spitting distance of where she was setting, and I wasn't sure as to just when she was going to cut loose.

Well, it seemed I must have yelled louder than I thought. I yelled so loud I scared the bear, or maybe she burned her nose on the fuse. At any rate she moved out of there, which was all right, except she left the dynamite laying there on the stoop. The last I seen of her she had took out for the timber, and I took out for the back of the house. There was another window back there. It wasn't very big, and I'm fifty and getting fat, but I went through it feet first and never even grazed the edges.

IT JARRED me some when I hit ground twelve feet below, but I lit running. The screen door to the kitchen slammed behind me, and old man Pardee came busting out with the whisky jug in one hand and lit a shuck for the barn. He's eighty years old, and I was doing my best running, but when he came alongside of me he just lengthened his stride a little and passed me, jug and all, like I was tied to something.

I had a course all laid out for the root cellar, but I was looking back over my shoulder to see what happened to Lafe, and my navigation went wrong. I veered a little to port, and fell over a sawhorse, and almost busted my skull on a length of stovewood.

I sat up just in time to see her blow. Lafe had started through the window headfirst, and the sash had come down and pinned him halfway through. It was quite a sight to see. There was the ear-splittingest bang I ever heard, and Lafe come out of that window like he'd been fired out of a gun barrel.

He left most of his pants on the sill, and that must have held him back considerable, but in spite of that he made a good thirty feet through the air, and come in for a landing, face down in a duck pond. There was water went ten feet in the air.

After that I didn't see anything for a minute or more. The ground riz about two feet under me, and then settled back down, and the air was full of pieces of boards, and rocks, and shingles, and what looked like old pieces of rags. I ducked my head and after a while things stopped falling and I looked up again.

Well, I want to say there was never anybody like the Pardees. You'd think offhand that if a body had seen his house get blowed up he might at least sort of ease his feelings with a little heartfelt cussin', but not the Pardees. I looked up when I figured it was safe, and there was the old man, sitting on the chopping block, sort of rocking back and forth and still holding onto the jug.

"She made a heck of a report, didn't she?" the old man said. He seemed real pleased about it. "I guess that'll learn that varmint not to come a'plunderin' around here no more."

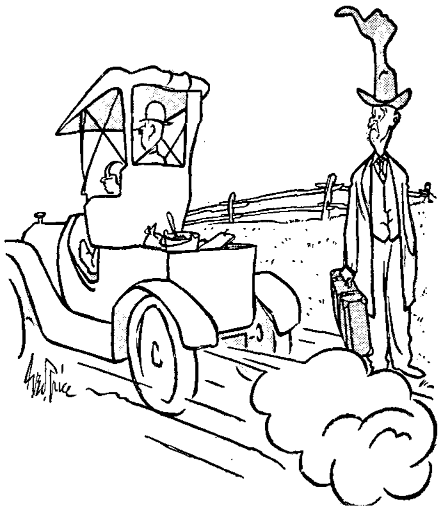
Right then I wasn't figuring on how much it had scared the bear. My head hurt where I'd lit on that stovewood, and it felt like both my ankles was broke from jumping out that window, and I wasn't in a kindly humor.

"Maybe you hadn't noticed," I said. "But you ain't got hardly any house left."

"Oh, that," the old man said. "I

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY



VOLUME IV

THUMBRERO: Hitchhiker's hat.

MASTUFF: A big dog that eats too much.

INFIZZIBLE: What the bubbles in a drink are when the drink's flat.

BOTHTUB: A place for bathing twins.

WRANKLE: A wrinkle in your ankle.

BASEBULL: Talk between the pitcher and the catcher.

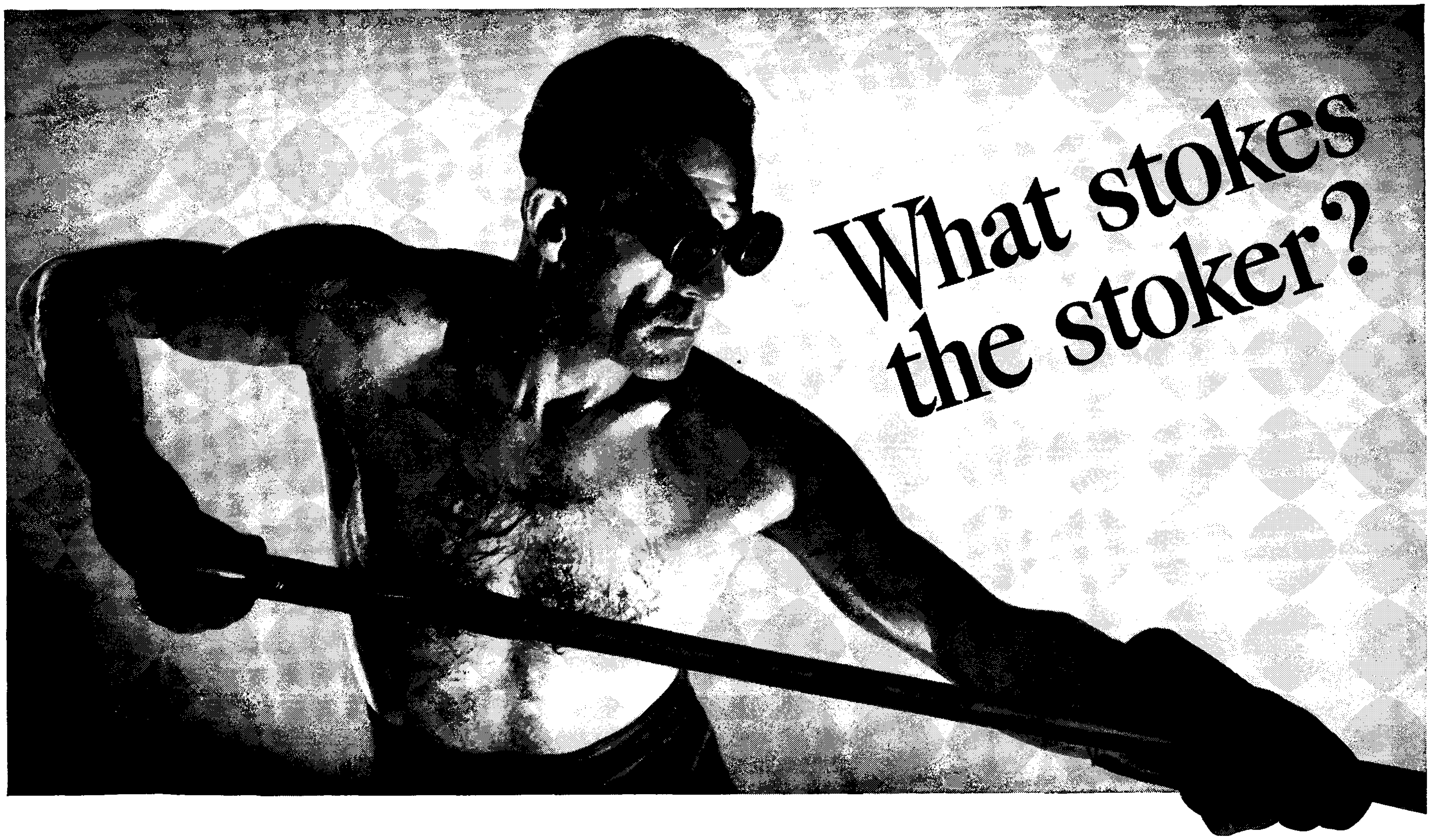
SOBMARINE: A submarine that can't find the mother ship.

PREPRIETOR: Former owner.

PROFISHIONAL: Man who catches herring for a living.

BREADSTEAD: What you have after eating crackers in bed.

Faced with the stoopendous task of making this Fictionary a comprehensive work, Col. Stoopnagle will welcome words (with their definitions) from readers and will pay five dollars out of Collier's pocket for acceptable contributions. Address The Fictionary Dept., Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.


What stokes the stoker?

Is there a lesson for you in the lunch boxes of huskies like this who are stoking the victory fires all over the country?

Is there something you can learn about keeping yourself ready and able for the wartime jobs that come your way? We think so.

The Whole Nation's Working

Under wartime conditions, *every one of us* is leading a more active and strenuous life, whether we work in war factories or merely drill in home-guard armories.

We're burning up more energy—all of us. And our diets need to be stepped up accordingly.

One thing you'll always find in the stoker's lunch pail is *bread.* Thick, husky, man-sized slabs of it, packed with the *carbohydrates,* and *proteins* that are *first essentials* to a high-energy diet.

You Need It, Too!

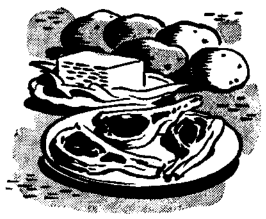
Bread is just as basic to *your* wartime diet.

A man who has stepped up from a sedentary occupation to moderately active work will need the extra food-energy that at least two extra slices of bread each day will supply. If you've moved up from moderately active to active work, the increase will run as high as five slices—perhaps two more slices each meal.

That's why bread consumption has gone up steadily since we entered the war—*and is still going up!*

Walking more than you used to? One slice of bread provides the energy to walk a mile.

You'll need other things too, of course. Meat, vegetables, butter—good, solid, rib-sticking basic foods. But to do your part properly *you need such energy-food as bread.* And that's especially true of the new vitamin-enriched kind of white bread which most bakers are offering in cooperation with the government nutrition program.



So eat your fill of bread these days. It's good to eat, convenient — and nowhere in the world is there better bread than the American baking industry prepares for you.

MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:

1 Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.

2 More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.

3 Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B_1.

Bread *is basic*

Revolutionary
new
designs
ALCOA

How to BUY *those after-the-war* BARGAINS

★ If you want to enjoy those after-the-war bargains, buy War Bonds today.

When victory is won, your buying of merchandise will be helpful to the country, while today restraint in buying is the mark of patriotism.

When you put all your spare money into War Bonds, you help your country on two fronts; the military, and the economic. The money you loan buys munitions, airplanes, and ships; moreover, it prevents disastrous inflation which would make America weak.

When Uncle Sam repays your loan, you will then have the money with which to buy the fabulous products of the postwar era. Better, more responsive, more economical cars; new types of houses, and the conveniences of newly designed furnishings and appliances. The display counters of tomorrow will make you doubly glad you saved today.

We are so sure of the improvements in the merchandise of tomorrow because we have a profound faith in the imagineering* of American industry.

Take aluminum as an example. Today, all aluminum is going into war production, mostly for planes. To meet America's need today, the output of aluminum in the country is approaching 7 times that of prewar America. The price has been dropping sharply, too.

Alcoa engineers are projecting thousands of new peacetime uses of the light, durable metal so vital to war strength. They are using imagineering to help provide new jobs for men released from the service, to help stabilize the freedoms we are fighting for.

Buy War Bonds today, and you'll enjoy shopping tomorrow.

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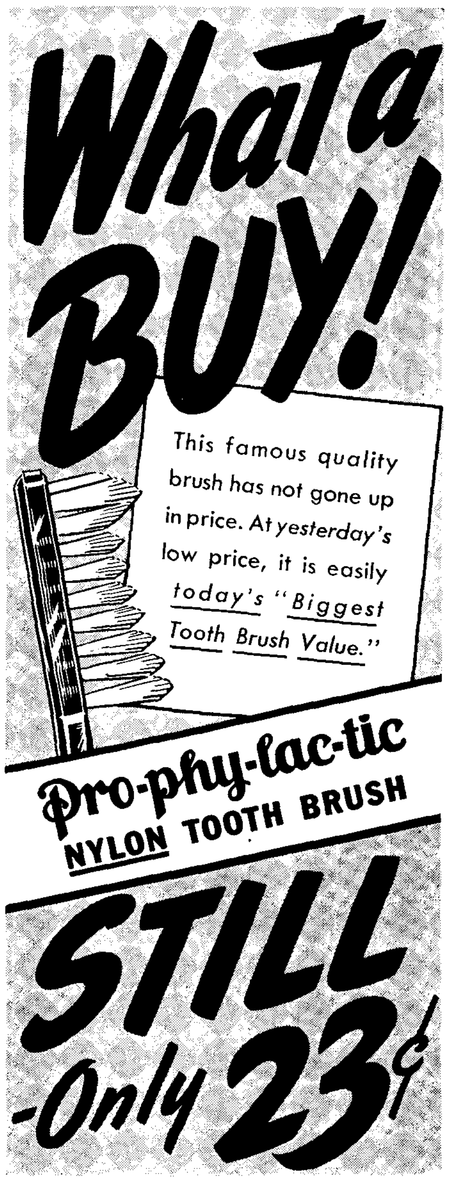
*Imagineering, *a word coined by Alcoa from* imagination *and* engineering; *the art of deciding where we go from here.*

ALUMINUM

ALCOA
ALCOA ALUMINUM


What a BUY!

This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."

Pro-phy-lac-tic NYLON TOOTH BRUSH

STILL -Only 23¢

For your leisure hours.. or working days...

Brentwood MIRAPACA THE WONDER SWEATER

There's nothing like a Mirapaca . . . the sweater sensation of the year. Soft, light as a feather, durable and chock full of warmth, it has that smart casual air that says . . . "better type sports-wear" $5.95

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

never liked the dang' place anyway." He unstoppered the jug. "Lucky I picked this up in passin', ain't it? She mighta got broke. You better have a drink, Jefferson."

I took the drink. After that I walked over to where Lafe was. He'd crawled out of the duck pond by that time, and he was sitting there on the ground scraping the mud off of him with a stick.

"Lafe," I said, "I've seen you do some darn' fool things now and again, but it looks like you outdone yourself this time. I got a lump on my head my hat won't fit over," I said. "I'm stove up in both legs, and my nervous system ain't what it should be, and you ain't got any front to your house. I hope you're satisfied."

Lafe put down the stick he was scraping mud with.

"To tell you the truth, Jeff," he said, "I ain't wholly content. I been settin' here thinkin' about it though, and I reckon I see where I made my mistake. It was that fuse, Jeff. I done cut it too long. If I'd cut it just a mite shorter she'd have blowed up out there in the front yard afore she had time to make the stoop."

"Yessir," I said, "she certainly would have."

We went over then to take a look at what damage was done, and it was considerable. The two front rooms of the house was blowed away entire, and the rest of it was setting sort of anti-goggling. There was a hole five feet deep where the front stoop had been.

"Lafe," I said, "I got to admit one thing. There ain't another man in the United States could have figured it out the way you done it."

It perked Lafe up considerably.

"Yessir," he said, "takin' it by and large she worked out just about the way I planned. I can't say I exactly figured she'd leave that powder on the front stoop, but I reckon she ain't goin' to come back here a'pesterin' us no more. The noise it made must have scared her till she's runnin' yet. Lookin' back on it though," Lafe said, "it comes to me that maybe I charged that meat a little higher than was needful."

I looked at the hole in the ground. "Maybe just a little," I said.

Well, I couldn't see that it was any of my responsibility, but just for the sake of past favors received I offered to stay over for a few days and help rebuild the house. The old man said it wasn't necessary though.

"We won't need her till cold weather," the old man said. "We can shore up that kitchen a little and she'll stand, and we can sleep in the hayloft."

THAT'S where we slept that night, in the hayloft. I spent most of the time I should have been sleeping picking fox tail and army grass out of my blankets, but it didn't seem to bother Lafe and the old man any.

The next morning at sunup I saddled Old Blue and lit out for town. I wasn't in a very good humor, not having had any sleep. And besides that my head hurt all the way in, and the way my legs felt I wasn't going to be able to walk right for two or three weeks, and right then I swore I'd never set foot on the Pardees' land again if I lived to be a hundred. Which just goes to show how much I knew about it.

It was a week before I saw Lafe again. I'd been all over Big Sag by that time, looking for work, and not finding any; and I'd just about made my mind up to travel out to Spokane while I still had bus fare in my pants. They were building a big aluminum plant out there, and from what I heard it was easy for a man to get a job. I hated to go too, but there didn't seem to be anything else left to do.

I had my suitcase packed, and I was on my way down to the bus station to find out when I could leave, and somebody yelled at me from across the street, and I walked over there, and it was Lafe. He had on his store clothes, and he looked almost civilized, but not quite. I shook hands with him, and we stepped into the Board of Trade for a drink. No use leaving with any hard feelings, I thought. I noticed though that Lafe was looking sort of pleased about something, and after a while he came out with it.

"You remember that trouble I mentioned a spell back?" Lafe said.

I thought back and I recollected sitting in the kitchen and the old man telling me about Lafe being upset over the way the war was being run.

"You mean about bein' a farmer?" I said.

"That's my trouble," Lafe said. "It looks now like I just about got her figured out though."

I didn't encourage him any, but he told me about it anyway.

"I was just settin' there one day," Lafe said, "and all of a sudden it come to me, so I found out about it, and then I writ a letter to the guv-mint."

Maybe what he was saying made sense to him, but it certainly didn't to me. I said, "Lafe, what the dickens have you been up to now?"

"Why, Jeff," Lafe said, "I just got done tellin' you. I was settin' there by the hole that bear blowed under the front stoop, and it come to me. I picked up some of the rock she'd blowed loose and brung it to town and got the assayer's report on it. He says she runs pretty heavy to lead and silver."

I had to lean into the bar or I'd have fell flat on my face.

"I writ to the guv-mint and asked 'em," Lafe said. "I reckoned maybe with all the bullets they're makin' for the Army they'd rather have me minin' lead than growin' spuds."

"I reckon maybe they would," I said.

I couldn't think of anything else to say. I poured me another drink though, and I took a good look at Lafe, so I wouldn't ever forget what he looked like, because he was the only man I knew of on earth could dynamite his house and come out of it with a mine. You don't meet people like that very often.

"There's only one thing troublin' me," Lafe said. "I reckon maybe you could help me, Jeff."

I had my mind all made up to say no, and I knew just how I was going to say it, but he surprised me.

"The way it is," Lafe said, "I ain't never done what you'd call a lot of minin', and I'd consider it a sort of a favor if you'd come out and take charge of things for Pap and me."

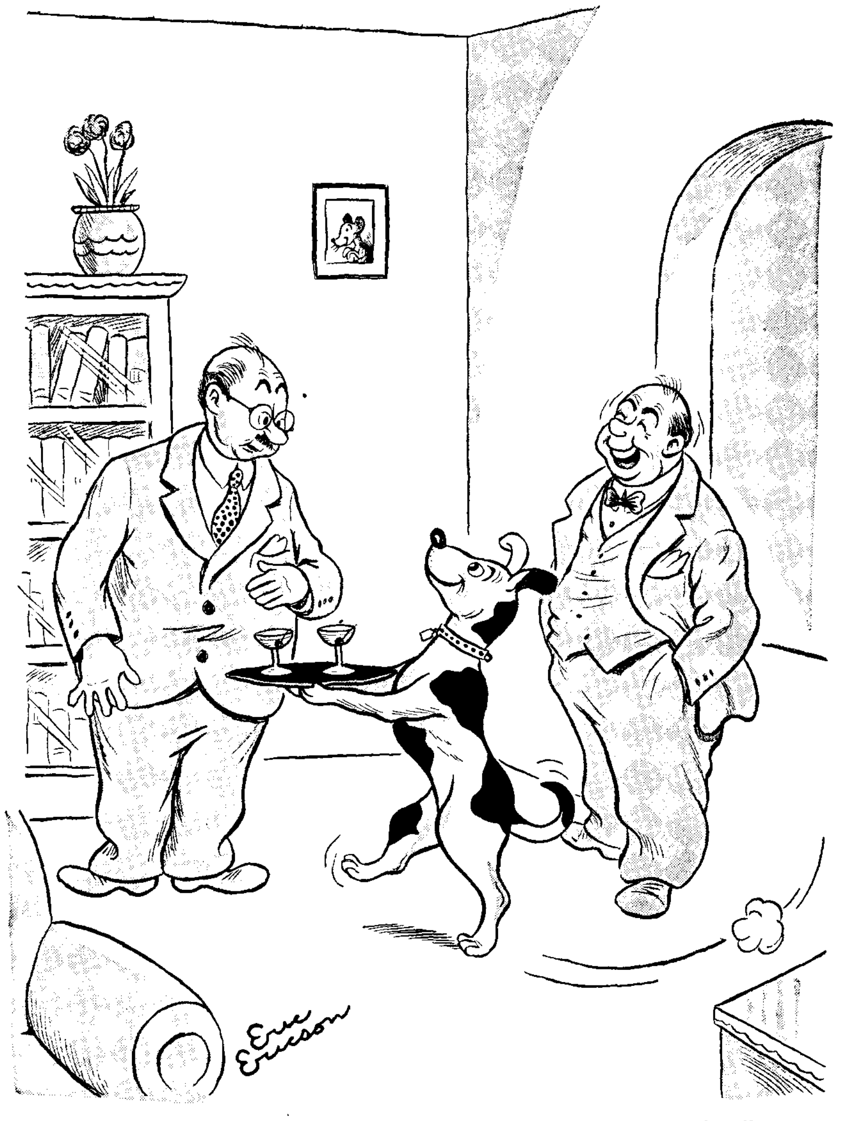
I put my glass down on the bar. "Lafe," I said, "are you offerin' me a job?"

"You might put it that way," Lafe said.

I HAD to think about it for a minute. I'd swore a solemn oath I'd never set foot on their land again, but these were what you might call sort of extenuating circumstances. The way I saw it, it had took a combination of a world war, Lafe Pardee, ten sticks of giant powder, and a she bear to find me a job, and a man couldn't very well turn a proposition like that down.

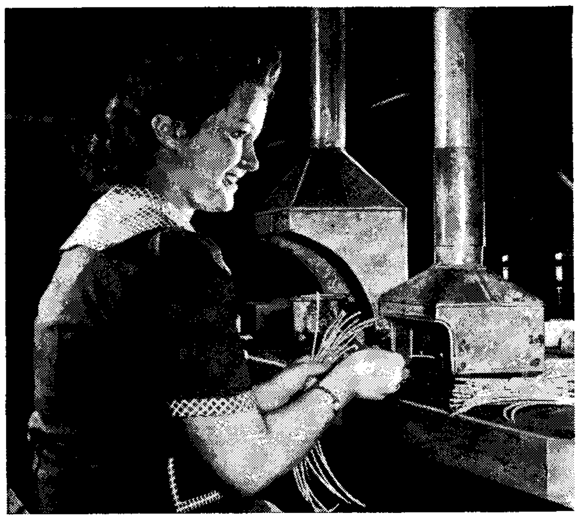
Which explains how come I'm working as superintendent out at the Slow Fuse, Number One. It's not a bad job either.

THE END

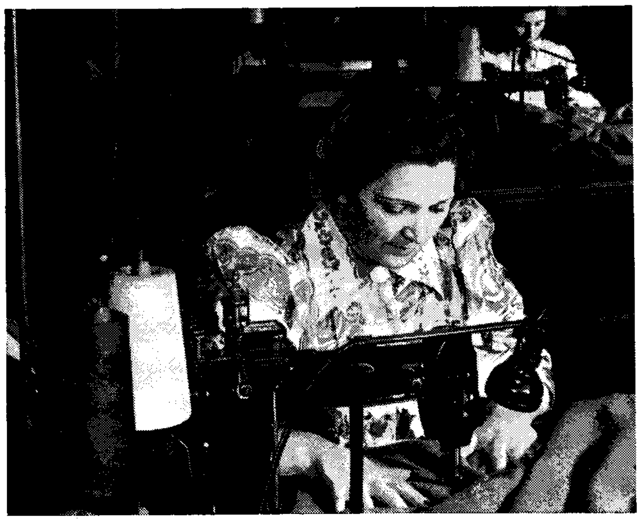


"The hardest part of the trick was teaching him to mix 'em"

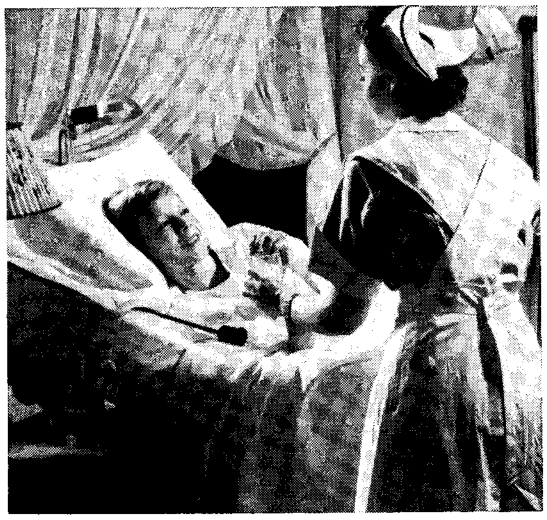
COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON



Lillian Zelinski Is A "Sky-Fighter" Too! She's an operator in the G-E department that makes gun-turret controls for thousands of Uncle Sam's war planes. Her husband is with the Navy, her brother with the Army.



Special Peacetime Sewing Skill of Mrs. Paul Montanye is now devoted to making G-E electrically heated aviators' suits. These suits—descendants of the G-E Automatic Blanket—keep U. S. fliers warm up where it's 60° below zero.



Armies Need Nurses! Thousands of graduate nurses have been released for war service because so many "double duty" women have qualified for Nurses' Aide through 7-week training courses.

Who Said This Is a Man's War?

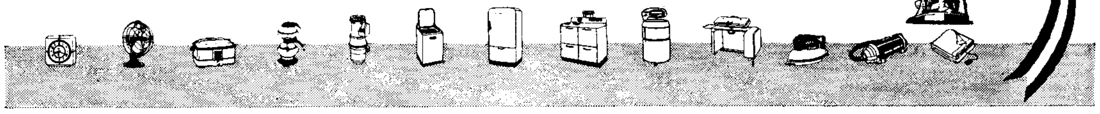
THERE'S no "Male Help Only" sign on this war! Never before in America's history have so many women been called upon to give so much of their time and energy to war effort. They are serving in homes, through volunteer organizations and on production lines from coast to coast. At General Electric factories—where time and labor-saving appliances once were made for your home—thousands of women have enlisted for war work to help speed Victory!

These Wives Are "War Workers" Too. They're learning new facts on food from Director Edwina Nolan of the G-E Home Institute so they can serve more healthful meals and save for War Bonds. Pamphlets used in these courses are free on request.

Every Homemaker can assist the national war effort by keeping the electric appliances she owns operating efficiently. See the General Electric dealer who displays this sign. He is trained to help keep your appliances serving for the duration. After Victory he will have wonderful new G-E home servants to offer you . . . but as none will be made until this war is won, you should take good care of the ones you now have. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn., Dept. ZG-1123-31.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BUY WAR BONDS



ALL SMOKERS INHALE—

BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T KNOW IT!

The thing to think about is—*what cigarette* you smoke . . . and inhale.

Look at the *difference* below. It was found and reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

No finer tobaccos grow than those in PHILIP MORRIS. *But—in addition*—PHILIP MORRIS give you this exclusive, *proved protection!* No worry about throat *irritation*—even when you inhale.

Call for PHILIP MORRIS
REAL PROTECTION ADDED TO FINER PLEASURE!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

Health Spies

Continued from page 24

belt. Minute particles set up an almost unbearable irritation. Another point about sandstorms: Mentally unstable people often break under the strain. Some desert tribes recognize this and refuse to prosecute for murder committed during long storms.

Medical Intelligence has collected mountains of material of this sort. Whenever a troop movement is ready to start, all this store of knowledge is compressed into a 50- or 60-page report for medical officers accompanying the movement.

Suppose we follow one batch of troops bound overseas. Since the Army is notably shy these days about exact localities, let's suppose that this group is bound for Shangri-la.

Medical Intelligence in Operation

As soon as plans for the movement are made, requests for data on Shangri-la come to Medical Intelligence from the Operations Service in the Surgeon General's office. One officer is assigned to assemble all available information and digest it. If time is short, the report may be turned out in a couple of days; but as a rule several weeks are allowed.

These reports contain introductory material about the stability of the government of Shangri-la (good health departments go with stable governments), also names of health officers who may be of assistance. There will be information about sanitation, sewage disposal and water supply—and even ice plants; many serums and vaccines must be refrigerated.

Then comes the meat of the report—specific disease information. While preparing his report the officer may find gaps. If he does he may have to use real ingenuity to fill them. Possibly he wants to know more about a small outbreak of cholera. It had threatening potentialities, but no late word is available. He gets busy. Perhaps a ferry pilot just returned from Shangri-la can fill in with some facts, or it may be necessary to cable a Military Intelligence man stationed there.

The report contains a variety of incidental information. Perhaps bats are infected with rabies; they are, in some West Indian islands. If so, troops must be carefully protected at night.

Possibly river eddies in Shangri-la are contaminated with disease-bearing flukes which burrow into the skin. If so, troops must be warned not to swim in those waters. It is known that malaria is one of the biggest problems in the country. So immediate precautions are necessary. If landing at night, soldiers go ashore with mosquito nets over their heads. These mosquito head nets are much more important than gas masks. In the last war the British neglected this precaution in one landing operation in the Persian Gulf. A third of the troops contracted malaria the first night!

Medical Intelligence knows that malaria threatens to be the No. 1 disease problem of this war. So the report on Shangri-la covers the problem in detail.

Exact details about mosquitoes are necessary: Are they day or night feeders? Do they breed in still or running water? What is their flying range? The value of such facts is indicated by the experience of U. S. Public Health men who did excellent work in combating the explosive malaria along the Burma Road. The mosquito which was hampering road construction could fly only short distances. Here was the solution to the problem. Labor camps were moved beyond the flight distance from breeding grounds—and malaria was greatly reduced.

Shangri-la had a bad outbreak of sleeping sickness a few years ago and medical officers will want to know all about it. They will perhaps want a picture of the tsetse fly which spreads this disease and will want details for using the arsenical drugs in treatment.

They will also want to know whether inhabitants of Shangri-la are infested with lice. This isn't an effort to pry into the private affairs of citizens. Lice spread typhus—one of the most fearful of all diseases. If lousiness is general, the officers will take elaborate precautions to protect troops.

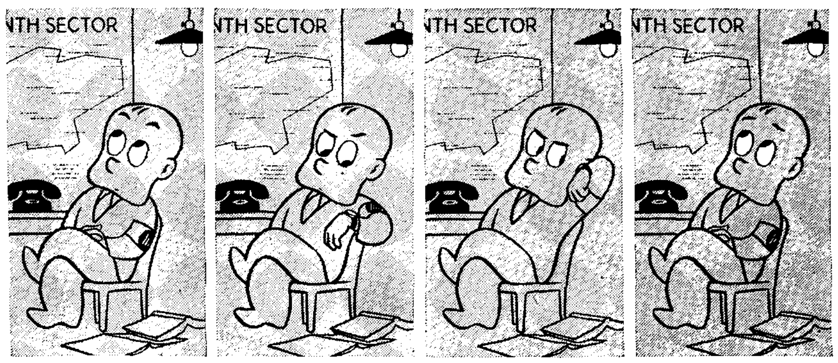
Prepared for the Enemy

No fragment of fact is too small to be included—provided it has a bearing on health and well-being of troops. The story of a crab, included in one report, was such an oddment. In certain Pacific islands, a species of crab lives on coconuts. It opens the nuts and subsists on the meat. The rotted, half-consumed coconuts make ideal breeding places for flies; some of the islands are pestholes. Flies spread dysentery, typhoid and other diseases.

Thus, a crab might have played an important role in lives of soldiers, but medical officers knew what steps to take. By cutting coconut palms, they destroyed the crab's source of food. When the crabs left, flies left with them.

The information collected by Medical Intelligence spells the difference between an army ready for action and one ready for the hospital. Medical Intelligence is doing an excellent job seeing to it that we are fully prepared to fight unseen enemies. Their work is plodding and methodical—completely stripped of the usual glamor of intelligence work. But it is work that will play a big part in winning the war.

THE END



COLLIER'S **Air-Raid Duty—12 to 4 A. M.** CROCKETT JOHNSON

Washington Round by Round

Continued from page 38

say that they've been told that they can have what gasoline they need, provided they use certain tires, and what tires they require if only they'll confine themselves to a specified gasoline. Already Mr. Gray has spoken harshly to several of Mr. Crump's boys who have been overenthusiastic in seeing to it that as far as rationing goes it pays to be a Crumpet.

In Tennessee it is estimated that about ninety per cent of OPA's rationing and war-price board members are former members of the state government. Incidentally, quite a few of them are members or employees of the state and county Democratic committees. But by resigning from state and county political offices and taking OPA jobs, these ladies and gentlemen create vacancies in public office, and these vacancies can be filled by Governor Cooper from lists of the idle deserving. If that isn't the way to rebuild and lubricate a rusting political machine, then all the time we've spent watching the racket has been wasted.

Fresh Bait—for Votes

A month or so ago Governor Cooper, who does not regard Boss Crump with aversion, made a speech at the lovely town of Lebanon, Tennessee. Incidental to exhorting his hearers to greater patriotic endeavor in behalf of the United Nations, the governor mentioned that some eight hundred OPA jobs would be available in Tennessee reasonably soon. It was at this point that the cheering became rather hysterical. The governor asked that qualified persons apply and quite a few of his congregation departed forthwith on the dead run.

On the following morning, one of our scouts dropped into the governor's office as is the wont of otherwise unemployed public-spirited citizens who take interest in which way the gravy's running and other political phenomena. He reports that he was shocked to hear Mr. Jim Hardin, secretary to the governor, telephoning to Mr. Cooper's campaign headquarters in various county seats and discussing the number and sort of OPA jobs which would accrue to those counties. And quite naturally he suggested that they draw up their candidates for such jobs—just in case.

Considering the amount of money to be spent by OPA, the material it affords for the reconstruction of obsolete political machinery is meager when compared with WPA in its heyday. But you've got to make your political togas today with shoddy. Moreover, it may have occurred to you by this time that the whole business is somewhat sordid in the light of what of real importance is going on in the world. And it just occurs to us that this is the sort of news that must warm the hearts of Hitler & Company.

With the Nazis in the Caucasus oilfields, while American lads are dying for us (Boss Crump included), all this seems a trifle inconsequential, if not actually too bad. And yet you must realize that in due time, the OPA will be represented throughout the country by five thousand local boards of six members each, rationing everything from soup meat and bridal veils to tombstones. (Note from Anxious Writer: Buy yourself a few pairs of shoes and pants while it's easy.) And he who doesn't believe that war-starved politicians are not going to fight for 30,000 new jobs for themselves and incompetent friends is suffering from a bad case of jug-head.

Not that filling such jobs isn't fraught with dangers. A Tennessean almost won such a post when the alert chairman of a local board discovered that once when young this fellow worked for the United States Secret Service. He was rejected in the nick of time. A man with such a background might be over-inquisitive, might snoop, might make notes; and he might later become dissatisfied and take himself and his observations over to the other faction.

Another Tennessean who had worked for five years for the anti-Crump element applied for an OPA job, or at least he got as far as to ask local headquarters for an application. He was told that there were no more application blanks and that, therefore, it was impossible for him to apply. Not satisfied, he went higher up and was told that it would be necessary for him to have the endorsement of both Senators McKellar and Stewart and of the governor too. With a loud laugh he announced that he could take a hint and forthwith joined the Marines that he might fight for Democracy or something.

We have mentioned Tennessee as a sample, not necessarily as a horrible example. All that we have cited here, complete with names, dates and instances, is in the possession of Mr. Henderson who is characteristically eager to do something peremptory about it—after the election.

You're probably a trifle weary of those words—"after the election." But calm yourself. Unless all our hitherto completely trustworthy sources of information have failed us for once, you've seen nothing yet. On this election you're going to vote to the accompaniment of the din of war such as the world has never heard nor imagined. And after you've voted, rationing to a degree you've scarcely dreamed of is going to overtake you. There'll be fighting this fall and you'll be in it—up to your chins.

Rationed to Your Shirttail

Solemnly we pass the word along that you'll have news which will tempt you to forget that Mr. Henderson's scouts will be making life all the harder for local patriots in Tennessee, Texas, Pennsylvania, New York and California—just to mention a few soft spots. His investigators are even now on the prowl. They're raising their hands in mild astonishment at what they hear in the state of Missouri, the home of that vigorous investigator Senator Harry Truman.

But somehow the political fortunes of the Boss Crumps are not important in the light of things to come. Prepare to realize at last that we're at war. Our head athrob with what we've heard in the War and Navy departments, we've wandered as far afield as the Government Printing Office. There, they're getting out a nice new ration book. Mr. Paul O'Leary, the exceedingly capable rationing director of the OPA, is fashioning an edition which can be used to ration you down to your shirttails.

It's a fascinating booklet filled with stamps, each of which will represent a number of points—a handkerchief, for example, so many points, half soles for your shoes so many points, a razor blade so many more. That sort of thing. Perhaps railroad travel too. And as for tires and gas—phooey!

Where were we? Oh, yes, politics in the OPA. Take it away, Leon, take it away!

THE END

DON'T WASTE BATTERY LIFE!

See Your Delco Battery Dealer For

CARE AND CONSERVATION Service

He will

CHECK WITH HYDROMETER • • • ADD WATER
CLEAN TERMINALS • • • CHECK GENERATOR
CHARGING RATE • • • CHECK FOR WORN OR
DAMAGED CABLES • • • RECHARGE BATTERY

and when you MUST replace—

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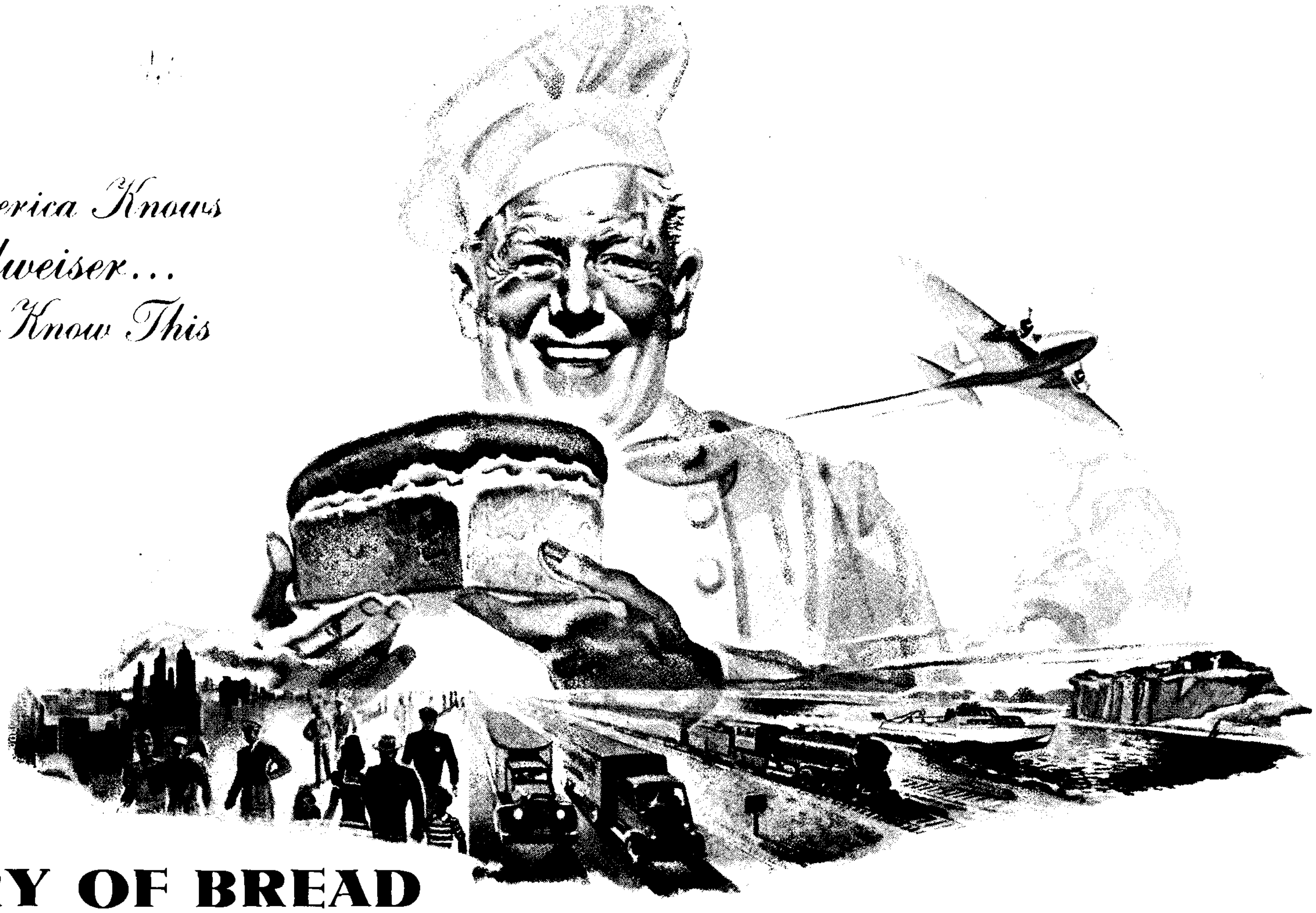
DELCO BATTERY

Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

PRODUCT OF Delco-Remy

DELCO-REMY SUPPLIES MANY VITAL PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA'S LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES

All America Knows
Budweiser...
but Few Know This



THE STORY OF BREAD
may well be called The Story of Civilization

Bread, the most venerable of prepared foods, has helped man, and man in turn has bettered the quality of his staff of life.

YEAST is the life of bread . . . and the story of yeast is the story of scientific research, uniform quality, mammoth production, modern refrigeration . . . and daily delivery to bakers in every city, town and village throughout the land . . . even by boat, by sled and by plane when other transportation is interrupted by floods and blizzards.

Anheuser-Busch is one of America's biggest sources of baker's yeast.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's biggest sources of natural B Complex vitamins for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Formerly America depended upon Norway and Japan for fish oils rich in Vitamin D. Today we produce from yeast enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—Anheuser-Busch is the biggest supplier of yeast vitamins to fortify animal feeds, thus improving the quality and propagation of cattle and poultry.

CANDIES—Corn syrup is an essential candy ingredient. Our Corn Products Division, an industry in itself, produces annually many millions of pounds of highest quality corn syrup, rich in food and energy value.

SYRUPS—(*for food—for medicine*)—In addition to fine table and confectionery syrups, Anheuser-Busch produces special syrups used as a basis for medicines.

STARCH—Thousands of food industries all over America choose Anheuser-Busch pure food corn starch for their products—millions of pounds each year. We also supply starch to the textile, paper and many other industries.

FRESHER FOODS—Retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over have equipment manufactured until recently by our Refrigeration Division. Today, however, this division is working all out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our armed forces.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

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Budweiser TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

FOOTBALL BOMBARDIER

BY WILLIAM CULLEN FAY

Coach Leahy of Notre Dame faces the football future with confidence. Chief reason is Angelo Bertelli, the frustrated gondolier, who is expected to pitch the Irish to yet another undefeated season

KNOPF-PIX

Sipping soda through a straw with as agreeable a companion as this one is Bertelli's idea of pleasant relaxation from the cares of a Notre Dame All-America back who is also in the U. S. Marine reserve

IN THE spring of 1940, Coach Frank Leahy was putting the frosting on his Sugar Bowl champions at Boston College. A few miles away in West Springfield, Angelo Bartolo Bertelli was the talk of New England prep school circles.

This Bertelli could play hockey. The Boston Bruins wanted him.

This Bertelli could play baseball. Both the St. Louis Cardinals and the Detroit Tigers wanted him.

Most of all, this Bertelli could throw a football. Every Eastern, several Southern, most Midwestern and a few Far Western colleges wanted him.

But this Bertelli had decided to play his football for Notre Dame—thanks to the missionary zeal of Milton Piepul, 1940 captain and fullback of the Fighting Irish who preceded Angelo at Cathedral High.

Leahy dispatched his backfield coach and chief talent scout, Ed McKeever, to West Springfield for a talk with Bertelli. Angelo had heard about McKeever, who reputedly could sell Florida oranges in California. It was astonishing how many boys went to Boston College after a few minutes' conversation with McKeever.

Bertelli feared a similar few minutes would be Indiana's loss and Massachusetts' gain. The evening McKeever called at the Bertelli homestead, Angelo hied to a downtown movie house where he sat through a double feature and two Mickey Mouses.

McKeever went back empty-handed to Boston. Bertelli entered Notre Dame. The wheel of football fortune spun crazily. Elmer Layden resigned as Notre Dame coach to become commissioner of the National Football League. Frank Leahy returned to his alma mater to succeed Layden.

They Find Their Man

Here's where a Stanley-Livingstone angle creeps into the story. McKeever accompanied Leahy to Notre Dame. The first afternoon of 1941 spring practice, McKeever, still hot on the scent, after stalking his man from the rock-ribbed coasts of Massachusetts to the flat prairies of Indiana, sighted his quarry.

McKeever closed in stealthily, tapped Angelo on the shoulder and inquired, "Doctor Bertelli, I presume?"

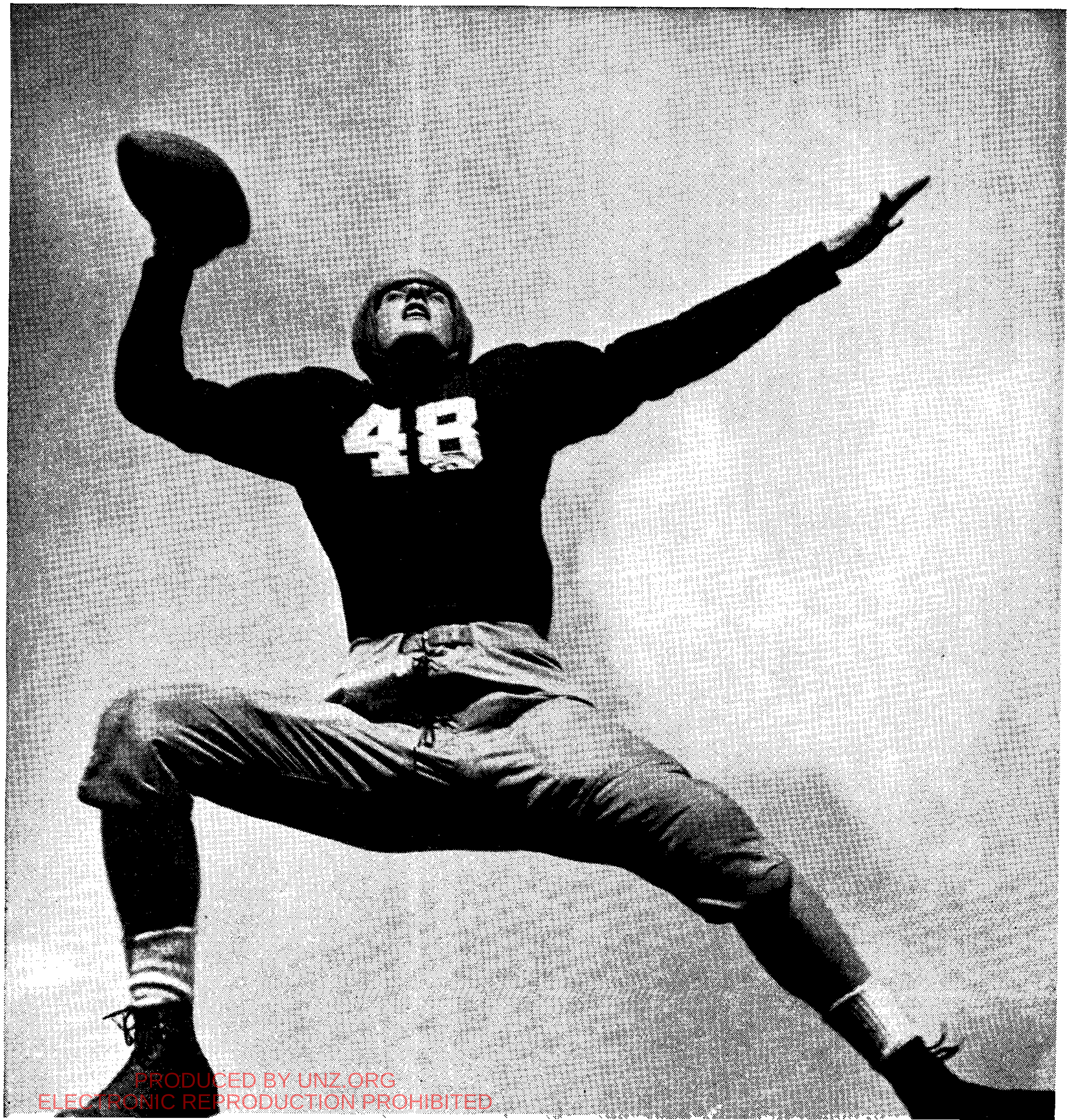
Leahy and McKeever finally had come into undisputed possession of Bertelli. It was a disillusioning experience. Angelo had a nice smile, blue eyes, brown hair, surprisingly Nordic features, but he was six feet one inch tall and weighed only 168 pounds—just three more than he had scaled in high school.

Outside of throwing a fast, accurate pass, any resemblance between Bertelli and a Notre Dame halfback was coincidental and probably an optical illusion. Angelo could punt 40 yards, with a stiff wind behind him. He could run, but not far. Somebody always tackled him without much trouble. Angelo didn't really run. He skated along, ankles close to the ground, no high knee action, a hangover from his hockey training.

Only a prophet could have predicted that in the fall, "Skinny" Bertelli, the awkward freshman, would pitch the Irish to an unbeaten season. Leahy was no prophet. He dropped Bertelli to the fourth team and forgot about him—for almost two weeks.

But Angelo quickly graduated from the fourth team. He received very special attention from his

KNOPF-PIX



Notre Dame's star passer Angelo Bertelli pitches the pigskin with a peculiar feinting motion. You can't guess when or where he's going to throw

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PADDLER

LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS CANNON, late of South Carolina and Louisiana, currently is commanding officer of a detachment of Military Police somewhere in Ireland, but he should probably be in the department of tactics and strategy.

Exhibit: Not long ago, boys in his outfit visited the lieutenant with a request. Would permission be given for a table-tennis tournament? It would. A slight pause and another question: Would the lieutenant care to participate? Thank you; yes, the lieutenant would. A much longer pause and a third query: Would the lieutenant, as C. O., care to make a nice gesture and offer a little cash prize to stimulate interest in the forthcoming event? Well—yes.

But the lieutenant forgot to tell the boys that back in his college days he was quite some shakes as a table-tennis player. He merely went through several days of practice, meanwhile keeping a sharp eye open; and on the day before the tournament, he saw to it that the two most likely looking among his opponents were granted furloughs, with the privilege of leaving the post.

This story has only one possible ending. You can write it yourself.

old friend McKeever. Each afternoon they went off into a far corner of the field and for hours practiced forward passing. Bertelli fired ball after ball with his peculiar feinting motion, flicking the ball around under his nose the way a bartender handles a cocktail shaker. You can't guess when or where he's going to throw.

May 1st was moving day for Angelo. The inevitable happened. Leahy promoted him to first-team left halfback. And it was inevitable that Angelo would be promoted to the first team. Anybody in West Springfield, Massachusetts, would have foreseen that, for back home Angelo had reduced to a fine art the old American custom of starting in at the bottom and working to the top. Here is the bare outline of a story that would have kept Horatio Alger writing for 300 pages:

Angelo's mother and father were tobacco farmers near Venice, Italy. In 1915, they emigrated to West Springfield. Angelo's father went to work as a gas maker. Three children were born, Rose in 1918, Josephine in 1919 and Angelo in 1921. When Angelo was five years old, the Bertellis returned to Venice to sell their farm and visit friends. They stayed a while, then sailed for New York, disregarding the strident protests of young Angelo, who wanted to become a gondolier.

Learning the Tricks

Angelo entered West Springfield grade school, played baseball, football and hockey—mostly hockey. He was a rink rat for the Springfield professional team. He sharpened skates, cleaned uniforms, stayed late with the janitor to sweep up after the crowds had gone home. The players liked Angelo and taught him the tricks of the game, and he had no trouble making his high-school team. Eddie Shore, the ex-Bruins star, who now owns and manages the Springfield Indians, called Angelo the greatest prep player he ever saw.

Angelo was on the fourth team of the football squad at Cathedral High at the beginning of his junior year, until Coach Billy Wise saw him fire a pass with the same wrist flick he used to bewilder goalkeepers and throw runners out at second base. Wise, who had pitched Holy Cross to football victories over Harvard in 1925 and 1926, knew a natural passer when he saw one.

Billy showed Angelo a few tricks—how to feint and fake, look one way and throw another, and then assigned Angelo to the first team at left halfback. Angelo showed his appreciation by pitching Cathedral to eight consecutive victories and an unbeaten season.

In his senior year, he hurled Cathedral to eight more victories and another unbeaten season. He was named captain and quarterback of the all-city team. And he was graduated an honor student and president of his class.

Practice makes perfect was the secret of Angelo's home-town triumphs, and he did not forget the magic formula at Notre Dame. Leahy might have been satisfied with Angelo's passing proficiency in 1941 spring practice but Angelo wasn't.

Bertelli got a job on the campus for the summer, painting. All summer long, Angelo painted and toughened that right arm. He painted everything from the stadium press box to the apartment of Clashmore Mike, Notre Dame's Irish terrier mascot. And every afternoon George Murphy, varsity right end who lives in South Bend, drove out from town for a game of catch.

How much these practice sessions helped was apparent when Notre Dame played Georgia Tech at Atlanta. Bertelli made one of his few bad throws of the season, a wobbler seemingly destined for the bleachers close behind the end zone. Up went Murphy in the far right corner to take the ball in one hand. Up popped a big white 6 under Notre Dame on the scoreboard.

Two other Notre Dame greats, Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne, back in 1913 did the same thing when they spent the summer as lifeguards at Cedar Point, Ohio, throwing a football around in their spare time. Then that fall they went east and forward-passed Army dizzy.

Well, Bertelli and Murphy were rewarded, too. Murphy was elected captain for 1942, and the extra measure of passing accuracy Angelo achieved made him last fall the most highly publicized sophomore in the history of football.

It was a well-deserved distinction. Angelo completed 70 of 123 passes for 1,027 yards. He threw eight touchdowns and set up seven others out of Notre Dame's 28 total. The Irish won eight games and tied Army for their first undefeated season since 1930. Bertelli, though only a sophomore, was runner-up to Minnesota's Bruce Smith for the Heisman Award, college football's equivalent of major league baseball's "most valuable player" trophies. Angelo made more All-America teams than you could throw a football at.

Here was success with a capital S. It might have increased the size of Angelo's hatband, except for several reasons. Angelo can remember all the way back to when he was a rink rat, and Angelo's teammates never let him forget that good little sophomores are seen and not heard; speak only when spoken to.

A few days after Angelo made his varsity debut against Arizona by completing 11 out of 14 passes, the inevitable ribbing of the sophomore sensation started with Steve Juzwik, Angelo's running mate at halfback, the chief ribber. Steve discovered that Bertelli was interested in gangster lore, a sinister hobby that ran the gamut from the James boys to the Dillinger mob.

Angelo soon won the nickname of "Duke," after the comic-strip villain who was then fighting a losing battle with Dauntless Dick Tracy.

Everywhere Duke went, a few members of the Irish varsity tagged along, slouching in the approved Humphrey Bogart manner, their hands in their pockets on imaginary guns. This pantomime brought the attention of the student body to Bertelli who, up until now, had been merely a name in football headlines to the great majority of Notre Dame's 3,000 students.

Discovering Bertelli's identity did not exactly uplift student morale. He didn't look like much without his shoulder pads. There is the story of the freshman who got a good look at Angelo, then went out and canceled his two-dollar bet on the Northwestern game.

Not Such a Hot Runner

Gradually the ribbing shifted from the Duke's underworld interests to his clumsy running. Angelo was completing more than 50 per cent of his passes, but all he heard from his teammates was the dismal news that he was averaging 1.4 yards as a ball carrier.

Before the Army game, Juzwik was looking out of the dressing-room window in New York's Yankee Stadium. The rain was splattering down. The field was ankle-deep in mud. It was apparent that Angelo's passes would not figure in Notre Dame's attack.

Juzwik turned to Angelo and grinned. "Why don't you stay in here where it's warm and curl up with a good book?" Steve suggested. "You won't be worth a nickel to us in that muck."

It is doubtful, though, whether ribbing really affected Angelo's football outlook. Joe Petritz, Notre Dame's sports publicist, says Angelo is the calmest player before, during and after a game since Frank Carideo quarterbacked the 1930 Notre Dame team. Joe tells this anecdote:

Bertelli pitched his best game of the year against a great Navy team, completing 12 out of 18 attempts for 232 yards. He threw a 20-yard touchdown pass to Juzwik; completed two passes to the Navy 8- and 2-yard lines, respectively, to set up Notre Dame's two other touchdowns in the 20 to 18 victory.

"What do you think about when you drop back to pass?" a sports writer asked Angelo, in the locker room, later.

Angelo hitched a towel around his middle, thought for a moment. "Not much of anything," he finally replied. "You see, I know who the receiver is and where he should be before the play starts. Nine times out of ten, he's there. Then it's automatic. I throw the ball."

"Were you surprised at completing so many passes?"

Angelo took another hitch in the towel. "Not surprised, exactly. Every pass I completed this afternoon I've completed a hundred times in practice. And it's a lot tougher completing passes in a scrimmage against our second and third teams because they are familiar with every pass I throw. Navy didn't have that advantage. I figure this way: If I can complete 25 per cent of my passes in practice, I should complete 50 per cent in a game."

That's pretty accurate figuring; over the season Angelo's competition percentage was .569.

One of the reporters turned to Harry Wright, the quarterback. "Doesn't that guy," the reporter pointed to Bertelli, "every get excited, even on the field?"

"That guy," said Wright, "has sherbet for blood. Remember when Cameron intercepted Angelo's flat pass and ran it back for the tying touchdown in the third quarter? That was Bert's fault—he threw two yards behind Dove, the end.

"Couple of minutes later we had the ball at midfield. Time for another flat pass, but I was afraid Bert might be a little shaky after throwing one away. I nudged Bert in the huddle. 'How do you feel?' I asked.

"Bert didn't change expression. 'I feel fine,' he said, 'How do you feel?'

"So I called the flat pass. Bert hit Dipper (Evans) right on the nose, and Dipper ran down to Navy's eight-yard line. Two plays later we had our winning touchdown."

One afternoon last February, Leahy called Angelo into his office. "Bert," Leahy said, "you are the finest passer and the worst runner I've ever coached. We've got to do something about it."

Leahy diagrammed a Notre Dame pass play on his memorandum pad. "We were lucky last year, Bert. We didn't have any deception. Everybody knew when you were going to pass. You just took the ball from center, dropped back a few yards and threw. No deception, but they'll be laying for us next fall. Think you can play quarterback?"

"I guess so," Angelo replied. "Why?"

"Because"—Leahy sketched a new offensive diagram—"here's what we're going to try out in spring practice. It's the T formation. That means we'll have to discard the Rockne shift, and we may get a few howls from the synthetic alumni, but we're really not throwing Rock's stuff out of the window. Rock was using the T formation 'way back in 1920, long before the Chicago Bears made it popular again."

A Lot of Memory Work

Leahy drew a big circle on the pad. "This is you, Bert. You'll play right behind center and handle the ball on every play. You'll feed it to the other backs or you'll fake and drop back to pass —that's where we'll get the deception we lacked last fall. Of course, it means a lot of work for you. You'll have to memorize 50 or 60 new plays next month."

"Sounds good to me," Angelo said. "I think I'll like this T formation."

The Irish face a long football haul, for this is Notre Dame's centennial year and an appropriate schedule has been arranged. They open against Wisconsin on September 26th, then meet Georgia Tech, Stanford, the Iowa Preflight School, Illinois, Navy, Army, Michigan, Northwestern, Southern California, and finish December 5th against Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Leahy is not worried particularly, even if the Irish face the toughest schedule the university has ever taken on. He has some awfully good holdovers who are either enrolled in the campus Naval R.O.T.C. and the United States Marine Reserve, or they are not yet registered for selective service. Twenty-one of his freshman linemen, who last year enjoyed pushing the varsity around, are available this year. A reporter who watched the yearlings work out commented, "They're too big to stop and too young to draft."

And if Leahy ever did have morose moments, it was before March 19th when Angelo Bertelli, his football bombardier, enlisted in the United States Marine Reserve. Which means that Angelo will complete his college course before going into active service and therefore will be on hand this fall. He'll be in there with a new set of plays, calling signals, blocking, tackling and—throwing deadly passes.

No, Leahy isn't worrying. But those ten coaches whose teams are playing Notre Dame should be at least apprehensive. Or they're crazy.

Take them away, Angelo!

THE END

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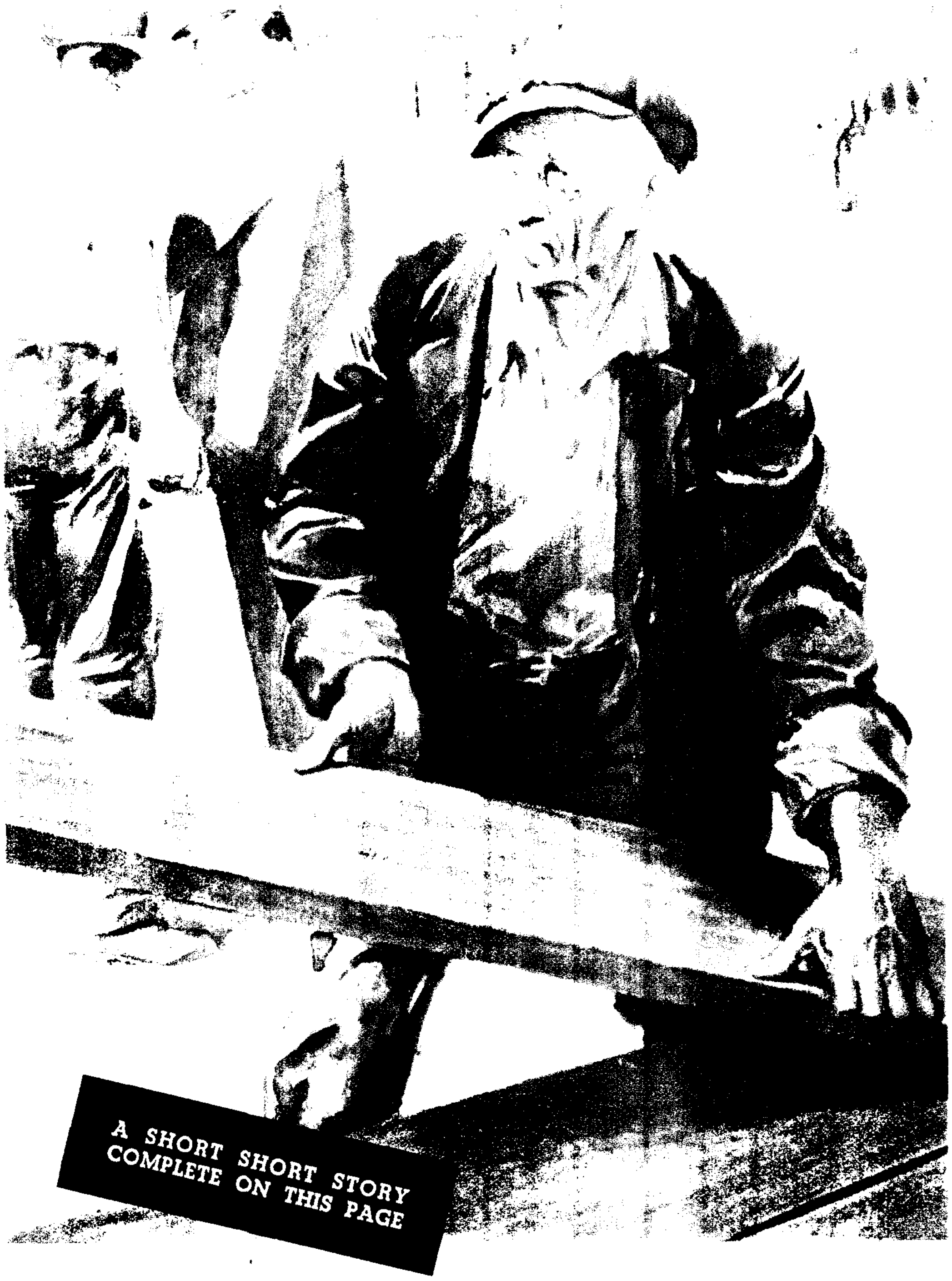


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The Long Road Home

By Lew Dietz

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THIS Abel Sparks sure was a mangy-looking critter, and Shep Lambert, the yard personnel man, said afterward he didn't for the life of him know why he ever took the old geezer on. Shep had been in the office chewing the fat with the government hull inspector when he first laid eyes on Abel. What he saw standing just outside the wicket certainly didn't look like no shipworker. He was a lumpy little man with a week's growth of gray bristle on his corrugated face. He had on a pair of speckled pants too big for him and a shiny blue serge jacket that hung on him like a sack. He stood there road-dusty with a vacant look in his watery eyes, and he seemed held together by spit and a prayer.

"You," Shep said. "What do you want?"

The old geezer inched over to the railing, kneading his cap in a pair of big grimy hands. "I hear," he said in a very small whine of a voice, "I hear over Burnt Falls way, mister, that you're takin' on."

Shep gave the hull inspector an amused glance. They needed men right enough! They had government orders for as many motor barges as they could turn out. They needed wooden-ship men who knew what a broadax and an adz were for. But for twenty years wooden-ship building had languished along the coast and now that breed was gone.

"So you hail from Burnt Falls, Pop," Shep said. "Where you been working?"

A dark fire came into the old man's eyes for just an instant and now there was coast of Maine in his speech as thick as tar. "Don't hail from that Canuck town, mister. I just been there. I been there fifteen years." Then his eyes fell away and he looked furtive again. "I been sick. Fact is I ain't been working what you might call regular. Off and on, you might say, at the Corning shoe plant. But I'm good now, right as rain, mister. I figure the sea air is what'll fix me up good."

When the quitting whistle blew Beany dropped the plank they were toting like he was shot and ducked for the paymaster's table. Abel just stood there

"This yard ain't no rest cure, Pop," Shep said. Shep didn't have to ask what his trouble was. There was rummy written all over him. Work a week, drunk a week. Shep was about to send him packing when the old guy caught at his sleeve.

"Look, mister," he wheedled, "I don't belong in that Canuck shoe town. I come seventy miles. Try me on as a lumper. I'll clean out bilges, brush up chips—" He sheered off his talking all of a sudden as though the sound of his own voice had scared the pants off of him.

Shep said, "Take it easy, Pop. Come around in the morning. We'll try you on as a lumper. Fifty cents an hour."

ABEL SPARKS was there at the gate a half-hour before the yard whistle blew that next day. He filled out his blank in the office and he got his number and a button to pin on his cap. Then Shep took him over to Billy Hines, the yard superintendent. Billy was the best wooden-ship man on the coast and he'd forgot a lot more about ships than most men ever knew.

The first day Abel found the going hard. He'd been teamed up with a jerk high-school kid named Beany to move fir stock into the sheds. The kid wasn't so bad until this Red Bolster, a beefy-faced mechanic fresh off an ice wagon, came down the yard that afternoon and gave the kid a little encouragement. "Whatcha got there, Beany, at the end a that plank?" Red chortled. "Did you get them fancy pants off a corpse, Pop?"

Abel didn't say anything. He was too dog-tired.

That afternoon after quitting he went out alone and up through the town. It was work just dragging one foot after the other. He saw the state liquor store on the corner and stopped. He could get maybe a pint, he thought. He'd just take one slug to set him up, then hide it away. Just one slug. He started in the door and suddenly he turned away and started running. He went up to his four-dollar room over the fruit store. He waited there until it was six and the liquor store was closed, then he came crawling out and went down to the wharf and got himself a sandwich and a glass of milk.

All that week it was about the same. Nobody paid any attention to him except this Red Bolster. And as Abel's clothes got worse, Red's ragging got worse. By Friday his jacket had a split clean down the back and his knees were coming through his speckled pants.

"Don't let the gover'ment inspector get a load of you, Pop," Red said. "He sure looks like a fire hazard, don't he, Beany?"

Red winked at the kid and the kid grinned. Abel didn't say anything at all. The next day would be payday and now the money was adding up and he could take it better. He'd decided to draw out maybe four bucks for his room and three for grub. He figured maybe it would be better to have that money kept by for him. Not that he needed a drink so bad lately, but all the same it was coming too close to take any chances.

After that first payday, the next week went along pretty good. Abel had got a little meat on him, and his hands had calloused up. He even began rassling that stock so that the kid started complaining that he was killing the job.

"You don't want to be talkin' to Pop that way, Beany," Red said when he heard the kid grousing. "He may be the skipper some day. Pop don't want to be a lumper all his life. He's got ambitions. Too bad the boss ain't got a beautiful daughter, eh, Pop?"

Abel didn't even bother to look up. The next day would be payday again. That next afternoon he'd get in line and the paymaster would say, "Abel Sparks?" And he'd say, "That's me," and he'd have that envelope right in his hands. He'd made a rough calculation and, figuring in time and a half Saturday afternoon, he'd have something over fifty. . . . Then he felt Beany give a sudden jerk on the fir plank and he knew the yard supervisor was wandering by. There he was. He saw Billy Hines' eyes following them halfway across the yard with their load. He spat and went off down the line.

The next afternoon when the quitting whistle blew, Beany dropped the plank they were toting like he was shot and ducked for the paymaster's table outside the office. Abel just stood there. He didn't move from that spot for a long time. There was just a half-dozen left in the line when he went over at last. The paymaster looked up when Abel's turn came. He was the last man in line.

"Abel Sparks," Abel said. "I figure I'll take the hull of it."

The paymaster checked Abel's button, fingered through his box, and tossed over the envelope. He reached for his butts. "Don't spend it all in one place, Pop," he said.

"I figure to," Abel said.

BILLY Hines glanced up as Abel came across the yard that Monday morning. He looked away; then his eyes came starting back. It was this Abel Sparks right enough! He was shaved smooth as a duck's back and he wore a pair of dungarees with a lazy roll at the cuff and a denim jacket and a peaked cloth hat. And he came right on, carrying a chest big enough to hold an adz and a pair of broadaxes as though it was a bait box. He came right up under Billy's staring eyes with an easy rolling gait and set it down.

"Look," Abel said. "I'm a shipbuilder. And a pretty slick rigger, too. I built wooden ships down east at Barrington in the last war and so did my old man, Joe Sparks. You can use me on that new keel in number three."

Billy stared just a minute longer. "Why the heck didn't you say so?" he wanted to know.

"I'm saying so now," Abel said.

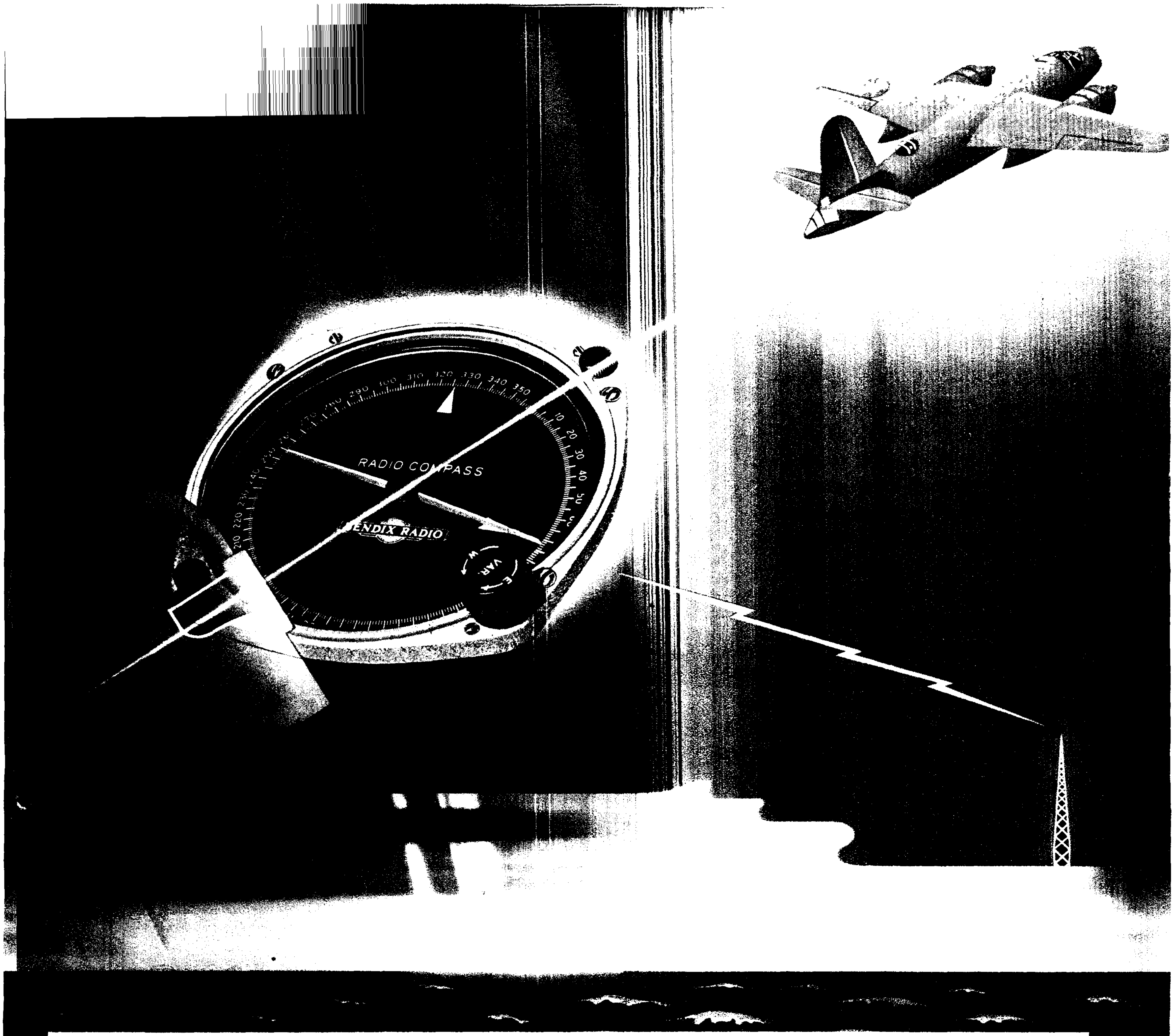
He moved off to park his chest in the south shed when he came upon Red Bolster on his way down to the machine shop. Red stopped and gaped. "Gee, if it ain't Pop in disguise! What you got in that box, Pop—your lunch?"

Abel set down his box and a hard glint froze over his eyes. He didn't say a word. He looked at Red. He spat without moving his jaw. Red didn't say anything either. He turned and went on his way.

It was about ten that Billy Hines came over to where Abel was hewing down the oak keel. Billy watched a minute as the broadax hewed along the bevel as sweet and clean as an apple.

"How's she goin', Ab?" Billy said.

"Good, Billy," Abel Sparks replied.



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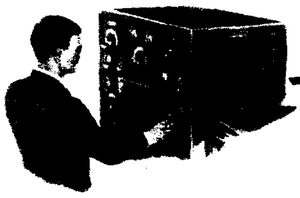

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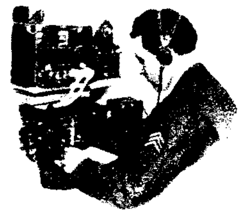

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"LET'S GET COZY," said the soldier. "On a roller-coaster ride you need protection." "Protection?" she snapped. "Protection from that dirty-smelling *pipe* of yours!"

"BEAT IT, BIG BOY! I'm gonna go find me a man who can tell a pipe from a garbage incinerator!" And off she went! Too bad. Someone ought to put that rookie wise.

"I HEARD IT ALL," said the barker. "Let's clean that pipe and switch to a *mild* tobacco like my Sir Walter. Its fragrance flatters the fancy of the most *fastidious* female!"

KISSES COMING UP, thanks to Sir Walter! No wonder soldiers prefer this tasty burley blend. It's the *one* pipe tobacco that smells good to the girl-friend! Try some today.

TASTES GOOD TO YOU... SMELLS GOOD TO OTHERS

NEW! Ever-fresh wartime package is Cellophane wrapped

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

Right in the Basket

Continued from page 20

Right or wrong, there was that additional and unauthorized distance beyond his assigned sector to be considered. But he knew that he had not been mistaken.

THE scout bombers came back, flying high and from the northwest. The squadron leader faced Kent in airplot not five minutes after landing. His manner was coldly formal as he saluted Captain Parker.

"I regret, sir, to report our mission unsuccessful. There was no enemy carrier. A careful survey indicates no sign the island's been inhabited for years."

"But I tell you she lies under a network of transplanted brush and woven lianas at the end of the deep lead!" Kent insisted. "It looks like unbroken jungle, right down to the water's edge." And then slowly: "All but the color."

The wing commander looked hopeful.

"There was nothing to indicate that, sir," the squadron leader demurred.

Old Gimlet-legs Parker bent a smoldering eye upon his lieutenant.

"I can quite appreciate the reason behind all this, gentlemen. I know Mister McCrea of old. He is doing a bit of the usual grandstanding. He is still on the field at Stanford. He is carrying the ball, gentlemen—without the need of any blockers—as usual; he is still carrying the ball. And for the next few days he will do it in quarters!"

Silence spread over the wardroom as Kent entered. He went on into the lounge and purchased a few things he would need at the canteen. Restricted to quarters! He felt like the young victim in the mouthwash ads.

Shorty and Long John drifted into Kent's stateroom. "The old man got you down for a shot?" Long John inquired casually.

"Yeah," Kent grunted.

"What did you find today?" Shorty probed. "The old man's not sending out any SBDs loaded for bear for nothing. I smell a—yellowbelly."

"I thought I did, but it begins to look as if I've been kidding myself," Kent admitted.

Gradually they wormed it out of him. Long John was serious but Shorty became seized with the shakes.

"What's a Jap bird cage holing up at an undefended island for?" Long John asked. "And without any supporting force? That's too dangerous for them. And suicide if she's spotted."

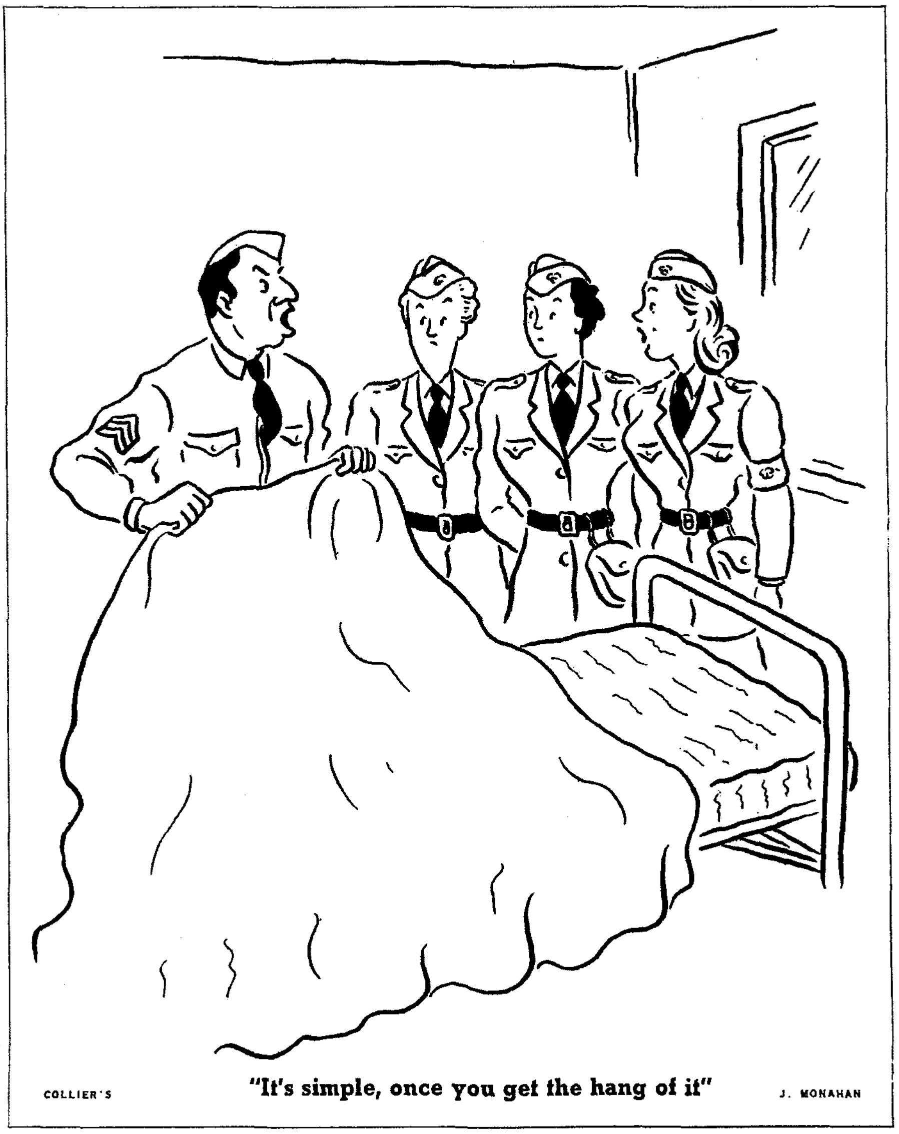
"That's just what they figure on. They gamble on her not being spotted until after the fleet enters the straits where she can pick off the end of the train," Kent explained. "She's probably doubled up on her bombers, and the fleet's walking right into a nice little trap. They'll lay low right under our noses until the rest of their bases get set—and then *wham!*"

"If that's the case," Long John said, "it's liable to be any time—from tomorrow, on."

"We've got to do something," Kent declared. "But I don't know what."

And for once, Shorty was silent.

Until now Kent had never stopped to wonder just what it was that had impelled him to enlist. There could be no doubt it was for a purely abstract reason, because, unquestionably, he was of more definite use to his country as a builder of motors for military aircraft than he was flying one of them. Or he could have remained at Pensacola and held the rating he had signed on ➡



COLLIER'S "It's simple, once you get the hang of it" J. MONAHAN with. But he hadn't wanted to remain an instructor. Yet now that he was restricted, he considered what he'd done as so much wasted effort—the act of an irresponsible and callow undergraduate. Still, Shorty's words stuck with him. Something had to be done about that Jap copperhead lying there doggo, waiting to strike without warning.

KENT'S request for an audience was granted by old Gimlet-legs.

"I do not quite understand your reason for forcing an issue which apparently does not favor you," Captain Parker said heavily from behind his desk in his quarters, meanwhile permitting Kent to remain standing. "But if you have anything to say in support of your action today I will be glad to hear it. I hope, however, that it is something more than another of your most ingenious attempts at plausible explanation."

Kent felt his ears redden; he looked uncomfortable. "I did not come here, sir, with any idea of an explanation. I came with the thought that perhaps you would permit me to prove the accuracy of my report today."

"Mmmmpf!" the captain snorted. "The last time you did that, I recall it resulted in something of a flareback."

"I insist, sir, *that* error was the result of a case of mistaken identity. And I assure you that I had not been drinking."

Captain Parker remained silent and Kent knew that was that.

"About your report, then. What is it you want now?"

"I request permission, sir, for one of our scout bombers and a volunteer crew to return to the island and attack the carrier basing there."

"You say this seriously, Mister?" the captain demanded.

"Yes, sir."

Captain Parker said nothing. He reached for the telephone. "Moody? . . . Captain Parker. Get hold of Doctor Brose and change that McCrea examination for tomorrow morning. . . . McCrea, that's right. And ask the doctor to see me on it."

Captain Parker tapped his desk with a long forefinger. "Before we go any further, Lieutenant," he said less sternly, "we are going to find out just what is behind all this. You are no longer restricted to quarters, but you will be relieved from duty."

Like a man moving slowly along under a heavy load, Kent made his dreary way back to his quarters. Grounded. Beached. The words galled and he wanted to hide himself away, but he knew that would be about as easy as hiding a new-laid egg on top of a full coal scuttle.

"Give out," Shorty demanded. Shorty was direct if not diplomatic. "Yardarm, stone wall or washout?"

"You are looking at a shining example of the filliloo bird, who neither runs nor flies. And old Gimlet-legs has got me slowed down to a walk. You'd have thought I was old B.O. himself, the way he looked at me. I must have been dropped on my head, according to him. All I've ever done is to keep him awake nights, along with his dyspepsia. Now he's even got the pill roller prescribing for us both."

Shorty came up with a jerk. "Say that again. He's got you down for a shot?"

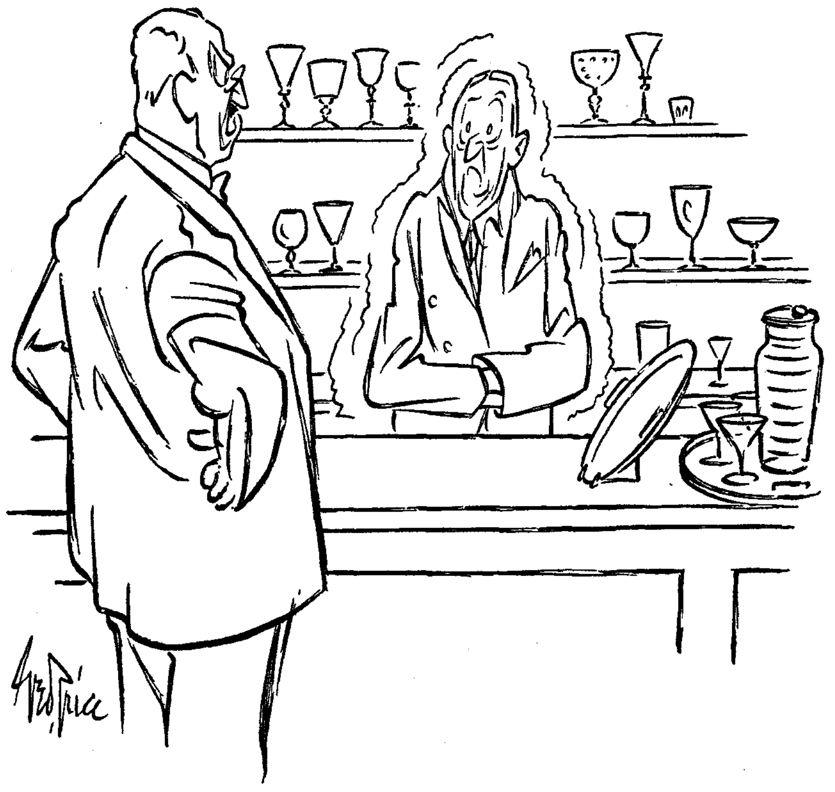
"Yeah, tomorrow morning," Kent growled in deep disgust.

"Then, my boy," Shorty declared, "you're sunk. You may not know it, son—but you are sunk—scuttled—*pfft!*" And after a time when Long John had come in and sat glumly on the foot of the bed: "Ain't you got a single idea? Not a little one, even?"

Shaking his head, Kent fished absently for cigarettes. "Shoot or hand over the gun," he said and walked out on them. He went to the canteen and purchased two packs, one for himself and one for the moochers. Then he went on up to the hangar deck on the way forward for a breath of air and an attempt to think things out. They were readying a single take-off. He watched idly; and then a bee began to buzz.

"IF WE do it—that means a court-martial," Long John said.

"But if a force shows up," Kent argued, as if he were up in airplot whipping up an official operations order, "they'll hear it coming and get their fighters up and slip away before we get there. We'll have more of a chance with just one plane. They've avoided detection for so long now, they'll play pos-



COLLIER'S

"As long as you have that chill, Jones, would you mind demonstrating cocktail shakers?"

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Help your pen escape wartime failure! Use this sensational
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PARKER Quink

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CONTAINS SOLV-X

Your tickets to *inexpensive* recreation

Crisp, colorful little bits of paper—fifty-two in a box. And *very* important they are in these war times. For in the hands of you and your friends, these bits of paper become tickets to inexpensive relaxation.

In a game of cards with the folks next door . . . or a quiet game of solitaire, there's relaxation for tired nerves. Your energy is recharged . . . your enthusiasm rekindled for the tasks of Victory. And since recreation at home requires no traveling, you save tires and gas . . . and money for War Bonds.

• • •

Yes, playing cards are tickets to relaxation—the inexpensive kind needed for Victory.

And four-fifths of your fellow Americans are taking advantage of them—finding refreshment and good fun in cards.

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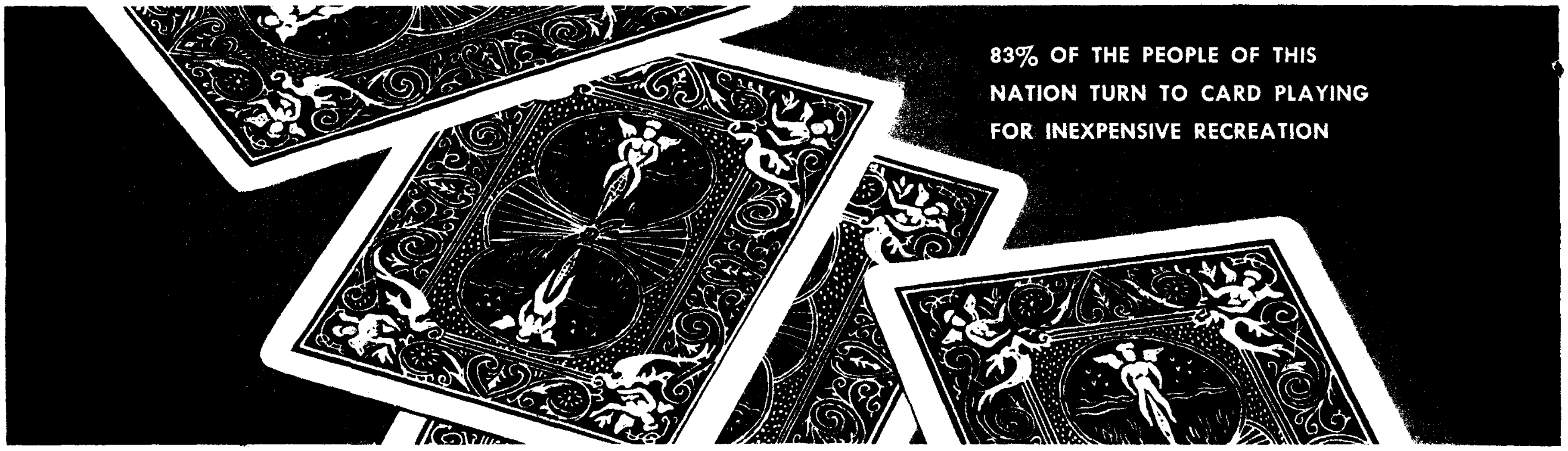

83% OF THE PEOPLE OF THIS
NATION TURN TO CARD PLAYING
FOR INEXPENSIVE RECREATION

sum again. I'm sure we'll have the best chance with just a single plane."

"And a darned good chance of washing out," Long John growled.

"If I do it," said Shorty flatly, "I get a court-martial. . . . But I'll take a chance."

"You get the handlers lined up," Kent directed, looking at Long John. "I'll take care of the 'nav.' Shorty can get the bomb racks and the fish basket all set."

"The best chance will be just before the dawn patrol shoves off and when the handlers are still a little dopey," Long John reminded them. "But you'll have to work fast to avoid getting spotted by the flight officer. I don't know why I'm going off on this snipe hunt, but I guess I always was a pushover for any crackpot *pasear*."

THE dawn patrol was making up. Kent, in full flying kit, pushed boldly up to a knot of plane handlers, seeing out of the corner of his eye that Long John and Shorty were in position and lurking in the shadow of the huge elevator.

"Where is the SBD?" he asked sharply.

One of the handlers spoke up: "Sir, we understood the patrol wasn't to take off until seventeen."

"Advance reconnaissance," Kent clipped. He gave the bomber's number. "Roll 'er out. Have to take this delay up with the F.O. Snap into it, here comes the crew."

And he fidgeted while they warmed the ship up, Shorty and Long John hovering in the background.

With a whine of elevators and altogether too much noise to suit him, the handling crew rolled the big plane out upon the flight deck where a twenty-six-knot wind was whipping strongly back from the bow. Kent looked severely toward Shorty and Long John as they came up, and snapped, for the handlers' benefit, "Next time, you lugs, try to get here on the dot."

"Somebody got it fritzed," Shorty grinned.

"I got it we didn't shoot until eighteen," Long John growled.

The handlers were eager to make amends and they stood by anxiously while the big ship warmed up a bit more. Kent tried not to look up toward airplot. If only some alert officer didn't spot them for another minute and come nosing around!

"Let's go," Long John grunted uneasily, "Too much *hablar—es malo*."

Kent checked the controls and signed the tab. He clamped on his headpiece and jacked in the interplane circuit. "You birds all set?"

"Shove off," Shorty yipped. "I got me a basket of eggs an' a nice shiny tin fish I gotta deliver to a yellowbelly."

The fuel pressure up, Kent started rolling against the red light just as a signal officer broke out of the island and ran toward them waving frantically for them to stop.

But the big ship, with its load of bombs and the sleek tin fish clamped to its belly, thundered down the flight path and across the white lines, gathering speed with each foot of the long runway. They cleared the ramp as Kent lifted her, and then they were out over the blue.

Figuring their course from the carrier's position—which Long John had eased out of the navigator under the pretext of checking on Kent's report, they headed almost due north. In another six hours the fleet would be in position for the attack by the enemy bombers, if Kent's "nav" was correct.

On oxygen, they came over the island at their maximum ceiling. Nothing showed. Kent slipped downstairs to four thousand and then headed inland along the deep lead. All was quiet below. But Kent could see the net had been extended, a new section added.

"There she is," he sang out. "We'll let 'em think we're on regular patrol."

"I don't see anything," Long John said a bit doubtfully. "Sure you don't imagine—"

"How does she lay?" Shorty cut in.

Kent knew Shorty was in there trying.

"Almost square with the end of the lead. About two hundred feet below the old headframe. Can't you see her? Why can't you get on her?"

"You're nuts!" Long John yelled.

The bomber circled and again sped back along the lead. Long John's voice came sourly . . . "—what kinda hop-hop you been smokin'—" and snapped off at the sprouting of a whitish mushroom against the dark sweep of the jungle, followed by a round thistle-puff floating just under and ahead of their nose.

Kent promptly put the big ship into a dive. Then the flat jungle sprouted a whole bed of mushrooms. A splinter whanged through the side wall, leaving a nice ragged hole.

Kent pulled out and skinned over the old headframe of the abandoned mine just as a mighty detonation whipped across the jungle top.

"Right in the basket, Shorty!" Long John yelped. "Let's go back an' give 'em the other bar'l! McCrea, you got eyes like a bloody eagle!"

"Just a little more aft," Shorty requested in a thin voice. "They're invited to an old down-South fish fry!"

Below them a battery of antiaircraft guns whammed away, and the Jap carrier opened up with everything it had as they swung out and came in low along the fault line. They could see that the net was punctured and rent asunder in a dozen places, and the survivors were frantically trying to cut it adrift up forward where a towering column of yellowish-brown smoke drifted skyward.

Kent bored in and Shorty delivered his tin fish. At the last moment Kent lifted the plane over the old pier. They could not see Shorty's little present arrive but they heard the deep rumbling explosion, followed hard by a series of lesser, muffled detonations.

"Magazines and boilers, Shorty," Long John drawled.

They circled the area of smoke and ash. The lead was clogged with debris and a few swimming men.

"That," said Long John, "is what you might call a neat bit of tatting, Shorty." And to Kent: "Let's go home, sailor. The joint's closed up on us."

And as they circled for the last time, the old mine dump inched downward in the slow movement of a dirt-covered glacier rolling the hulk of the enemy carrier before it like a huge boulder in a terminal moraine.

THEY were all there; with enough gold braid to have sunk the admiral's barge. And the Old Man from the Big Flag was over. He looked up from Doctor Brose's report. There was a gleam in his eye.

"Disqualified for further service, eh?"

The doctor looked at Gimlet-legs Parker.

"It was Captain Parker who hit upon the answer," he said. "Somehow there was a cross entry on the papers when Lieutenant McCrea was examined. His eye test was put on a man's named Norton. The report I have made here explains the reason for those little mix-ups McCrea has been in. That Pensacola affair. . . . Those waveoffs. And I am sure that McCrea suspected the answer right along.

"But no other man, except a man in McCrea's condition, could have spotted that Jap carrier under that camouflage—for the reason that McCrea is—*color blind!*"

"Too bad," Captain Parker sighed. "It will just about finish McCrea. Good man."

"*Finish him?*" the admiral snorted. "That's where you're all away off your beam. I'll get a waiver on that boy—if I have to go clear to the White House, myself!"

The Old Man glowered about and his eye lit upon the open book wherein a jumble of varicolored dots resolved themselves into neat numerical patterns.

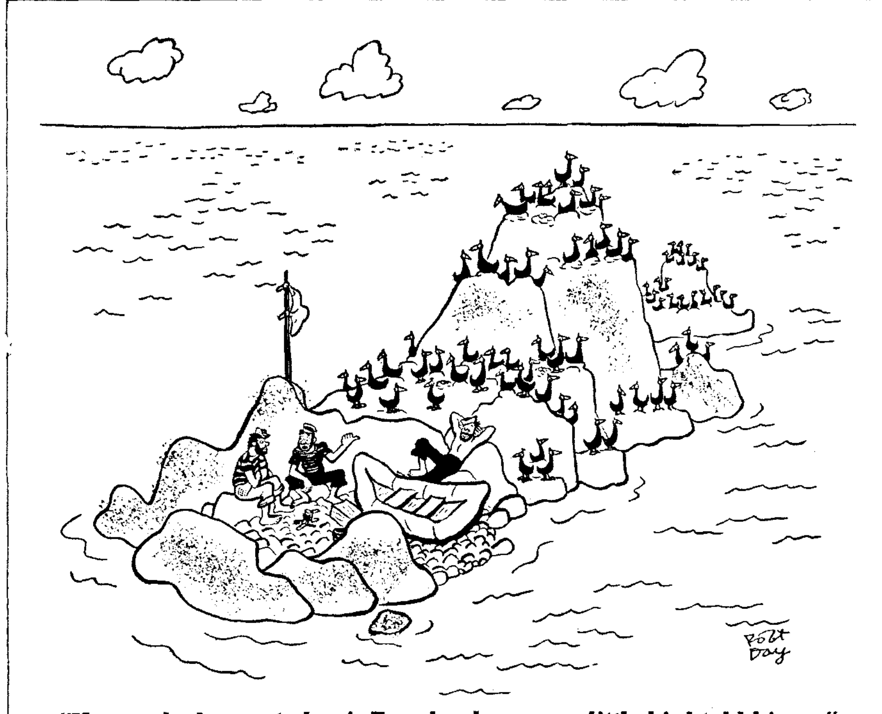
"So that's what tripped the lad up, eh?" he boomed and glared at the offending combination. And as an afterthought: "Who the dickens thought up that hodgepodge of colored flyspecks, anyway?"

"The man," said Doctor Brose, "is named Ishihara."

The Old Man was silent for a long moment.

"A man's chickens—" he quoted softly. "A nation's chickens—part of them, at least—have come home to roost. If the lad had passed the Japs' own test, they would be stronger by one carrier. How do you like that?"

THE END



"He says he knows today is Tuesday because a little bird told him so"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

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SOOTHE it with GLYCO-THYMOLINE

Give your throat the soothing benefit of effective, Glyco-Thymoline. It helps soothe and helps heal the delicate membranes of the nose and throat which are so often irritated when common colds and ordinary sore throats — one of the most common winter ailments — affect you. Glyco-Thymoline helps relieve discomfort.

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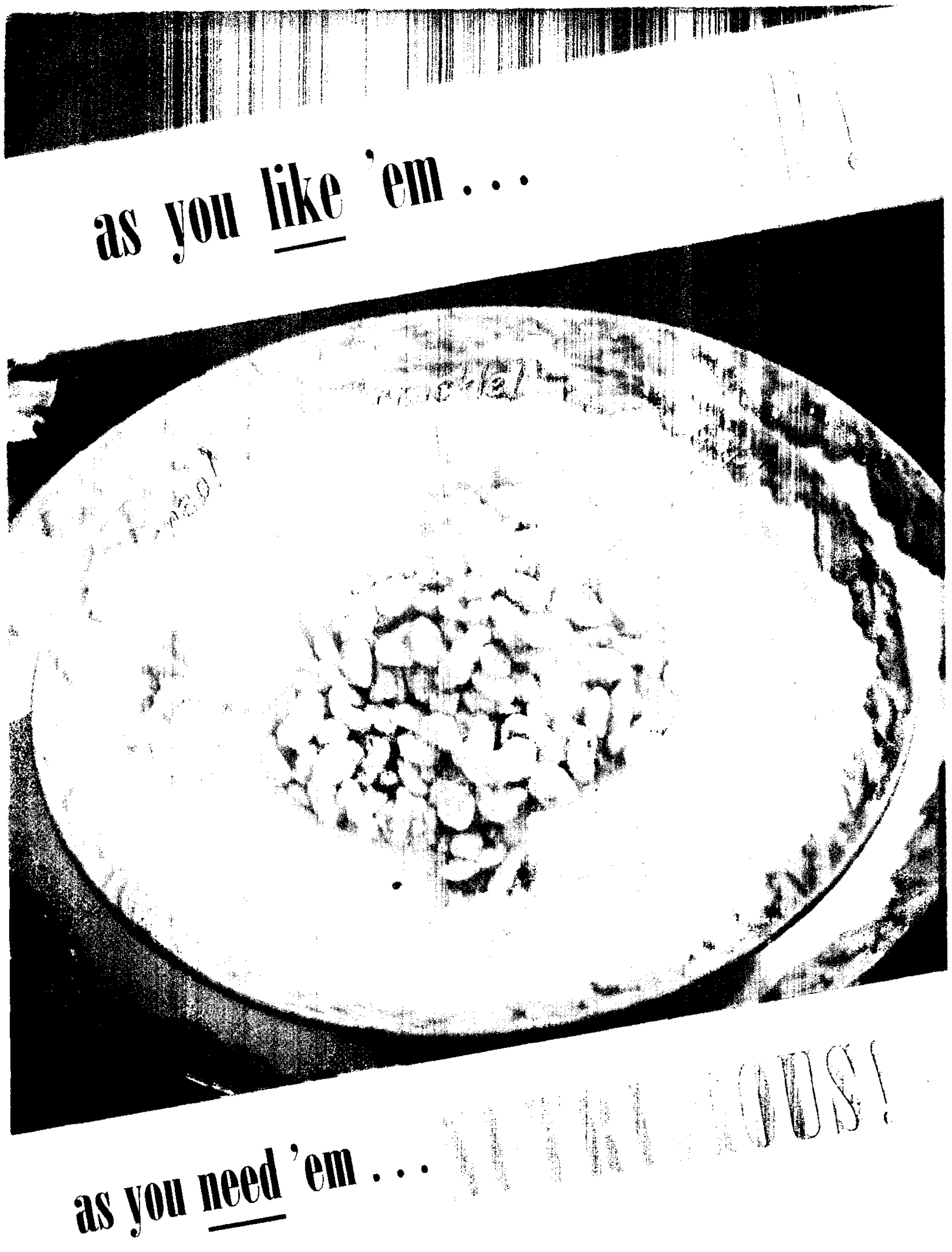

★ Even blue Mondays have a rosy side! Let Kellogg's Rice Krispies show it to you.

They're gay as sunlight. Listen to them snap! crackle! pop! in milk or cream. Breakfast skimpers just can't resist this cheery crispness call. Watch 'em pitch in!

Nourishment? Rice Krispies are crowded with it. As recommended by U. S. Official Food Rules, they are restored to the whole-grain nutritive values of natural brown rice. Thiamin (Vitamin B_1), niacin and iron are added in just the right scientific amounts.

Enjoy Rice Krispies tomorrow. That delicious "crunch" in every spoonful . . . that mellow, tantalizing flavor . . . are the result of an exclusive Kellogg recipe, oven-popping and gentle toasting. Better order *two* packages!

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CEREALS
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WHOLE GRAIN
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WHOLE GRAIN VALUES
as recommended by the U.S. NUTRITION FOOD RULES

True to the Navy

Continued from page 26

other girls, prefacing her every remark with a "Look, hon—"

They all worked more or less silently the first few minutes. But eventually the all-important status of man rating must be established.

Their questions were simple and direct. "You married?" Betty's seniority permitted this.

"I'm married," Vina-Lou informed them gaily. "But I haven't got a husband. He's gone to live with Uncle Sam."

"Private?"

"Nope." Smiling proudly, Vina-Lou meticulously stenciled out a "profit-sharing" line. Her reply she hoarded in a blissful pool of silence. "Ensign. San Diego. He's been a Navy man almost five years."

"Five years!" Hazel, the small-boned ash blonde, flashed gray suspicious eyes. "I bet you're not twenty yet, yourself."

"I'm nineteen," Vina-Lou admitted. "You see, we got married last Christmas—just before they called him back."

"No honeymoon at *all?*" asked Jo, sympathetic. Jo was older than the others—thirty-something—with warm red-brown eyes and generous mouth. With her head done up in a bandanna, Jo looked like an ad for pancake flour.

"Well—we had three weeks." Vina-Lou sighed big, nostalgic. "I reckon, in a way, we lived a lot."

"MY MAN left me." Jo candidly announced. "Ran off with a blonde. But the Marines took him away from her."

"How about you, Lucille?" Betty prompted. "You married?"

Lucille flashed her quick smile and said, "Not any more." And then her mouth went hard. She added, cryptic, "His plane cracked up."

Hurriedly, Betty stated, "My man's a Coast Guard. Stationed right here in Memphis." Light softened her hard dark eyes. "I'm helping him build us a home."

Hazel said, resentful, "And *my* old man was drafted."

"The War Widows' Club," Jo lightly summed it up. Her lips smiled wryly—but not her eyes.

"Sister, you *said* it." Fiercely, Hazel attacked a box of Hanky-Packs. "If you ask me, I think we got a problem."

Vina-Lou was kinda glad when the stencil ink ran out. It gave her a chance to look around.

"Look, hon," Betty instructed, "how about you running across yonder to the shipping desk to Lee—he's the tall guy, sitting down—and ask him how's to borrow some stencil ink?"

Vina-Lou said, "Okay," and picked up the empty can. Speculative, she looked down at her slacks—just one big splotch, so far, on that left leg.

When the fellas started whistling, Vina-Lou just smiled. She thought, *Oh, well, if it gives 'em any kick . . .*

A moon-faced Swede, not twenty, with pink cheeks and straw-colored hair, moved his hand truck parallel with Vina-Lou. Singing in high falsetto, "Somebody else is taking my place," he dumped his load near the runway, peered from behind his stack of boxes, and called, in deep bass, "Hi-ya, Babe?"

A slender, wiry, dark fella—older—with spectacles and a red scar above his temple, spoke: "Don't mind him, Gorgeous, all he knows is Stockyard Blondes."

Vina-Lou gave the fellas a close-up. She gave them the flat black freckle, the rosebud mouth, the lilting eyebrows suggesting song.

She kept smiling right on and said, "Hi-ya, fellas? How's to mooch you for some stencil ink for the working girls?"

Lee, the fella who was stenciling boxes, pressed a button that stopped their speed. After that, the boys lost all pretense of working.

They crowded about the runway like flies knotting about the crusted borderland of tanglefoot. And Vina-Lou couldn't have told you why, but she found it to her liking.

Most fellas were loyal beings, Vina-Lou's feminine intuition confirmed. Say the right words to the right one, and he'd be your friend for life.

Instinctively, without effort or forethought, Vina-Lou found herself saying the right words. "Ain't he crazy?" Vina-Lou said, apparently admiring, as the Swede went off into another falsetto verse.

The Swede strutted and flashed her a wide-toothed smile.

"I bet you sure get tired doing that," Vina-Lou observed, friendly, as Lee stenciled the last three boxes of Hanky-Packs.

Lee said, "No, not much," and flushed. Then he stenciled out those three and had to stencil them over with a new card.

He was tall, and all muscle, with long dark hairy arms. Dark hair crowded like weeds over the sagging neckline of his sweat shirt. His jaw was hard—like Mack's jaw, Vina-Lou decided, admiring.

After Lee ran the can over with stencil ink, and after a fella called Fatso adjusted her stencil brush so it wouldn't leak so bad, the Swede sidled over and asked shyly, "Say, kiddo, are you married?"

Vina-Lou's laughter rang out, lilting, good-natured. She spaced her answer, loud enough for all to hear: "I'm married, but the Navy took my husband."

"In that case," Scarhead spoke up, smoothly hopeful, "maybe you'd go out on dates?"

Vina-Lou said, "That depends upon what type of fella asks me." Turning, she skipped off with the stencil ink.

Loud laughter told her she had scored a hit.

THAT first day, Vina-Lou got three bids for dates. But that was before the fellas really got acquainted.

Nearly all the time, now, they had fellas around to take down boxes of Hanky-Packs, or to stack up boxes of Hanky-Packs. The other girls, too, got lots of offers.

They talked their offers over, in detail, among themselves. "Burnt child dreads fire," Jo would say, humorously, "but burnt child dreads lonesome, too. I reckon, in this case, she'll risk the burning."

Lucille always said, "Not tonight."

Hazel said, "My old man would skin me alive. But, gee, what he don't know won't hurt 'im."

Betty, curious, asked, "Ain't your Navy man jealous, Vina-Lou?"

"Mack's jealous," Vina-Lou fondly admitted, letting his name roll on her tongue. "But, gee, how that man contradicts himself! He says a stay-at-home wife gets rusty like an old unused door hinge. Says it's our job to keep ourselves perked up and pretty. Then he'll write, if he ever catches me stepping out on him, off will come my head. I swear, it's got me running round in circles."

"So you've decided to keep him fooled?" Betty asked, puzzled.

"Yes and no." Vina-Lou put new

tape in the machine. "Mack's spoiled, of course, the lug. But he's—well, when you're *crazy* about a man— You think I want Mack telling *me* I'm rusty? So unless I want to lose 'im, I feel I got to circulate. And to circulate, a girl must have a man to take her places."

"I thought I'd heard 'em all, but this one's kinda new." Hazel's paintbrush, neglected, dripped glue spots on the floor. "To hold her navy man, married girl sets out to date civilians."

"But can a girl swim in the water and not get wet?" Lucille asked.

"*I* can." Vina-Lou's rosebud mouth smiled, gay, self-confident. "But, then, I got a system."

"The love 'em and leave 'em system?" Hazel archly inquired.

"The *don't* love 'em and leave 'em system," Vina-Lou corrected, wise. "It's a married girl's business to know how to control her heart. Personally, I believe her safety lies in numbers. It's this steady dating stuff that gets a girl in Dutch. But so long as she keeps switching dates, a married girl can circulate. And at the same time, she can stay true to her husband."

"You might control *your* heart," Jo admitted, her voice experience-scarred. "But what about the other guy? How you know who's going to control *him?*"

"That'll have to be his lookout. Understand, I don't wanna hurt nobody. And I don't wanna get involved—"

"Hang your clothes on a hickory limb," Jo quoted airily, "but don't go near the water."

"Anyway, it's all temporary," Vina-Lou rationalized. "Temporary job. Temporary dates to keep myself brushed up for Mack. If that big lug would only leave crap-shooting alone—" Vina-Lou's sigh was big, tolerant. "I'm just trying to fill in the blank spaces till I get the price of this ticket to San Diego."

"Keep me informed, girls," requested Betty. "In some ways, this is better'n a continued story."

Vina-Lou followed out her system with a different date each night. She worked hard at Hanky-Pack. She worked harder at her self-imposed job of circulating.

She went to movies—always with an eye peeled for what might interest Mack. For Mack's benefit, she stored away precious feminine tips—this star's hair-do; that one's blouse; another's poise. The best gags she relayed to Mack, nightly, in her letters.

She went to dinners in cheap restaurants where beer was good and food was poor. She went swimming. She played tennis. She went dancing.

In spite of this, there were many sleepless hours that made her wonder.

"Mack'll write tonight," Vina-Lou kept telling herself, after she wrote Mack about her Hanky-Pack job. "When he finds out I'm working out my ticket to San Diego, I'll get a Special Delivery Air Mail, certain."

Then tomorrow night would come and she would rush home to the tiny apartment—the only concrete evidence she had, now, that there'd ever been a honeymoon at all. And there would be the mail box—empty.

The thing that bothered Vina-Lou was this thing that had happened to Jo, at Hanky-Pack. Jo, whose husband had walked off with a blonde. Men, Jo said, were fickle. Could it be that Mack didn't want Vina-Lou to come to San Diego to find a job? Could it be that Mack had met a blonde?

THE White Streamliner would go by. Vina-Lou learned to watch for the Streamliner. It ran nightly—ten fifty-nine. Sometimes there would be as many as ten coaches of soldiers. You could see their uniformed silhouettes at lighted windows. The Streamliner brought her, somehow, close to Mack.

Watching it pass, Vina-Lou would think, *Each window a face. For each face, some girl waiting in the dark!—like me . . .*

The war did crazy things to you. It picked you up and set you down. Like it had her and Mack. This time last summer she was just a girl from Arkansas, visiting her cousin Thelma here in Memphis. Then they'd gone on the excursion boat that night. And there were those two sailors, Mack and Hub.

She'd known, after that first kiss on the top deck, there'd never be anyone else for her but Mack . . . Mack said, "We'll be married in December, when my four years is up."

But December brought Pearl Harbor. They married, anyway, before Mack got called back.

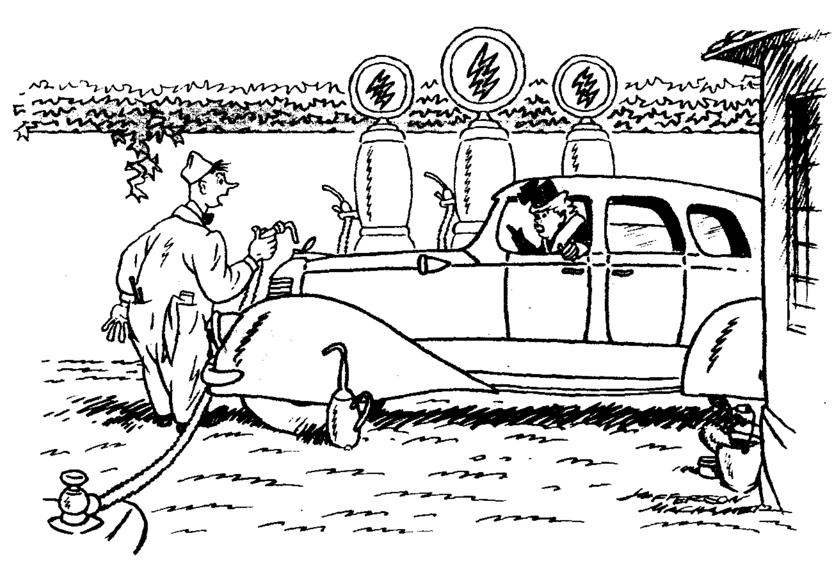
It picked you up and set you down. Betweentimes, you wondered where it would land you next.

Their honeymoon . . . three weeks of Paradise, *it* had been. She wondered was three weeks of Paradise enough to hold a man? Especially with two thousand miles between?

What all had happened to Mack since last Christmas, when he'd been called back? Soon be October now. Ten months. Ten months away from Mack. Each day, the chasm widened. Three weeks, almost, since Mack had written.

"You don't look so good, Vina-Lou," Betty observed, after that first week. "You're kinda pale."

"This night life is getting me down,"



"How long will it take, young man, to change me over from oil to coal?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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Vina-Lou cracked feebly. "All these neighborhood movies, and the popcorn."

Vina-Lou found herself looking over toward Lee, the shipping clerk. Lee, whose hard jaw reminded her of Mack.

"All the fellas on this floor have asked me for a date now, excepting Lee," Vina-Lou observed, thoughtful. "I wonder does he think I got pink toothbrush or something?"

Before the stencil ink ran out that day, Hazel hurried across to borrow some from Lee. When she came back, Hazel said, "I fixed it up." That night, just before quitting time, Lee asked Vina-Lou how about a date?

Vina-Lou said, "Gee, it sure took you a long time to make your mind up."

He wasn't like Mack at all. Vina-Lou reckoned it was just that jaw of his. When it came time to say goodnight, Lee tried to kiss her.

"Just because we saw a movie is no sign to act like goons," Vina-Lou protested. "Maybe you don't get it, Lee. I'm married."

"You're my girl now," Lee stated, possessive. "From now on, those other guys had better all lay off."

Vina-Lou said, "Boy, you sure do hate yourself." But the way his eyes shone—kind of crazy; man-drunk with power. The plain truth was, Vina-Lou was worried.

After she got rid of Lee, she wrote to Mack. She told Mack in another week she'd have her bus fare to San Diego. She signed it, as always: *With true love, from your wife.* Before she slept she mailed it—Special Delivery Air Mail.

Long afterward, in bed, she heard the plane fly over. *He'll have to answer this one.* Lying there beneath the covers, with fingers crossed and beating heart, Vina-Lou prayed: *Make him want me. Make him lonesome.* Vina-Lou uncrossed her fingers. *Dear Lord, don't let it be a blonde.*

Next day, at work, Lee kept watching Vina-Lou. Just to show Lee where he stood, Vina-Lou told the Swede he could have that date now.

Night came. The Swede didn't show up at all. Vina-Lou didn't think much about it till next day, when she saw the Swede's black eye. Some of the other fellas told her Lee had done it.

"Lee warned us all," Scarhead told Vina-Lou. "He said the Swede was just a sample. He said the next guy that tried to date you, he'd get tough."

Vina-Lou gave Lee a piece of her candid mind. Lee laughed, uneasy, flushing. "Looks like you got me on your hands, don't it?" His rain-gray eyes were hard.

AFTER that Vina-Lou wouldn't talk to Lee. But that didn't keep Lee from following her like a shadow. He had a habit of showing up in her neighborhood—when Vina-Lou would go to the drugstore, or to the market. Uninvited, Lee would walk home with her.

Vina-Lou tried ignoring Lee. He walked beside her anyway. She tried cussing him out. Vina-Lou knew a lot of good strong words. Vina-Lou finished with, "I don't see what you think all this will get you?"

"If I can't have you," Lee said—and his gray eyes held that crazy shine—"why, I'll see that no one else does."

Then, two days later, when the telegram came, Vina-Lou forgot all about Lee. Happily, walking on air, Vina-Lou shared her telegram with the girls at Hanky-Pack. It read:

ARRIVING BY PLANE SOMETIME TONIGHT STOP BEING TRANSFERRED STOP BE PACKED TO GO MACK

Then, magically, on a line all by itself, the one word—LOVE!

Vina-Lou sang as she opened Hanky-Packs. Her fingers were thistledown. The sky was a solid rainbow.

Vina-Lou rushed home to clean the apartment. She made a list. Beefsteak—smothered with onions, the way Mack liked; homemade potato salad—lots of mayonnaise, hard-boiled egg rings sliced on top; dill pickle; poppy-seed rolls; chocolate cake—a bakeshop cake would do, if the icing was thick enough. And beer. At least six bottles.

Buying them, Vina-Lou thought, joyous, *Boy, does this Hanky-Pack San Diego ticket money come in handy!*

It was shortly after dark when Vina-Lou came out of the corner grocery, package laden. When she saw Lee standing there, it gave her quite a turn. Then, with a sort of peace-on-earth, good-will-to-man feeling, she remembered the telegram. Lee and Hanky-Pack were shadows now on what, this time tomorrow, would be her past. Vina-Lou thought, *Gee, have I been acting silly!*

When Lee asked, "Can I help?" Vina-Lou said, "You sure can. Here." With her arms free, she told Lee her big news.

"I know," Lee said, glum. "They told me down at work."

Vina-Lou's talk was animated, crazy-gay. Lee's talk was— Vina-Lou couldn't have told you a single word Lee said.

ON THE sidewalk before the apartment, Vina-Lou said, "Gee, thanks, Lee. So we part friends, huh? Swell of you to help me bring the groceries."

Lee said, "I'll carry 'em up for you."

"Oh, no." Vina-Lou reached for the parcels. Stubbornly, Lee held on. She didn't know why a little thing like that could make her so uneasy.

It was semidark, going up the dim stairway. Nervously, Vina-Lou fished through her purse for the door key. A figure loomed before her. Vina-Lou shrieked, "Mack!"—and dropped her purse.

Funny, how you could forget a thing like how his shaving lotion smelled. His beard tickled like Mack's beard. His lips filled her with the same sweet-tingling lightning.

Mack looked over her shoulder. He saw Lee standing there. Lee, loaded with parcels—with beer bottles, with groceries. Vina-Lou saw suspicion being born in Mack's cold blue eyes. Mack said, slow, "Who *is* this guy?"

"This is Lee, Mack." Confusion pulled like weights against the tautness of her words. Anxiety made them strum like tight-plucked strings. "Lee works at Hanky-Pack. He—" Fearful, Vina-Lou watched that jaw of Mack's—watched that little muscle leap.

"Do you live here?" It leaked through each slow-spaced word—the thing that Mack was thinking.

"No, I don't *live* here." Lee's rain-gray eyes, uncertain, took on that crazy shine. Lee, scared, not sure of himself, and jealous—jealous of the way Vina-Lou had looked when Mack had kissed her. Lee's laugh was deliberate. "All I do is pay the rent and buy the bacon."

Trembling, Vina-Lou's fingers, cold as ice, unlocked her own apartment door. "Lee's an awful kidder, Mack. He *did* take me to the movies once—"

Mack said, bitter, "With true love, from your wife"—and Vina-Lou realized that Mack was quoting from the way she ended all his letters. "True, hell!" Mack turned on his heel. "True to the navy. True to the whole damned civilian population!"

"Mack!" Blindly, Vina-Lou ran toward the stairway. Mack shoved her aside. *Dear God, put words in my mouth!* Her tongue was dry.

All she could say was, "Mack, don't go. Listen, Mack. Honest—"

Mack kept walking. Twelve stair steps. Her heart broke in twelve separate pieces.

Before he slammed the door, Mack said, "My train leaves ten fifty-nine. Wonder how drunk I can get by then."

Ten fifty-nine? She thought, dully, *That's the White Streamliner.* She didn't even know where Mack was going!

From where she sat on the top step, her eyes stared listlessly at her upturned purse. Hanky-Packs. Coin purse . . . She thought, indifferent, *I ought to pick up all that junk.*

SHE sat motionless. Inside the apartment, she could hear Lee setting the groceries on the table. *I ought to put that stuff on ice . . .* The Streamliner? Tonight, one of the lighted windows would be Mack.

After a while Lee said, "I put 'em in the icebox."

Vina-Lou said, "You think of everything."

Still later, Lee asked, "Why don't you come inside?"

Vina-Lou got up. "Gee, it sure is nice of you to ask me in." Later on, maybe, she'd get up strength enough to hate him.

Vina-Lou sat in the big chair. Lee sat on the divan. Vina-Lou asked, once, "Having yourself a time?"

Lee said, "I'm staying here till after that train runs."

At ten forty-five, Vina-Lou asked, "Lee, tell me, what does all this get you?"

Lee said, "Maybe you'll see, now, what it's like to be the sucker."

Sitting there with Lee, Vina-Lou saw a thing she'd never seen before. It wasn't pretty. It wasn't flattering. She saw it clearly.

In her eagerness to stay young for Mack, she had unhesitatingly used the other guy. With woman's capital of eyes and legs and lure, she'd passed out promissory notes. Then, when the notes came due, she'd pleaded emotional bankruptcy. She'd said, "I'm married."

"We're suckers, all right, Lee." Vina-Lou's voice was somehow older, quiet.

Ten fifty-eight.

When Vina-Lou heard the whistle, she reached up and turned off the lamp. "If you don't mind," she said, "I'd like to see it from the dark."

Twelve coaches, it was. Twelve coaches of lighted windows. Which window was Mack? Which? . . . *Which?* . . .

As its taillight showed, dim-red, she knew a part of her own life had passed with it: The young part. The best part. The part she'd saved for Mack—the part Mack didn't want. Without knowing, Mack carried that part with him.

Lee rose to go. "Just so you won't keep acting crazy, I'm keeping the other guys all scared off."

Vina-Lou said, toneless, "My hero. My big protector."

Lee hesitated a moment. Then he left—he left for good, Vina-Lou knew. He left—after it no longer mattered.

As Lee's footsteps died away, Vina-Lou thought: *Mack, where are you?"*

"Vina-Lou?"

Rigidly she sat. She thought, *I've gone slap-happy. Now I'm hearing things.*

"Vina-Lou!"—it sounded impatient, louder.

In the dark, Vina-Lou started up. "Here, Mack! Here I am, on the divan." She struggled up to pull the light on. But Mack found her.

"You alone, Vina-Lou?" Eagerness, apology, humility—crushed man-pride; a soul in hell.

"Of course I am, you poor sap." Fool woman tears.

Mack's hair. Mack's beard. Mack's arms. Mack's kisses. . . . "Mack! Oh, *Mack!*"

Against her hair, Mack said, "I had to come back. I had to *know*—"

Vina-Lou said, "Mack, don't talk. Just—just *hold* me."

Mack just held her.

It mattered not where Mack was called, Vina-Lou thought with hungry, tight-shut eyes. It mattered not that he never wrote. It mattered not when they'd leave, or where, or even how long his time was. All that mattered was now—*now!*

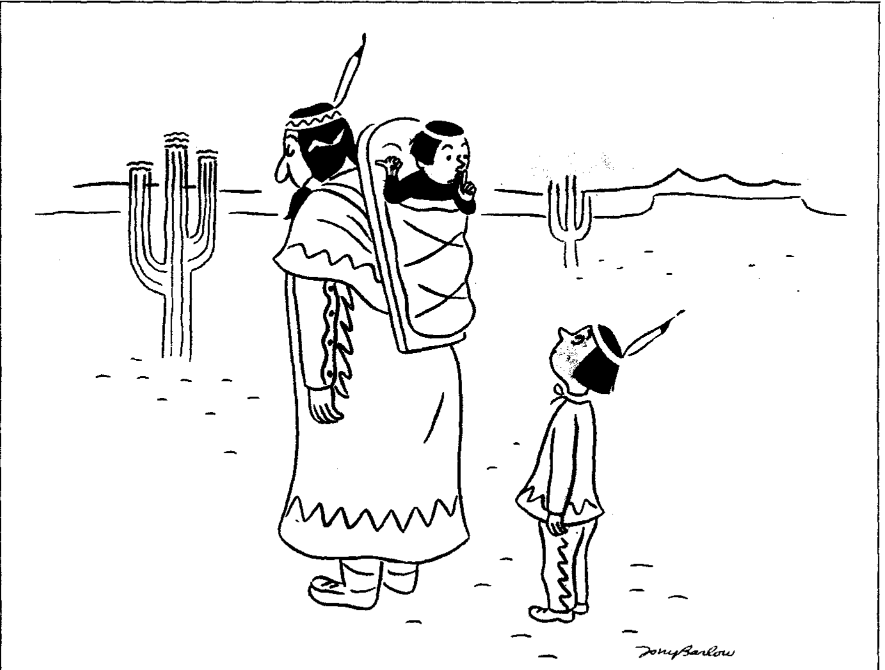
War picked you up and set you down. Tomorrow? You didn't know. But when it offered you moments like this— You accepted them. Gratefully. Completely. Without question.

LATER—much, much later—after the potato salad, after the dill pickle, after the beer was just six empty bottles, Vina-Lou said, experience-scarred, "Mack, this war-widow business and dates—I've found that the two won't mix."

True to character, Mack went on, "Why won't they mix?" Mack said, "Gee, honey, you talk like some old woman. Get wise to yourself. This ain't the Civil War, this is the World-wide War. I wouldn't *want* a girl that other fellas didn't try to date." Mack said, suspicious, "Gee, surely you don't think, after this, that I'd be jealous?"

Vina-Lou said sensibly, "Of course not, Mack. It's just—well, gee, hon, can I help it if I'm old-fashioned?"

THE END


Tony Barlow

COLLIER'S "Shhhh—Mom's asleep" TONY BARLOW

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An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

LITTLE Hugh Gurney, grandson of a wealthy California physician, strays away from his home and is lost. Searchers having failed to find him, his grandfather offers a large reward for anything throwing light on the lad's disappearance. Months later, Al Harris, a hospital orderly, finds what *appears* to be the child's body; and he receives the reward.

Meanwhile, Hugh's mother has borne another child—a girl. When this second child—Loveday—is quite young, her grandfather dies; and no trace of the old gentleman's fortune can be found! . . . The years pass. When Loveday is almost twenty-one, she marries "Larry" Ingersoll, an attractive but rather ineffectual young man, by whom she has several children. Larry is unable to hold a job; and, leaving his little family, he becomes a flier—first for Canada, then for this country.

Among Loveday's friends is Dr. Marc Villard, who believes he is a Frenchman. But it is presently discovered that he is, in reality, Hugh Gurney, who had been kidnaped, taken to France, and, later, brought back to America! But what about the body found by Al Harris? Hugh interviews the man (who can throw no light on the mystery); after which, he sets forth to find Delia Dillon (once employed by the Gurneys), who, he feels sure, can give him some valuable "leads". . . .

"Chris" St. George, a noted playwright, is in love with Loveday. Again and again, he implores her to secure a divorce and marry him. Loveday—strongly attracted to him—will make no promises. . . . Hugh finds Delia Dillon, who gives him a box which, she says, had been entrusted to her care by his grandfather. He and Loveday feel sure that it contains the missing fortune; but, when they open it, they find only old letters, clippings and diaries.

While Hugh is away, Chris calls on Loveday, gives her an ultimatum—either she will get a divorce and marry him, or he will tell her goodby forever. Realizing that she is infatuated with Chris, fearing to trust her emotions, Loveday telephones Hugh, asks him to hurry home. Whereupon, Chris, infuriated, gets up and leaves the house abruptly.

The Japanese attack Pearl Harbor. Among the heroes of that historic event is a young American flier: *Larry Ingersoll!* Wounded, he is put on a ship bound for San Francisco. As the ship approaches its dock in San Francisco, Loveday is there; she has been waiting for hours—*waiting for the man she loves.*

Conclusion

THERE were no whistles, no lights, no cries of welcome. Quietly ropes were flung, figures moved in the dark, there was a subdued commotion. New barriers had been put down; when Loveday and the other women instinctively moved toward one of the gangplanks that showed in the gloom, they found themselves stopped by a stout cable and a trio of officers. They stood silent, a block of quivering, anxious, expectant humanity, their hearts hurting them.

Long delays. A few men came down the gangplank, a few went up. The first pallid, colorless light of dawn, striking in from the east, showed bundled, hooded children along the promenade deck rails; scores of small intent faces.

Daylight, cold and sunless, but yet God's own blessed daylight, lessened the strain. Voices sounded, quick and furtive at first—growing stronger:

"Harry! There he is—see, up on the boat deck! Mamma! I'm here— We're all here! Here's your new grandson! Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo, George! Yoo-hoo, Ma! Fine! Okay! Nothing to it! Look, darling, look down there, that lady in the blue coat—that's your Aunt Helen! But we're in, dear; this is San Francisco! We're back in America!"

Loveday was crying; everyone was crying. Women and children were filing down the little bridge that was all that kept them from the weary crowded narrowness of the ship and the miraculous safety and solidity and sunshine of the shore. There was sobbing on all sides as women knelt to catch small bewildered children to their hearts, and weary boys felt the *arms* that loved them about them again.

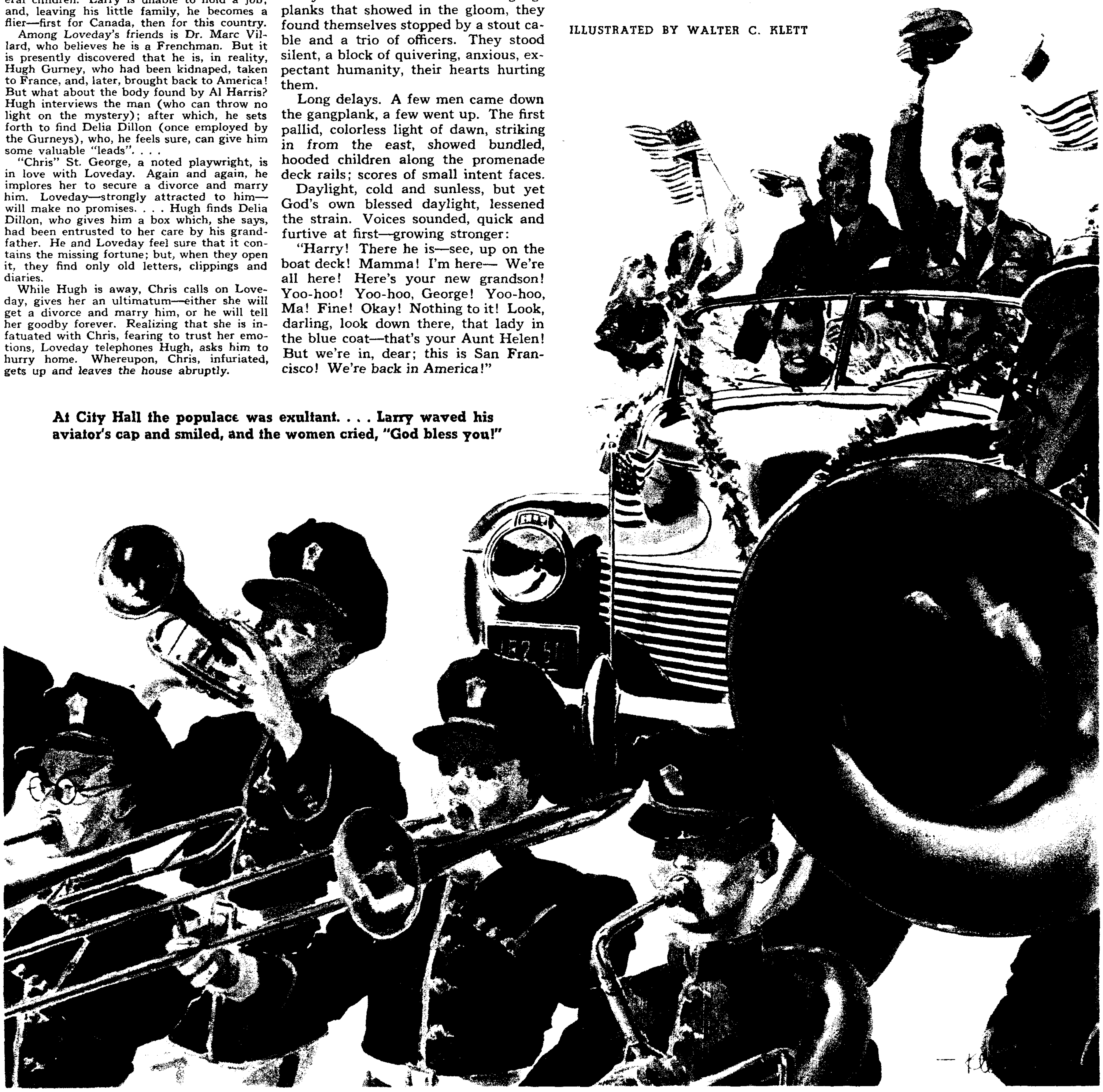
Down, down, down the narrow gangplank they came; ambulances had been driven down the dock to the very ship's side now, and the stretchers were being quickly and quietly brought across a special bridge from one of the wide cargo ports. A woman would step from the waiting group, speak lightly to the shrouded, well-blanketed figure on the stretcher, exchange a word with the orderlies carrying it, and one more wounded man would be safe and on his way to a hospital.

Still they were flowing down, an unending stream.

Loveday stood fixed, watching the

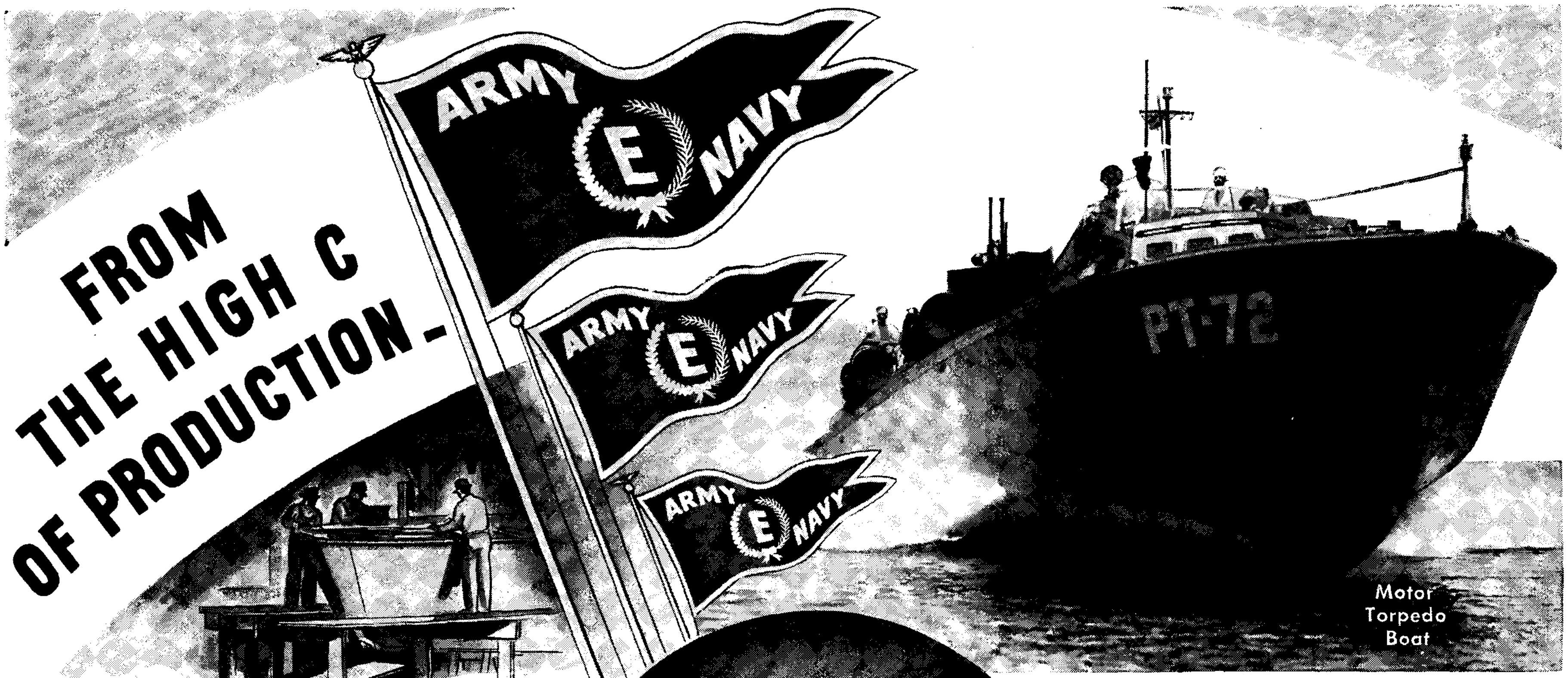
(Continued on page 80)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



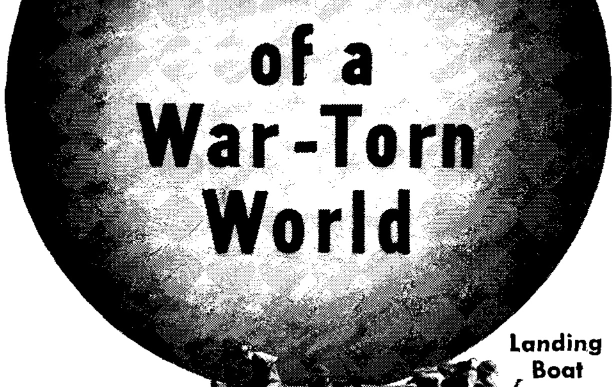
At City Hall the populace was exultant. . . . Larry waved his aviator's cap and smiled, and the women cried, "God bless you!"

FROM THE HIGH C OF PRODUCTION–



Motor Torpedo Boat

TO THE SEVEN SEAS of a War-Torn World



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In Iceland and in Africa

In the Aleutians and in the Coral Sea

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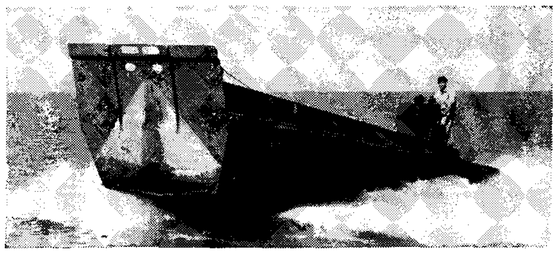
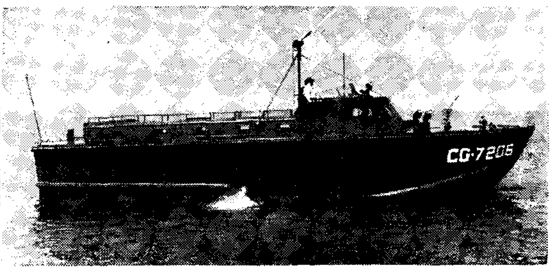
- Higite, (new explosive)
- Twin Machine Gun, Cannon Stabilizer and Sighting Control

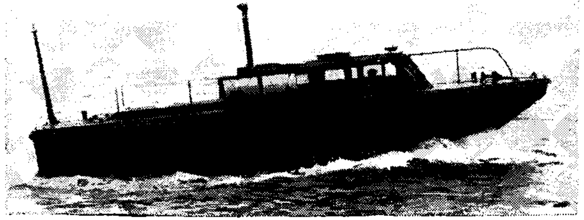


The "Crocodile"

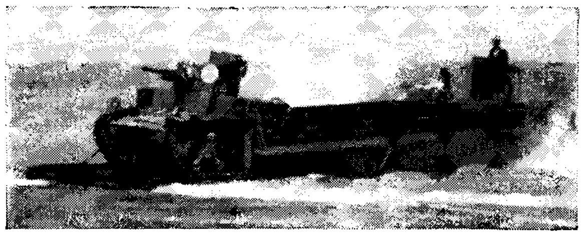
Landing Boat



Coast Guard Patrol Boat



Anti-Submarine Boat



Tank Carrier

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

DEAR MR. HIGGINS:

This is to inform you that the Army and Navy are conferring upon the Industrial Canal, City Park, and Bayou St. John Plants of Higgins Industries, the Army-Navy Production Award for high achievement in the production of war equipment.

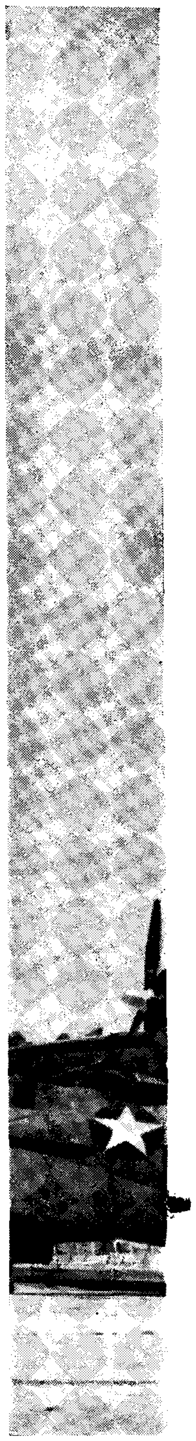
This award symbolizes your country's appreciation of each man and woman in these plants. Accorded only to those organizations which have shown exceptional performance in fulfilling their tasks, it consists of a flag to be flown above your company, and a lapel pin which each individual may wear as a sign of distinguished service to his country.

I am confident that your outstanding record will bring victory nearer by inspiring others to similar high achievement.

Sincerely yours,
FRANK KNOX (Signed)

HIGGINS BOATS

Armored Support Boat



Today's cargoes can't wait for Tomorrow's cargo planes!

WE CAN'T WIN THIS WAR with munitions which lie at the bottom of the ocean!

With our fighting forces scattered the world over, America has awakened to the fact that Air Transport may be a vital key to our supply problem!

Today, on the drafting boards of the country's aircraft designers, are sky freighters which will carry great loads over vast distances—when they can be built. But, unfortunately, transport planes that will not be ready to fly until a year from now *may be a year too late!*

In the meantime, America's big-plane builders are not standing by idle. They know the problem is desperately urgent—and they are taking urgent measures to meet it.

Right now—to cite our own case—multi-ton planes are coming off Consolidated's assembly lines into the hands of America's trans-oceanic ferry pilots.

These planes—though designed primarily as bombers, not freighters—readily lend themselves to cargo and transport service when certain alterations have been made.

One such plane is the huge Consolidated Coronado flying boat. Every day, more and more of these air freighters are being put into service. Along with their sister flying boats, the Catalinas, they are getting today's cargoes to our far-flung fighting fronts in a matter of hours.

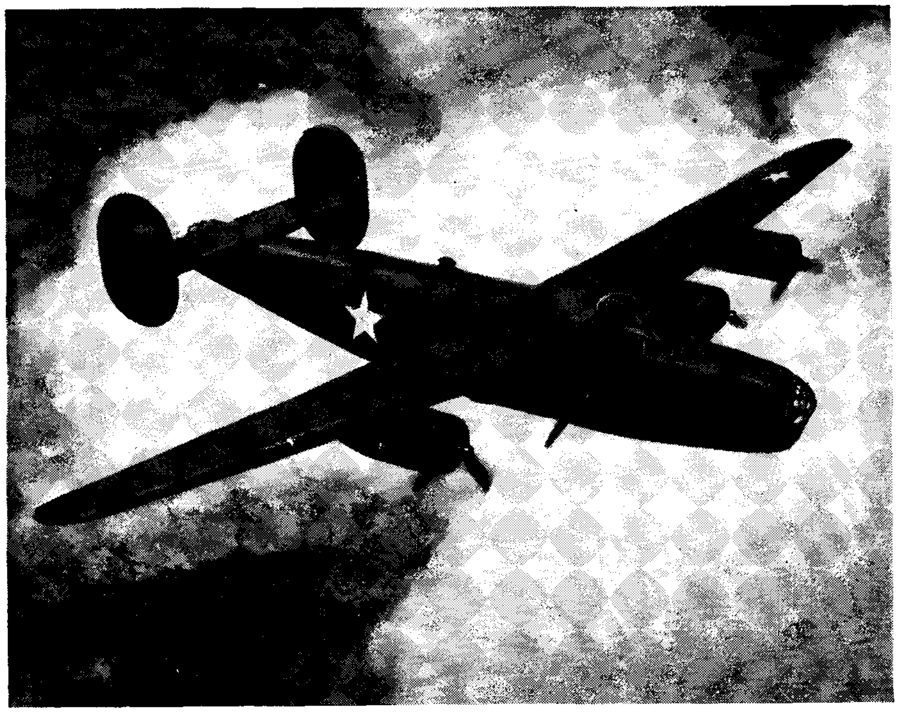
And from our assembly lines comes still another Consolidated transport plane—the new "work-horse" version of the B-24 Liberator, America's famed 4-engined bomber. Liberator transport planes, for months past, have been ferrying supplies to our forces in Hawaii and the far Pacific, as well as across the Atlantic.

Here at Consolidated, we know that converted bombers are not the last word in giant air transports. We are now developing transport planes that will dwarf today's *largest* aerial freight cars. But today's experimental models are for *tomorrow's* cargoes. They cannot be built in sufficient numbers *quickly enough* to do the job that must be done *today.*

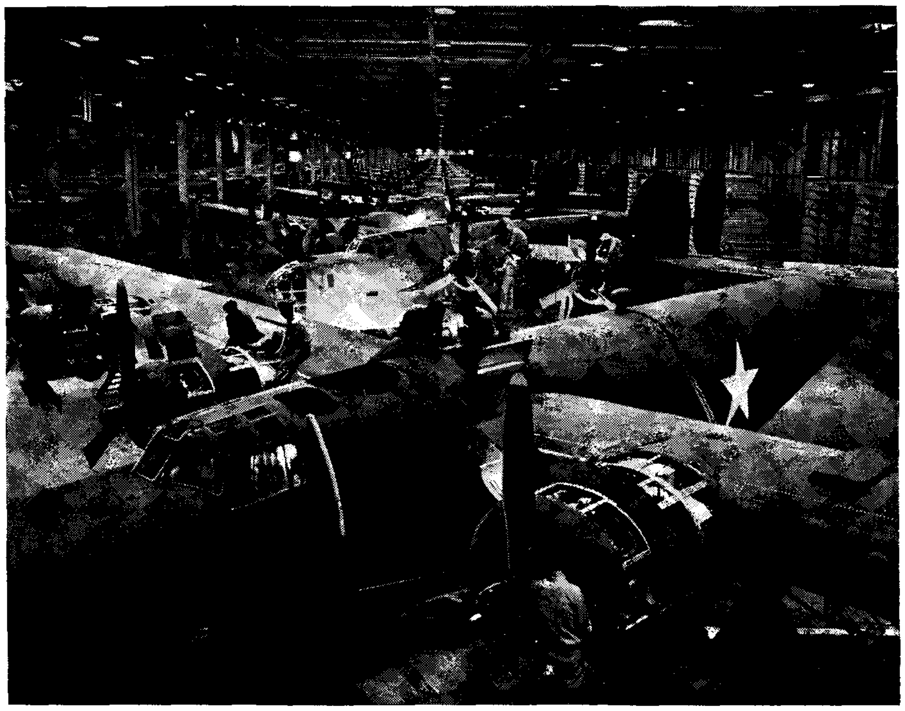
The immediate problem is *cargo planes — today — for today's cargoes.* And that's the problem we're doing our best to lick! *Consolidated Aircraft Corp., San Diego, Calif. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

CONSOLIDATED* builds Battleships of the Air

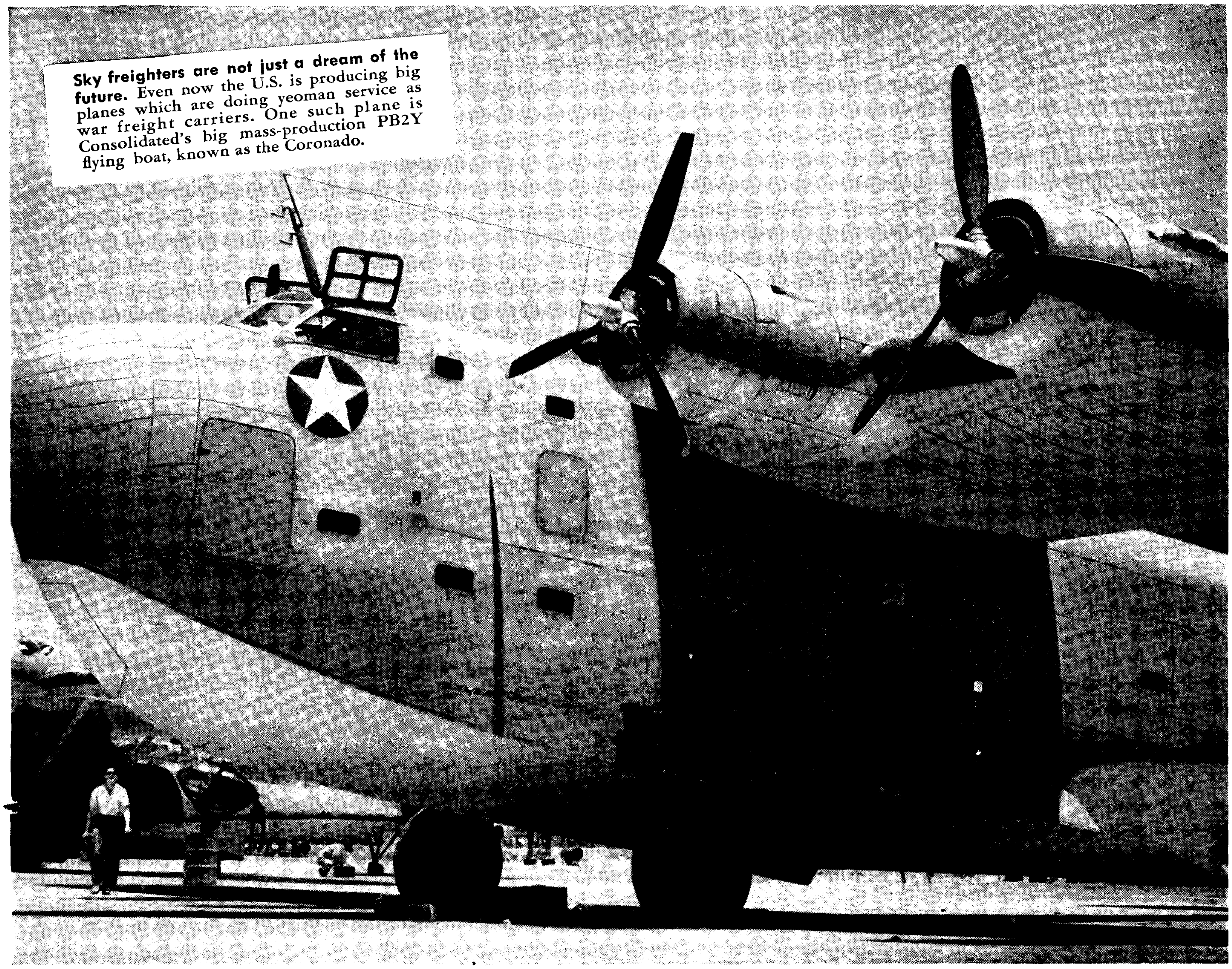
**Originator of the LIBERATOR . . . CATALINA . . . CORONADO*



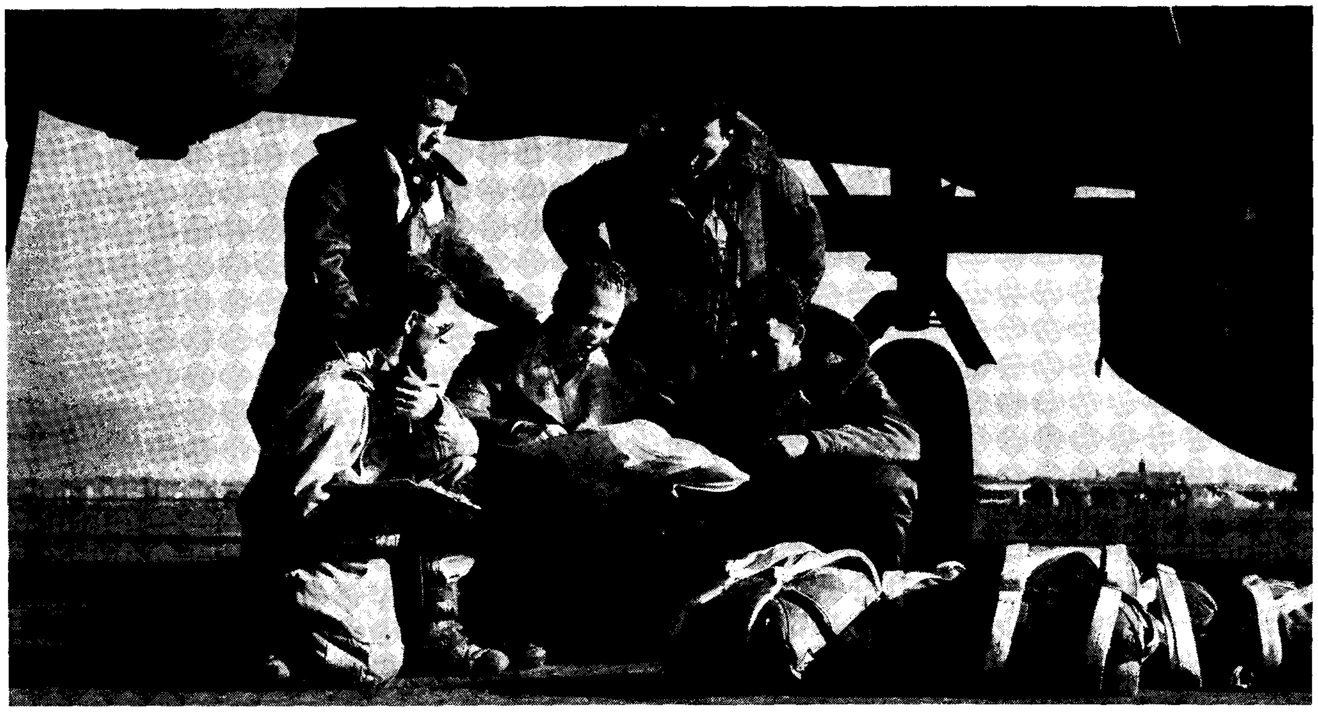
Streaking through the air at *pursuit-ship speed, the fully loaded 28-ton* Liberator has crossed the Atlantic in as little time as 400 minutes. No stranger to action against the Axis, the Consolidated Liberator is one of America's ace bombers. Converted into a transport plane, it is also ferrying military supplies across the Atlantic and Pacific to our fighting forces.



"As many as possible of next year's planes this year!" At the Consolidated plant in San Diego, B-24 Liberator bombers move down the assembly line 24 hours a day. In the common cause of Victory, the blueprints of the Consolidated Liberator are being shared with Douglas, Ford, and North American.

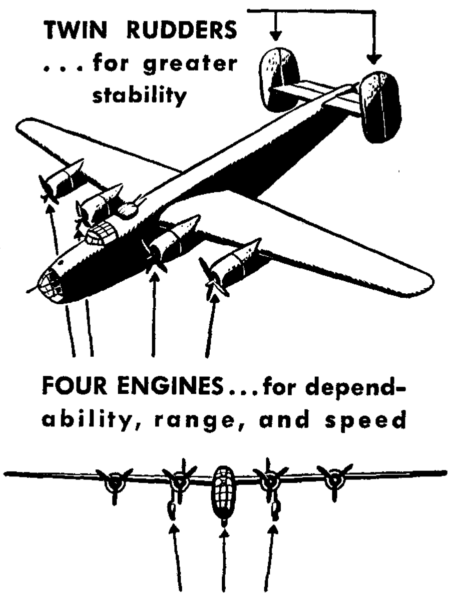


Sky freighters are not just a dream of the future. Even now the U.S. is producing big planes which are doing yeoman service as war freight carriers. One such plane is Consolidated's big mass-production PB2Y flying boat, known as the Coronado.



Last-minute check-up — a group of "Consair" trans-oceanic pilots checking charts and flight conditions before taking off in Consolidated B-24 Liberator transport planes. Along with its teammates — the 33-ton PB2Y Coronado and the famous PBY Catalina flying boats — this "work-horse" version of the Liberator bomber is helping to meet America's urgent supply problem by delivering today's cargoes overseas *today.*

How to spot the LIBERATOR (B-24)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BLEEDING GUMS
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FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH
ORIGINAL

DON'T TAKE CHANCES
with bleeding gums—it may be
GINGIVITIS!

4 OUT OF 5 may get it. Often leads to
PYORRHEA with its soft shrinking gums

HEALTHY, good looking teeth are priceless. And one of the worst enemies of healthy teeth and firm gums is Gingivitis. Some of the first signs to watch for are tender gums that bleed a little when you brush your teeth.

Although this is a mild gum inflammation—IF NEGLECTED, it often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its loosening teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months for tooth and gum inspection. Then at home here's—

One Best Precaution Against Gingivitis

Just put some Forhan's Toothpaste on your fingertip and massage it onto your gums. Do this every time you brush your teeth. There's no better toothpaste than Forhan's for both massaging gums to be firmer, more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural sparkling beauty.

Forhan's even helps remove that acid film that so often starts tooth decay. No wonder Forhan's has been used and recommended by so many dentists for over a generation.

At all Drug, Department and 10¢ stores

use Forhan's
with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Ring Twice for Laura

Continued from page 12

"She rang my doorbell, McPherson, much as you rang it this morning." Now, as Mark let the second cup of coffee grow cold, he saw me as I had been eight years before, wrapped in the same style of Persian dressing gown, pad in loose Chinese slippers to answer the doorbell. Carlo, who was Roberto's predecessor, had gone to do the daily marketing. "A slender girl stood there, timid as a fawn, and fawnlike, too, in her young uncertain grace. When I asked why she had come, she gave a little clucking sound. Fear had taken her voice.

"'Well, out with it!' Unwilling to acknowledge that I had been touched by her pretty shyness, I spoke harshly.

"She answered softly, all one frightened sentence, beginning with a plea that I forgive her for disturbing me and then promising that I should receive huge publicity for reward if I would endorse a fountain pen her employers were advertising.

"I exploded: 'Give *me* publicity, my good girl! Your reasoning is sadly distorted. Do you know how many dollars' worth of space my syndicated columns now occupy? And do you realize that manufacturers of typewriters, toothpaste and razors, with large checks in their pockets, are turned away from this door daily? You talk of giving *me* publicity!'

"Her embarrassment was painful. I demanded that she stay and have a glass of sherry with me. While we drank, I made her tell me about herself. This was her first job and it represented the apex of her ambitions at the time. She had visited sixty-eight advertising agencies before she got the job. Laura knew she was clever and she was willing to suffer endless rebuffs in order to prove her talents. When she had finished, I said, 'I suppose you think I'm moved by your story and that I'm going to break down and give you that endorsement!' "

"Did you?" Mark inquired.

I bowed my head in shame. "For seven years Waldo Lydecker has enthusiastically acclaimed that fountain pen."

"She must have been a terrific kid," he remarked.

"The next week I entertained her at dinner. That was the beginning. Under my tutelage she developed from a gauche child to a gracious New Yorker. After a year no one would have suspected that she came from Colorado Springs. Of all my friends, McPherson, she was the only one with whom I was willing to share my prestige. She became as well known at opening nights as Waldo Lydecker's black Homburg or his gold-banded stick."

My guest offered no comment. Scotch piety and Brooklyn poverty had developed his resistance to chic women. "Was she ever in love with you?"

"Laura was always fond of me. She rejected suitor after suitor during those eight years of loyalty."

The contradiction was named Shelby Carpenter. But explanation would come later.

Mark rose. "It's getting late," he said. "I've got a date with Carpenter."

"Behold, the bridegroom waits!" As we walked to the door, I added, "Call on me whenever you like, McPherson. I hope to aid, if I can, in the apprehension of the vile being—we can't call him human, can we?—who could have performed such a villainous and uselessly tragic deed. But in the meantime I shall be curious to know your opinion of Shelby?"

"You don't think much of him yourself, do you?"

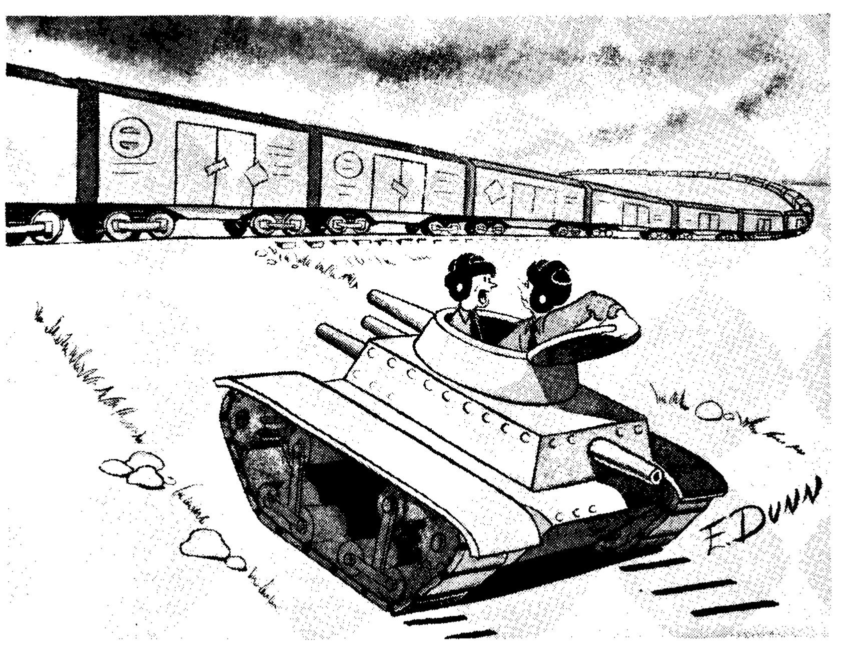
"Shelby was Laura's other life." I stood with my hand on the doorknob. "To my prejudiced way of thinking, the more commonplace and less-distinguished side of her existence. But judge for yourself, young man."

We shook hands.

I stood at the door until he had got into the elevator.

WHILE a not inconsiderable share of my work has been devoted to the study of murder, I have never stooped to the narration of a mystery. The literature of murder investigation bores me as profoundly as its practice irritated Mark McPherson. Yet I am bound to tell this story, just as he was obliged to continue his searches, out of deep emotional involvement in the case of Laura Hunt. I offer the narrative not so much as a detective yarn, as a love story.

I wish I were its hero. I fancy myself a pensive figure, drawn, without conscious will, into a love that was born of violence and destined for tragedy. I am given to thinking of myself in the third person. Many a time when I have suf-



COLLIER'S "Shall we wait?" E. DUNN

UNMILITARY COURTESY

A CAR drove up to the gate of the 55th Army Air Forces Training Detachment at Bennettsville, South Carolina, and a major general leaned out.

"I'd like," he told the civilian guard, "to see my son, who's training here as a Cadet."

The two stars on the general's shoulders meant nothing to the nonsoldier sentry. He merely ascertained the visitor's name and stepped back to phone the officer of the day for a go-ahead signal. When he returned to the general's car he nodded genially.

"Okay, Captain," he said, "you may go in now."

The general cleared his throat. "Look here, young man," he said with some asperity, "I'm not a captain."

The guard waved his hand deprecatingly. "Oh, that's all right," he smiled. "I call everybody Captain."

fered some clumsy misadventure, I am saved from remorse by the substitution for unsavory memory of another captivating installment in The Life and Times of Waldo Lydecker. Rare are the nights when I fail to lull myself to sleep without the sedative of some such heroic statement as, "Waldo Lydecker stood, untroubled, at the edge of a cliff beneath which ten thousand angry lions roared."

I MAKE this confession at the risk of exhibiting absurdity. My proportions, if anything, are too heroic. While I measure three inches above six feet, the magnificence of my skeleton is hidden by the weight of my flesh.

So even this consolation must be denied me when I write those chapters wherein Mark McPherson moves the story. I have long learned to uphold my ego in a world that also contains Shelby Carpenter, but Shelby is a shadow whereas the young detective is a full-bodied man. There is no wax in Mark, he is hard coin metal that impresses his own definite stamp upon those who would seek to mold him. For all the rough edges, he is the man I should have been, the hero of the story.

The hero, but not the interpreter. In that omniscient role, I shall describe scenes which I never saw and record dialogues which I did not hear. For this impudence I offer no excuse. I am an artist and it is my business to recreate movement precisely as I create mood. I know these people, their voices ring in my ears and I need only close my eyes to see characteristic gestures. Thus I am able to report that curious scene which took place in Susan Treadwell's drawing room just twenty minutes after Mark had left me.

This was his first visit to a private home on Fifth Avenue. The door was opened for him by a grim Finn, the only servant who had accompanied Mrs. Treadwell when the news of her niece's sudden death had brought her from her summer place on Long Island. The house was like an undertaking parlor. Every piece of furniture, every picture and ornament wore a shroud of pale, striped linen. As he waited, Mark paced the long room, accosting and retreating from his lean, dark-clad image in the full-length, gold-framed mirror. Laura was to have married Shelby Carpenter on the following Thursday. They had passed their blood tests and answered the questions on the application for a marriage license.

Mark knew these facts thoroughly. Shelby had been disarmingly frank with the police sergeant who asked the first questions. Folded in Mark's coat pocket was a carbon record of the lover's last meeting. The facts were commonplace but not conventional.

Laura had been infected with the week-end sickness. From the first of May until the last of September, she joined the fanatic mob in week-end pilgrimages to Connecticut. The moldy house described in my essay The Fermenting of New England was Laura's converted barn.

After a first visit, no amount of persuasion could induce me to return to that fly-infested sanctuary. Shelby, however, was a not unwilling victim. And sometimes, she took the maid, Bessie, and thus relieved herself of household duties which she pretended to enjoy. On this Friday, she had decided to leave them both in town. She needed four or five days of loneliness, she told Shelby, to bridge the gap between a Lady Lilith Face Cream campaign and her honeymoon. It would never do to start as a nervous bride.

This reasoning satisfied Shelby. It never occurred to him that she might have other plans. Nor did he question her farewell dinner with me. She had arranged, or so she told Shelby, to leave my house in time to catch the ten-o'clock train.

She and Shelby had worked for the same advertising agency. At five o'clock on Friday afternoon, he picked her up at her office. They stopped for Martinis at the Tropicale, a bar frequented by advertising and radio writers. Laura spoke of her plans for the week, setting Wednesday as the time of her return.

As Mark pondered these facts, his eyes on the checkerboard of light and dark woods set into Mrs. Treadwell's floor, he became aware that his restlessness was the subject of nervous scrutiny. The long mirror framed his first impression of Shelby Carpenter. Against the shrouded furniture, Shelby was like a brightly lithographed figure on the gaudy motion-picture poster decorating the somber granite of an ancient opera house. The dark suit chosen for this day of mourning could not dull his vivid grandeur. Male energy shone in his tanned skin, gleamed from his clear gray eyes, swelled his powerful biceps.

Later, as Mark told me of the meeting, he confessed that he was puzzled by an almost overwhelming sense of familiarity. Shelby spoke with the voice of a stranger but with lips whose considered smile seemed as familiar as Mark's own reflection. All through the interview and in several later meetings, Mark sought vainly to recall some earlier association.

They chose chairs at opposite ends of the long room. Shelby had offered, Mark accepted, a Turkish cigarette.

SHELBY had borne up bravely during the ordeal at headquarters. As his gentle Southern voice repeated the details of that tragic farewell, he showed clearly that he wished to spare his visitor the effort of sympathy.

"I put her in the taxi and gave the driver Waldo Lydecker's address. Laura said, 'Goodby until Wednesday,' and leaned out to kiss me. The next morning the police came to tell me that Bessie had found her body in the apartment. I wouldn't believe it. Laura was in the country. That's what she told me and Laura had never lied to me before."

Mark knew the facts. Shelby had used the same words in his interview with Sergeant Schultz. "Yet she'd telephoned Mr. Lydecker earlier in the afternoon to break the dinner date," Mark informed him. "Have you any idea why she continued to let you believe that she was going to his place?"

Cigarette smoke curled in flawless cir-

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• • •

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cles from Shelby's flawless lips. "I don't like to believe she lied to me."

"She lied twice, first in regard to dining with Mr. Lydecker, and second, about leaving town that night."

"I can't believe it. We were always so honest with each other."

Mark accepted the statement without comment. "We found the taxi driver who picked her up in front of the Tropicale. As soon as he'd turned the corner and you were safely out of sight, she told him he was not to take her to Mr. Lydecker's address, but directly to Grand Central."

"That's the catch," Shelby said.

"We've interviewed the porters on duty at Grand Central on Friday evening, and a couple remember her face."

"She always caught the Friday night train."

MARK nodded. "The only porter who swears to a definite recollection of Laura on this particular night also asked if he'd get his picture in the newspapers. So we strike a dead end there. She might have taken another taxi from the Forty-second or Lexington Avenue exits."

"Why?" Shelby sighed. "Why should she have done such a ridiculous thing?"

"If we knew, we might have a reasonable clue. Now as to your alibi, Mr. Carpenter . . ."

Shelby groaned.

"I won't make you go through it again. I've got the details. You had dinner at the Myrtle Cafeteria on Forty-second Street, you walked to Fifth Avenue, took a bus to a Hundred and Forty-sixth Street, bought a twenty-five-cent seat for the concert . . ."

Shelby pouted like a hurt child. "I've had some bad times, you know. When I'm alone I try to save money. I'm just getting on my feet again."

"There's no shame in saving money," Mark reminded him. "That's the only reasonable explanation anyone's given for anything so far. You walked home after the concert, eh? Quite a distance."

"The poor man's exercise," Shelby grinned feebly.

Mark dropped the alibi, and with one of those characteristic swift thrusts, asked, "Why didn't you get married before this? Why did the engagement last so long?"

Shelby cleared his throat.

"Money, wasn't it?"

A schoolboy flush ripened Shelby's skin. He spoke bitterly: "When I went to work for Rose, Rowe & Sanders, I made thirty-five dollars a week. Laura was getting a hundred and seventy-five." He hesitated, the color of his cheeks brightened to the tones of an overripe peach. "Not that I resented her success. She was so clever that I was awed and respectful. And I wanted her to make as much as she could, believe that, Mr. McPherson. But it's hard on a man's pride. I was brought up to think of women . . . differently."

"And what made you decide to marry?"

Shelby brightened. "I've had a little success myself."

"But she was still holding a better job. What made you change your mind?"

"There wasn't so much discrepancy. My salary, if not munificent, was respectable. And I felt that I was advancing. Besides, I'd been catching up on my debts. A man doesn't like to get married, you know, while he owes money."

"Except to the woman he's marrying," a shrill voice added.

In the mirror's gilt frame Mark saw the reflection of an advancing figure. She was small, robed in deepest mourning and carrying under her right arm a Pomeranian dog whose auburn coat matched her own bright hair. As she paused in the door with the marble statues and bronze figurines behind her, the gold frame giving margins to the portrait, she was like a picture done by one of Sargent's imitators, who had failed to carry over to the twentieth century the dignity of the nineteenth.

Shelby leaped. "Darling! You remarkable creature! How you've recovered! How can you be so beautiful, darling, when you've gone through such intolerable agonies?" He led her to the room's most important chair.

"I hope you find the fiend," she addressed Mark, but gave attention to her chiffon. "I hope you find him and scrouge his eyes out and drive hot nails through his body and boil him in oil." Her vehemence spent, she tossed Mark her most enchanting smile. "Has Shelby told you the story of his romantic courtship? I hope he's not left out any of the thrilling episodes."

"You mustn't mind Auntie Sue, Mr. McPherson. She's prejudiced because I'm poor."

The Pomeranian sniffed. Auntie Sue pressed its small nose to her cheek, then settled it upon her lap.

"Do you know, Mrs. Treadwell, if your niece had any . . ." Mark produced the word uneasily, "enemies?"

"Enemies!" the good lady shrieked. "Everyone adored her. She had more friends than money."

"That," Shelby added gravely, "was one of the finest things about her."

"Anyone who had troubles came to her," Auntie Sue declaimed, quite in the manner of the immortal Bernhardt. "She was always running around, doing favors, wasting her time and strength on people she scarcely knew. Remember that model, Shelby, the girl with the fancy name? Laura got me to give her my leopard coat. It wasn't half worn out either. I could have got another winter out of it and spared my mink. Don't you remember, Shelby?"

Shelby had become infatuated with a bronze Diana who had been threatening for years to leap, with dog and stag, from her pedestal.

Auntie Sue continued naughtily, "And Shelby's job! Do you know how he got it, Mr. McPherson? He was making thirty dollars a week writing letters for a school that taught people to be successful business executives."

SHELBY turned defiantly from Diana. "What's that to be ashamed of? When I met Laura, Mr. McPherson, I happened to be working as correspondent for the University of the Science of Finance. Laura saw some of my copy, realized that I was wasting a certain gift or flair, and with her usual generosity . . ."

"Generosity wasn't the half of it," Auntie Sue interrupted.

"She spoke to Mr. Rowe about me and when there was a vacancy, he called me in. You can't say I've been ungrateful," he forgave Mrs. Treadwell with his gentle smile. "It was she, not I, who suggested that you forget it."

"There were a number of other things, darling, that Laura asked me to forget."

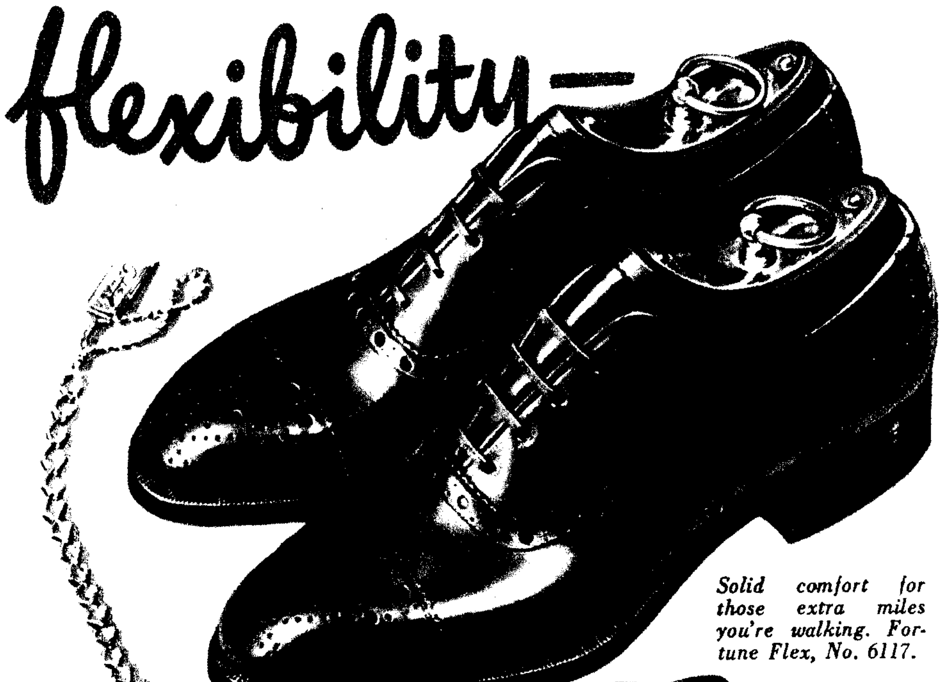
"Mustn't be vicious, dear. You'll be giving Mr. McPherson a lot of misleading ideas." With the tenderness of a nurse, Shelby rearranged Auntie Sue's cushions, smiling and treating her malice like some secret malady.

Mark told them he was through with them for the day, and rose to go.

Shelby rose, too. "I'll go out for a bit of air, if you think you can get along without me for a while."

"Of course, darling. It's been wicked of me to take up so much of your time." Shelby's feeble sarcasm had softened the lady. White, faded, ruby-tipped hands rested on his dark sleeve.

"With all your faults, you've got manners, darling. That's more than most men have nowadays. I'm sorry I've been so bad-tempered."



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He kissed her forehead.

As they left the house, Shelby turned to Mark. "Don't take Mrs. Treadwell too seriously. It's only that she'd disapproved of my marrying her niece, and now she's got to stand by her opinions."

"What she disapproved of," Mark observed, "was Laura's marrying you."

Shelby smiled ruefully. "We ought all to be a little more decent now, oughtn't we? After all! Probably Auntie Sue is sorry she hurt poor Laura by constantly criticizing me, and now she's too proud to say so. That's why she had to take it out on me this morning."

They stood in the burning sunlight. Both were anxious to get away, yet both hesitated.

When, after a brief pause devoted to a final struggle with his limping memory, Mark cleared his throat, Shelby started as if he had been roused from the remoteness of a dream. "Tell me," Mark commanded, "where have I seen you before?"

NOT WANTED for the Duration

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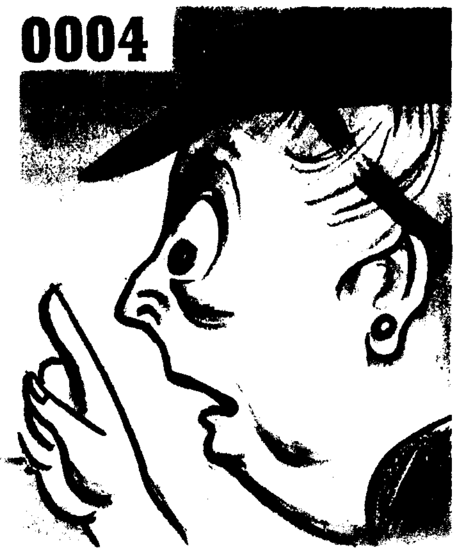

SCARE ARTIST

Woman who never reads a news story clear through and who frantically spreads her own wild misconceptions.

ALAN WOODS

Shelby couldn't imagine. "But I've been around. Parties and all that. One sees people at bars and restaurants. Sometimes a stranger's face is more familiar than your best friend's."

Mark shook his head. "Cocktail bars aren't in my line."

"You'll remember when you're thinking of something else. That's how it always is." Then, without changing his tone, Shelby added, "You know, Mr. McPherson, that I was beneficiary of Laura's insurance, don't you?"

Mark nodded.

"I wanted to tell you myself. Otherwise you might think . . . well . . . it's only natural in your line," Shelby chose words tactfully, "to suspect every motive. Laura carried an annuity, you know, and there was a twenty-five-thousand-dollar death benefit. She'd had it in her sister's name but after we decided to get married, she insisted upon making it out to me."

"I'll remember that you told me," Mark promised.

Shelby offered his hand. Mark took it. "I hope you don't think I'm completely a heel, Mr. McPherson," Shelby said ruefully. "I never liked borrowing from a woman."

WHEN, at precisely twelve minutes past four by the ormolu clock on my mantel, the telephone interrupted, I was deep in the Sunday papers. Laura had become a Manhattan legend. Scarlet-minded headline artists had named her tragedy THE BACHELOR GIRL MURDER and one example of Sunday edition *belles-lettres* was tantalizingly titled SEEK ROMEO IN EAST SIDE LOVE KILLING. At this very hour, I reflected as I lumbered to the telephone, men were bandying her name in pool parlors and women shouting her secrets from tenement windows.

I heard Mark McPherson's voice on the wire: "Mr. Lydecker, I was wondering if you could help me. There are several questions I'd like to ask you."

"And what about the baseball game?" I inquired.

Self-conscious laughter vibrated the diaphragm. "I've missed the first couple of innings. Can you come over?"

"Where?"

"The apartment. Miss Hunt's place."

"I don't want to come up there. It's cruel of you to ask me."

"Sorry," he said after a moment of cold silence. "Perhaps Shelby Carpenter can help me. I'll try to get in touch with him."

"Never mind; I'll come."

Ten minutes later I stood beside him in the bay window of Laura's living room. East Sixty-second Street had yielded to the spirit of carnival. Popcorn venders and pushcart peddlers, sensing the profit in disaster, offered ice-cream sandwiches, pickles and nickel franks to buzzards who battened on excitement. Sunday's sweethearts had deserted the green pastures of Central Park to stroll arm-in-arm past her house, gaping at daisies which had been watered by the hands of a murder victim. Fathers pushed perambulators and mothers scolded the brats who tortured the cops who guarded the door of a house in which a bachelor girl had been slain.

"Coney Island moved to the Platinum Belt," I observed. "Such a pity Laura can't see it."

Puritan nostrils quivered. I laughed aloud. "If she were here now, she'd open the windows, pluck daisies out of her window boxes and strew the sidewalks. Then she'd send me down the stairs for a penny pickle."

Mark plucked a daisy and tore off the petals.

"Laura loved dancing in the streets. She gave dollar bills to organ grinders."

He shook his head. "You'd never think it, judging from the neighborhood."

"She also had a taste for privacy."

THE house was one of a row of converted mansions, preserved in such fashion that Victorian architecture sacrificed none of its substantial elegance to twentieth century chic. High stoops had given way to lacquer-red doors three steps down; scrofulous daisies and rachitic geraniums bloomed in extraordinary bright blue and green window boxes; rents were exorbitant. Laura had lived here, she told me, because she enjoyed snubbing Park Avenue's pretentious foyers. She had enjoyed opening the street door with a key and climbing the stairs of her remodeled third floor. It was this taste for privacy that led to her death, for there had been no one to ask at the door if Miss Hunt expected a visitor on the night the murderer came.

"The doorbell rang," Mark announced suddenly.

"What?"

"That's how it must have happened. The doorbell rang. She was in the bed-

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MORGAN DENNIS

Blackie: "Nothing can stop us now, Whitey!"

Whitey: "Nothing has ever stopped us before, Blackie."

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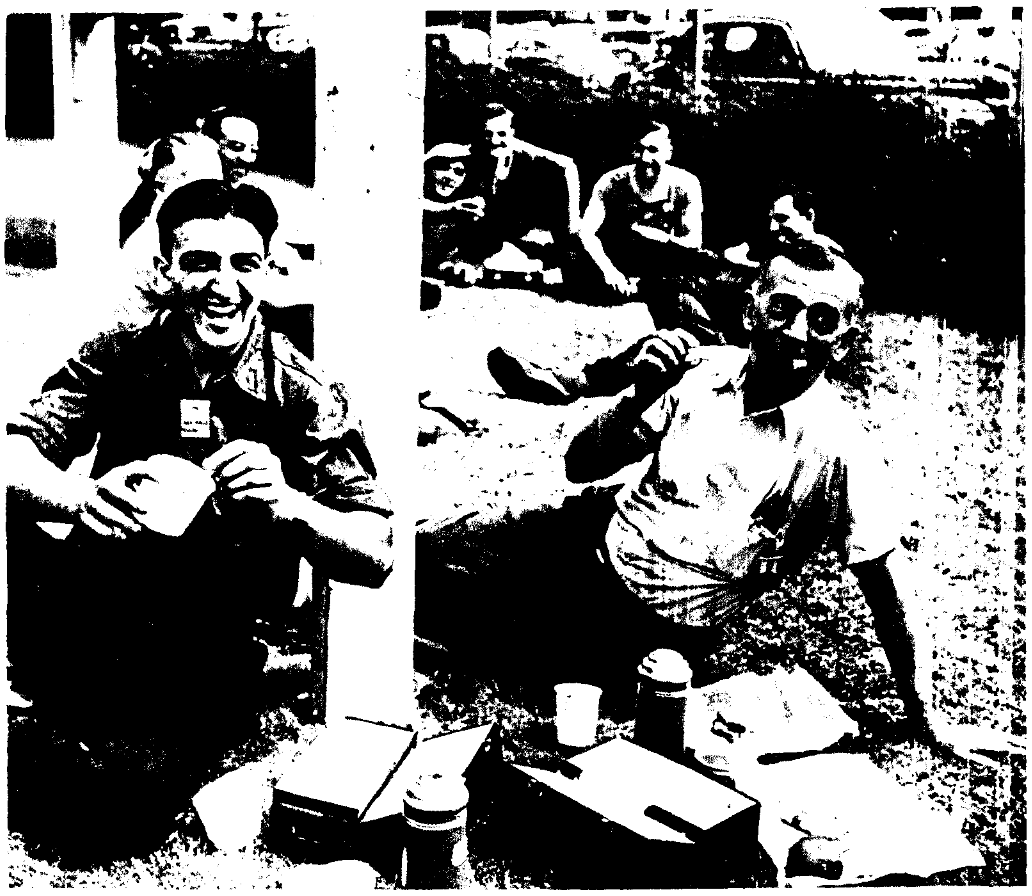


Henry Pulaski is a foreman at the Bullard plant, son Bob works under him. They even lunch together. Two other Pulaski sons work at the same plant

A Big Bite of Lunch

By Marian Stephenson

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

A SANDWICH and a pickle and a piece of cake—that's a typical lunch-box fare. Heavy on starches. Heavy on the stomach. Not so good to keep a man working well. So Bridgeport, Connecticut, where 75,000 war workers need to keep going strong, decided to do something about it.

"Pack a lunch a man can work on," became the slogan. "Soldiers, babies and athletes," the town will tell you, "have always had special attention paid to their food, and the results have been worth it. Now the war worker is getting the same break."

The whole town has gone to work, through local organizations, to make the scheme click. Nutrition experts guide the Bridgeport women in their lunch-packing job. Information centers give demonstrations and advice, hand out leaflets on nutrition. The paper publishes weekly market guides. Eleven thousand women are now packing lunches the new way, with recruits weekly.

Innovations in the working man's lunch box are salads, packed in neat paper containers, puddings ditto, raw vegetables to munch on, milk drinks, plus the usual hearty sandwiches; full quotas of vitamins and minerals as well as energy.

Try substituting their old-time sandwich-in-a-paper-bag, and the men who have tried the new-fangled lunches will yell for them back again. But they were shy at first, opening them before curious fellow workers. "Kind of fancy," and "A lot to eat," they apologized. "You're a horse," teased his pals when a man at the Bullard factory started eating raw carrots. But the new idea took hold because it tasted good. And made the men feel good.

All the men in the picture, lunching on the grass outside the Bullard plant, are now horses. Those in the background have been eating carrots, playing ball with oranges. Henry Pulaski and his son Bob, in the foreground, make no bones about enjoying their new-style lunches. Mrs. Pulaski sees they have milk every day. Bob drank his today, is now eating dessert made of eggs (for vitamins and minerals), gelatin (for energy), marschino cherry (for looks). His father has tomato juice in his cup, will also have a butterscotch pudding made with milk and eggs and nuts.

Both have had meat sandwiches on dark bread, chopped raw vegetables on enriched bread. Their carrots are rolled in chopped parsley, too full of Vitamin A to be used only as a trimming. Bob has a stalk of celery stuffed with cheese and a tomato set aside to be eaten later as snacks. His father will have a peach. Snacks are encouraged in the factory. They give a valuable pick-up.

Mrs. Pulaski has no problem thinking of foods to pack for her husband and son.

Besides her own pet recipes, she can read new ideas in the local paper. Each week one lunch packer is named Kitchen Soldier, and her recipes and menus are published.

Since there are seventeen different nationalities represented among the workers in Bridgeport, and the women like to tell about their native dishes, the town can have plenty of variety. One week the lunch packers can clip the recipe for Mrs. George Demczak's delectable Ukrainski Borsch, to be packed hot or cold in vacuum bottles. They can try her perogi, made with pot cheese, eggs and butter, bread crumbs, cinnamon, flour and a bit of sugar and salt. They can sample Mrs. Mucherino's family favorite—sandwiches made with dark, crusty Italian bread and sweet green pepper, sliced and sautéed in oil till tender. They can have Polish, Lithuanian, Hungarian, and plenty of other flavorsome dishes.

Washington got wind of the scheme, looked it over, approved. Nutritionists across the country have been writing in for details on how it works. No reason why you have to live in Bridgeport to pack—and eat—a lunch like that. ★★★

---

room without clothes on. By the time she'd put on that silk thing and her slippers, he'd probably rung a second time. She went to the door and as she opened it, the shot was fired!"

"How do you know all this?" I demanded.

"She fell backward. The body lay there."

We both stared at the bare, polished floor.

"The door downstairs had evidently been left unlocked. It was unlocked when Bessie came to work yesterday morning. Before she came upstairs, Bessie looked for the superintendent to bawl him out for his carelessness but he'd taken his family down to the seashore for the week end. The tenants of the first and second floors are away for the summer and there was no one else in the house. The houses on both sides are empty, too, at this time of year."

"The murderer may have known that," I observed.

"The door might have been left open for him. She may have been expecting a caller."

"Do you think so?"

"You knew her, Mr. Lydecker. Tell me, what kind of a dame was she, anyway?"

"She was not the sort of woman you call a dame," I retorted.

"Okay. But what was she like?"

"Look at this room. Does it reveal nothing of the person who planned and decorated it? Does it seem to you the home of a young woman who would lie to her fiancé, deceive her oldest friend and sneak off to a rendezvous with a murderer?"

For answer Mark chose the long green chair, stretched his legs on the ottoman and pulled out his pipe. His eyes traveled from the black marble fireplace in which the logs were piled ready for the first cool evening, to softly faded chintz whose deep folds shut out the glare of the hot twilight.

After a time he burst out: "I wish my sister could see this place. Since she married and went to live in Kew Gardens, she won't have kitchen matches in the parlor." His attention wandered to the bookshelves. "She had a lot of books. Did she ever read them?"

"What do you think?"

He shrugged. "You never know about women."

"Don't tell me you're a misogynist."

"I've known dames," he answered dryly.

"Ever loved one?"

"A doll in Washington Heights got a fox fur out of me. And I'm a Scotchman, Mr. Lydecker. So make what you want of it."

"Ever know one who wasn't a doll? Or a dame?"

HE WENT to the bookshelves. While he talked, his hands and eyes were concerned with a certain small volume bound in red morocco. "Sometimes I used to take my sister's girl friends out. They never talked about anything except going steady and getting married. Always wanted to take you past furniture stores to show you the parlor suites."

He snapped the cover on the red morocco volume. The shrill blast of the popcorn whistle insulted our ears, and the voices of children rose to remind us of the carnival of death in the street below. Bessie Clary, Laura's maid, had told the police that her first glimpse of the body had been a distorted reflection in the mercury glass globe on Laura's mantel. That tarnished bubble caught and held her eyes, and we saw in it fleetingly, as in a crystal ball, a vision of the inert body in the blue robe, dark blood matted in the dark hair.

"What did you want to ask me, McPherson? Why did you bring me here?"

His face had the watchfulness that comes after generations to a conquered people. The Avenger, when he comes, will wear that proud, guarded look. Another thirty seconds had passed, I dare say, before he took from her desk a spherical object covered in soiled leather.

"What's this, Mr. Lydecker?"

"Surely a man of your sporting tastes is familiar with that ecstatic toy, McPherson."

"But why did *she* keep a baseball on her desk?" He emphasized the pronoun. *She* had begun to live. Then, examining the tattered leather and loosened bindings, he asked, "Has she had it since '38?"

"I'm sure I didn't notice the precise date when this *objet d'art* was introduced into the household."

"It's autographed by Cookie Lavagetto. Was she a Dodger fan?"

"There were many facets to her character."

"Was Shelby a fan, too?"

"Will the answer to that question help you solve the murder, my dear fellow?"

He set the baseball down so that it should lie precisely where Laura had left it. "I just wanted to know. If it bothers you to answer, Mr. Lydecker..."

"No reason to get sullen," I snapped. "As a matter of fact, Shelby isn't a fan. He prefers the more aristocratic sports, tennis, riding, hunting, you know."

NEAR the door, a few feet from the spot where the body had fallen, hung Stuart Jacoby's portrait of Laura. The best feature of the painting, as they had been her best feature, was the eyes. That oblique tendency, emphasized by the sharp tilt of dark brows, gave her face that shy, fawnlike quality which had always enchanted me. Jacoby had caught the fluid sense of restlessness in the position of her body, perched on the arm of a chair, a pair of yellow gloves in one hand, a green hunter's hat in the other.

"She wasn't a bad-looking da . . ." he hesitated, smiled ruefully, "girl, was she, Mr. Lydecker?"

"That's a sentimental portrait. Jacoby was in love with her at the time."

"She had a lot of men in love with her, didn't she?"

"She was a very kind woman. Kind and generous."

"That's not what men fall for."

"She had delicacy. If she was aware of a man's shortcomings, she never showed it."

"Full of bull?"

"No, extremely honest. Her flattery was never shallow. She found the real qualities and made them important. Surface faults and affectations fell away like false friends at the approach of adversity."

He studied the portrait. "Why didn't she get married, then? Earlier, I mean?"

"She wasn't like your erstwhile fiancée, McPherson. Laura had no need for a parlor suite. Marriage wasn't her career. She had her career, she made plenty of money and there were always men to squire and admire her. Marriage could give her only one sort of completion, and she was keeping herself for that."

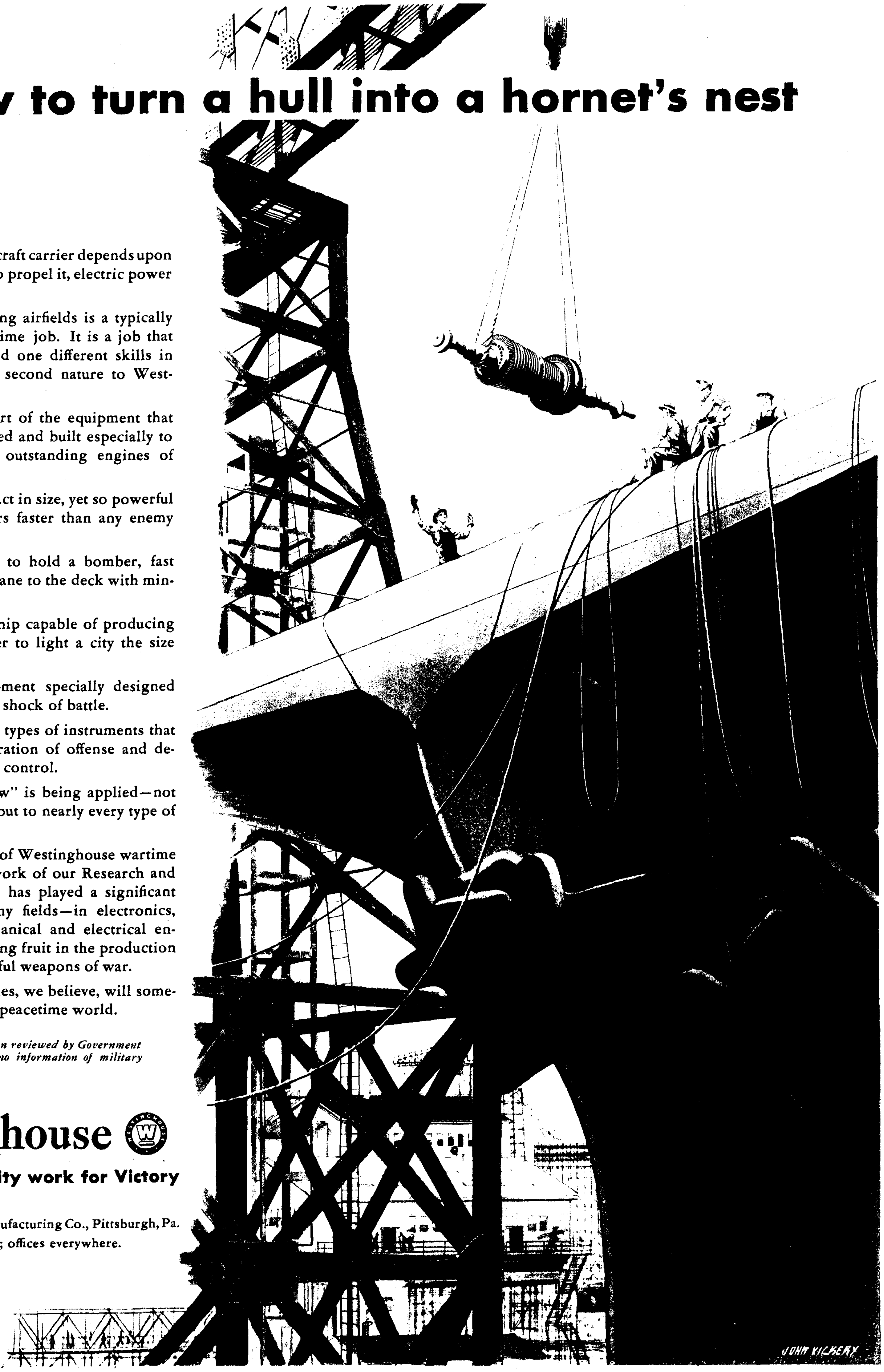
"Keeping herself busy," Mark added dryly.

"Would you have prescribed a nunnery for a woman of her temperament? She had a man's job and a man's worries. Knitting wasn't one of her talents. Who are you to judge her?"

"Keep your shirt on," Mark said. "I didn't make any comments."

Dusk had descended. I switched on the lamp. In that swift transition from dusk to illumination, I caught a glimpse of darker, more impenetrable mystery. Here was no simple police department

How to turn a hull into a hornet's nest



THE EFFICIENCY of an aircraft carrier depends upon power—steam power to propel it, electric power to operate it.

Powering these sea-going airfields is a typically *Westinghouse* kind of wartime job. It is a job that calls for the thousand and one different skills in things electrical that are second nature to Westinghouse.

Here is just a small part of the equipment that Westinghouse has designed and built especially to make American carriers outstanding engines of destruction:

★ Steam turbines, compact in size, yet so powerful they drive our carriers faster than any enemy carrier afloat.

★ Elevators big enough to hold a bomber, fast enough to deliver a plane to the deck with minimum delay.

★ Generators on each ship capable of producing enough electric power to light a city the size of Seattle.

★ Intricate radio equipment specially designed to stand up under the shock of battle.

★ Hundreds of different types of instruments that put nearly every operation of offense and defense under finger-tip control.

Westinghouse "know how" is being applied—not only to aircraft carriers—but to nearly every type of ship in our Navy.

In this, as in all phases of Westinghouse wartime activity, the long-range work of our Research and Engineering Laboratories has played a significant part. Discoveries in many fields—in electronics, physics, chemistry, mechanical and electrical engineering—are now bearing fruit in the production of better and more powerful weapons of war.

Many of these discoveries, we believe, will someday help to make a better peacetime world.

This advertisement has been reviewed by Government authorities and contains no information of military value to the enemy.

Westinghouse

. . . making Electricity work for Victory

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Plants in 25 cities; offices everywhere.

Never give a toilet germ an even break

Unsanitary ... wls cc ... ilet g ... nd ea ... h- ou ... 'se Sa ... ve fil ... of to ... y clea ... s the diat ing Flu the all ing

That goes for Hitler, too!

This was originally an advertisement for Sani-Flush. But here's something more important than that:

Your country urgently needs scrap metal for war materials. Collect yours for the local Salvage Committee, community scrap pile or junk man. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

GET IN THE SCRAP!

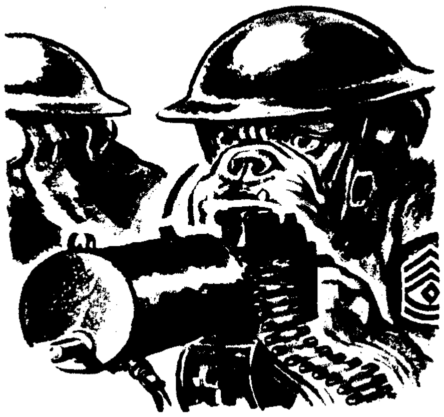
Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls

Sani-Flush

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

A hot welcome for worms!



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

Worms are every dog's worst enemy. They soften him up for diseases, spoil his disposition and usefulness.

We're on watch to spot worms. We give 'em the works—with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (Puppy Capsules for pups, small dogs). That's the *sure* way to wipe 'em out! Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) help build the patient back to health.

Keep your dog in top condition with famous Sergeant's Medicines. At drug and pet stores—and a *free* Dog Book.

FREE
SERGEANT'S, Dept. 2-K, Richmond, Va.
Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

investigation. In such inconsistent trifles as an ancient baseball, a worn Gulliver, he sought clues, not to the passing riddle of a murder, but to the eternally enigmatic nature of woman. This was a search no man could make with his eyes alone; the heart must also be engaged.

"Too late, my friend," I said jocosely. "The final suitor has rung her doorbell."

With a gesture whose fierceness betrayed the zeal with which his heart was guarded, he snatched up some odds and ends piled on Laura's desk, her address and engagement book, letters and bills bound by a rubber band, unopened bank statements, checkbooks, an old diary and a photograph album.

"Come on," he snapped. "I'm hungry. Let's get out of this dump."

"WE'VE discovered certain clues but we are not ready to make a statement."

The reporters found Mark dignified, formal and somewhat aloof that Monday morning. He felt a new importance in himself as if his life had taken on new meaning. The pursuit of individual crime had ceased to be trivial. Laura filled his mind. Through her address and engagement books, bank statements, bills, check stubs and correspondence, he had perceived the richness of her life, but also the profligacy.

Mark had discovered the best of life in a gray-walled hospital room and had spent the years that followed asking himself timorously whether loneliness must be the inevitable companion of appreciation. This summing up of Laura's life answered his question, but the answer failed to satisfy the demands of his stern upbringing. He learned, as he read her letters, balanced her unbalanced accounts, added the sums of unpaid bills, that while the connoisseur of living is not lonely, the price is high. To support the richness of life, she had worked until she was too tired to approach her wedding day with joy or *freedom.*

The snapshot album was filled with portraits of Shelby Carpenter. In a single summer Laura had fallen victim to the candid camera and Shelby's charms. Mark pondered the portrait of Shelby, the hunter, surrounded by dead ducks.

Surely the reader must, by this time, be questioning the impertinence of a reporter who records unseen actions as nonchalantly as if he had been hiding in Mark's office behind a framed photograph of the New York Police Department Baseball Team, 1912. But I would take oath, and in that very room where they keep the sphygmomanometer, that a good third of this was told me and a richer two thirds intimated on that very Monday afternoon when, returning from a short journey to the barber's, I found Mark waiting in my apartment. For the second time I discovered him in my drawing room, his hands stretched toward the shelf upon which I keep my favorite glass and porcelain. I cleared my throat before entering. He turned with a rueful smile.

"To what kind whim of fate do I owe this unexpected visit?" I asked.

"I happened to be passing by."

My spirits rose. This casual visit was not without a certain warm note of flattery. Yesterday's disapproval had melted like an ice cube surprised by a shower of hot coffee. But even as I hastened to fetch whisky for my guest, I cautioned myself against an injudicious display of enthusiasm. Whereas a detective may be a unique and even trustworthy friend, one must always remember that he has made a profession of curiosity.

"Does Shelby Carpenter know anything about music?" he asked as we drank a small toast to the solution of the mystery.

"He talks a music-lover's patter, but his information is shallow. You'll probably find him raising ecstatic eyes to heaven at the name of Beethoven and shuddering piously if anyone mentions Ethelbert Nevin."

"Would he know the difference," Mark consulted his notebook, "between Finlandia by Si-bee-lee-us and Toccata and Fugue by Johann Sebastian Bach?"

"Anyone who can't distinguish between Sibelius and Bach, my dear fellow, is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

"I'm a cluck when it comes to music. Duke Ellington's my soup." He offered a sheet from his notebook. "This is what Carpenter told me they were playing on Friday night. This is what they played."

I drew a sharp breath.

"It shoots his alibi as full of holes as a mosquito net. But it still doesn't prove he murdered her," Mark reminded me with righteous sharpness.

I poured him another drink. "Come now, you haven't told me what you think of Shelby Carpenter."

"It's a shame he isn't a cop."

I cast discretion to the wind. Clapping him on the shoulder, I cried zestfully, "My dear lad, you are precious! A cop! The flower of old Kentucky! Mah deah suh, the ghosts of a legion of Confederate colonels rise up to haunt you. Old Missy is whirling in her grave. Come, another drink on that, my astute young Hawkshaw!"

"There are a lot of people who haven't got the brains for their college educations." Mark's comment, while uttered honestly, was tinged faintly with the verdigris of envy. "The trouble is that they've been brought up with ideas of class. There are plenty of fellows in fancy offices who'd be a lot happier working in filling stations."

"I've seen many of them break under the strain of intelligence," I agreed. "Hundreds have been committed for life to the cocktail bars of Madison Avenue. I dare say Shelby looks down with no little condescension upon your profession."

"The *only* thing *that worries me, Mr.* Lydecker, is that I can't place the guy. I've seen that face before. But where and when? Usually I'm a fool for faces. I can give you names and dates and the places I've seen them." His jaw shot forward and his lips pressed themselves into the tight mold of determination.

I laughed with secret tolerance as he gave me what he considered an objective picture of his visit to the offices of Rose, Rowe & Sanders, advertising counselors. The executives aroused no respect in his savage breast. It pleased him more to discover honest mourning among her fellow workers than to hear her employers' high estimate of Laura's character and talents. Anyone who was smart, he opined, could please the boss, but it took the real stuff for a girl in a high-class job to be popular with the help.

"So you think Laura had the real stuff?"

He affected deafness. I studied his face but caught no shadow of conflict. It was not until several hours later that I reviewed the conversation and reflected upon the fact that he was shaping Laura's character to fit his attitudes precisely in the manner of a young man enamored of a living woman. My mind was clear and penetrating at the time, for it was midnight, the hour at which I am most brave and most free. Since I learned some years ago that the terrors of insomnia could be overcome by a half-hour's brisk walk, I have not once allowed lassitude, weather, or the sorry events of a disappointing day to interfere with this nocturnal practice. By habit I chose a street which had become important to me since she moved into that apartment.

Naturally I was shocked to see a light burning in the house of the dead; but after a moment's reflection, I knew that a young man who had once scorned overtime had given his heart to a job.

LAURA'S funeral occurred on Tuesday afternoon in the exclusive mortuary chapel owned by W. W. Heatherstone & Son. Laura Hunt's friends, no less than the curious strangers who thronged the place, were animated by morbid curiosity. Her friends had loved Laura and had been desolate at her passing, but they would have been less than human had they failed to enjoy the excitement. Like Mark, who watched the ritual from the choir loft, they hoped that the murderer might be there and might, by some careless gesture, betray himself. Eyes that should have been downcast in grief were sliding this way and that in the hope of perceiving the flushed countenance, the guilty gesture that would enable lips, later, to boast, "I knew it the moment I saw that sly face and noted the way he rubbed his hands together during the Twenty-third Psalm."

She lay in a coffin covered in white silk. Pale ringless hands had been folded against the lavender-tinted white *moiré of her favorite evening gown.* A arrangement of gardenias, draped like a confirmation veil, covered the ruined face. After the service, Heatherstone attendants wheeled the casket into a private chamber from which it was later transferred to the crematorium.

It is from the lush sentimentality of the newspaper versions that I prune this brief account of the obsequies. I do not attend funerals.

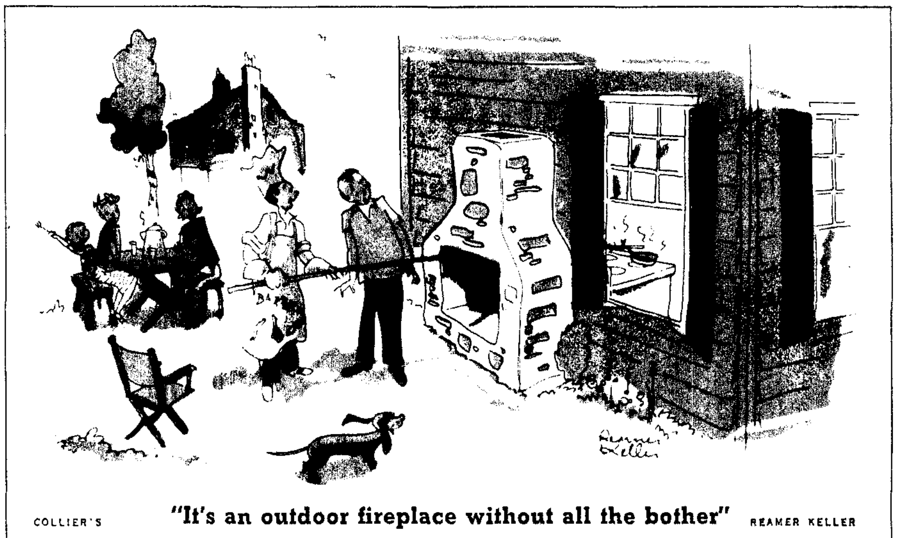
As Mark descended from the choir loft and joined the slowly moving mass, he noted a hand, gloved in black, signaling him. Bessie Clary pushed her way through the crowd.

"I got something to tell you, Mr. McPherson."

He took her arm. "Shall we go upstairs where it's quiet or does this place depress you?"

"If you wouldn't mind, we could go back to the flat," Bessie said. "It's up there, what I got to show you."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "It's an outdoor fireplace without all the bother" REAMER KELLER

Tough Customer

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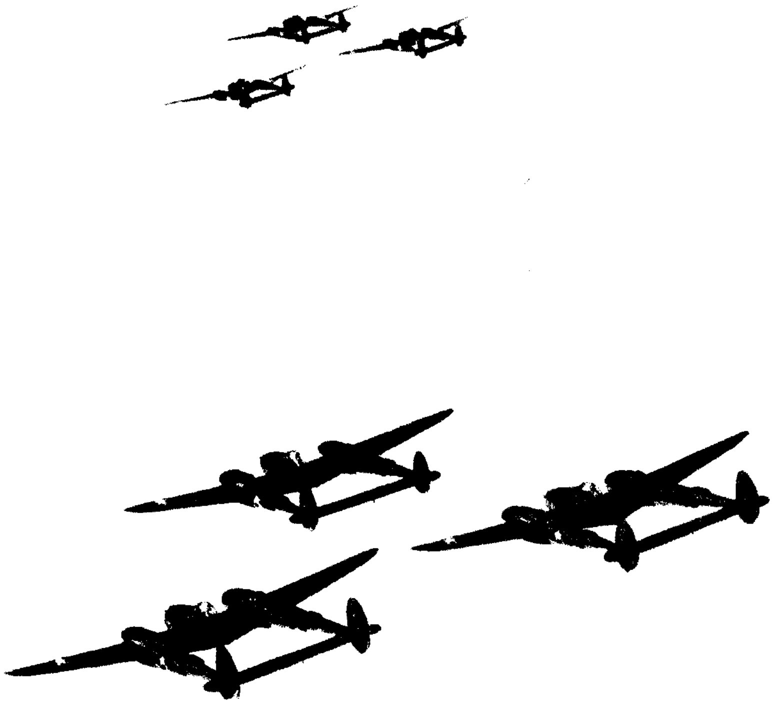
That's the kind of firepower that makes a warplane a tough customer. That's the kind of firepower a Lockheed P-38 "Lightning" has...concentrated firepower that's designed in—not added on.

And it's firepower that is *always* concentrated...from muzzles to target, at any range...because it comes slamming from the nose of that unobstructed center cockpit. It's a battle-axe of lead and explosives that can slice off a Messerschmitt wing, or blast a Jap Zero to bits...and it's another reason why a 'plane christened "Interceptor Pursuit" in defense-minded days fits so well its new official air force title, "Fighter"! Lockheed Aircraft Corporation...Vega Aircraft Corporation...Burbank, California



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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Collier's, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1942. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Collier's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and treasurer are: Publisher, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, Easton, Md.; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.; E. T. Sanders, Jersey City, N. J.; Flora E. Whiting, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—— (This information is required from daily publications only.) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of September, 1942. (Seal.) Michael J. Ducey. (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)

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Air Power Did It

Continued from page 13

Delta where he could resume his favorite kind of military football. He might have reached the flat, broad, green cool plains of the Delta had he been able to bring up water, food, fuel and reinforcements in men and weapons. It was precisely that which air power prevented sufficiently to halt Rommel, and the Axis wave crashed against the El Alamein line and broke. Just when geography forced Rommel to revert to straight football, his opponent took to the air.

That he was halted in July doesn't mean that Rommel is beaten. Egypt was saved, but Egypt and the Middle East won't be safe until Rommel is driven out, and his armies and those of the Italians are destroyed. Air power stopped him in July and air power can help to defeat him. Of all the air weapons employed in halting him, the swellest is one which may be paramount in an eventual total defeat of the Afrika Korps and its Italian drones. One was outstanding.

Wonder Ship of the War

This was the B-24, wonder ship of this war, despite those R.A.F. enthusiasts who insist that the Wellingtons and Halifaxes are the finest things on wings, in spite of the Yanks who will tell you heatedly that there's nothing in the world to compare with North American's B-25s.

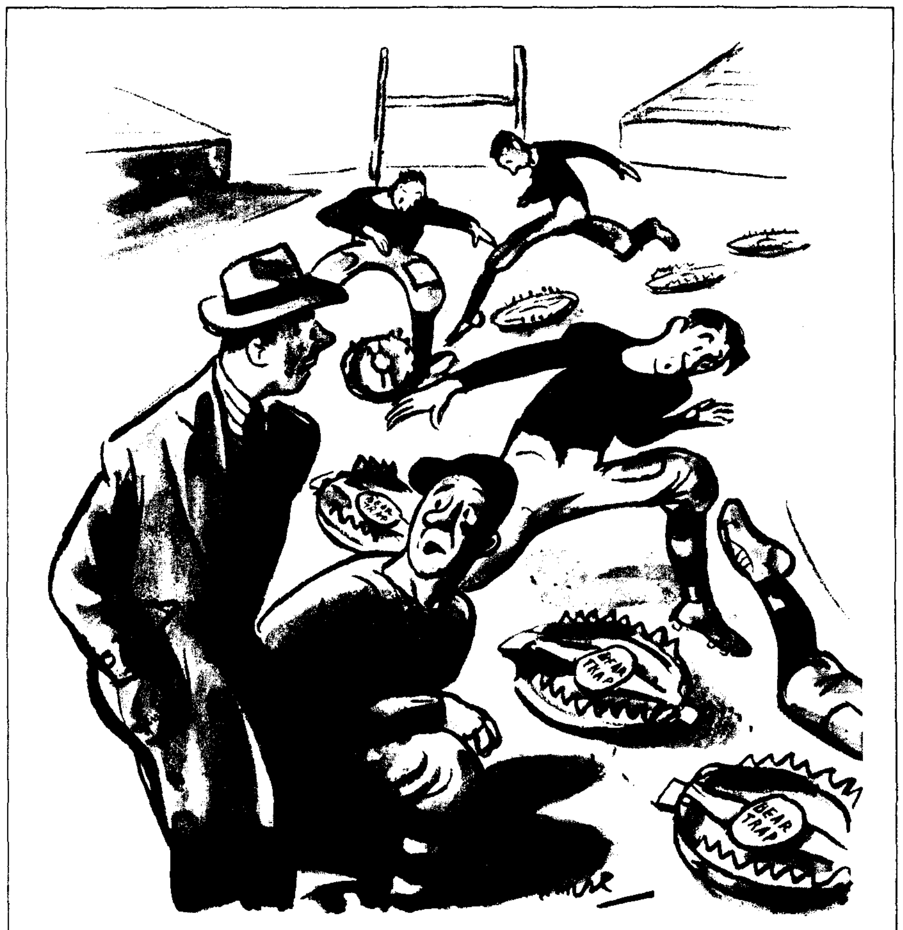
I flew in one of the B-24s the other night on a raid on Tobruk. It was an R.A.F. raid, so we will have to call the ship a Liberator. I watched them dump censorable thousands of pounds of bombs from our ship onto specific targets in what has become the main entry port for reinforcements for the Afrika Korps. It was all as unromantically routine as an overnight airplane ride from New York to Duluth, minus some of its comforts but not many. And because of the flying characteristics of this particular airplane I was just about as safe. Yanks out here call the Tobruk run the milk route. In R.A.F. language, when you bomb Tobruk you call it "Doing TB."

The Liberator's name was Kathleen and I learned about air power from her, as I learned much about flying and human courage and what goes on inside the mind of a bomber pilot from the Irishman who piloted Kathleen that night. His name is Terry and he comes from Armagh. They call him "Terrible Terry" or "Butch" because he has China blue eyes and a frankly handsome face that is completely unconscious of its manly beauty, a face that smiles without smiling. We met in the briefing room at a certain squadron base in the desert.

It was good to be in that briefing room. I had just come from South Africa. The war made plenty of sense where Terry and other pilots, navigators, gunners and radiomen listened with composed excitement to the flight instructions from their wing commander. The skipper diagrammed for them their order of take-off, their course, their separate targets, poking a pointer at them on the huge intelligence map chalked on the blackboard. Those R.A.F. men—some of those few who have done so much for so many—seemed to have a collective single-mindedness of purpose which was like a healthy tonic after the political, economic, and ideological arguments I had had in Johannesburg.

Terry fixed me up with a parachute, a Mae West, warm clothing, a helmet and an oxygen mask. "You'll need that one," he said when he handed me the last piece of equipment—a box containing two bars of chocolate, a thermos flask filled with hot tea, a package of dry biscuits and several packets of gum. "We'll be gone a long time," he added.

We loafed in the mess, dozed until



"If those don't teach them broken-field running nothing will"

COLLIER'S GEORGE SHELLHASE

LYRICAL LAMENT

THE boys at North Carolina's Camp Davis want to know why dance-band leaders have to lean so heavily on such numbers as Do You Miss Me Tonight?; Miss You; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now? and Don't Sit Under the Apple (or any other) Tree with the Butcher (or any other) Boy. "The music is swell," the soldiers moan, "but the constant repetition of the titles only weakens our faith in our girl friends. How's for making with some other theme?"

dinner, after which we quit stooging about and came awake. Talk subsided gradually to a minimum of strictly essential words. Some of the veterans tried weakly to kid us about where we'd like our mail sent in case we didn't come back, but nobody laughed much.

Then one of the boys, an Aussie, asked seriously, "Why in heaven's name do you want to go on one of these rides?"

I said I was "just curious," but our eyes met, and he seemed to understand okay because nothing further was said.

Trucks carried us to our separate ships. We found Kathleen waiting for us, the dim light from her open belly showing on the ground. Members of the crew and the ground staff were making last-minute checks on armament, equipment and instruments. After what seemed to be an interminable wait, Terry said I'd better get aboard. Everything happened quickly after that. We took our places aboard ship in a blue-black darkness. The only light was a faint glow on the instrument panel and blurred blotches of luminous dials.

Take-off for Tobruk

Terry warmed up Kathleen's big horsepower plant. Four motors at full throttle made the ship vibrate. They sang with power loudly and healthily, and I thought with pride, "We made this ship." Terry released the Lib's brake and the ship moved forward, swung into position on the runway and, with a deafening roar we were in the air.

I must have slept for an hour or two. I had been conscious of an indescribable noise, darkness, the faint smell of lubricating oil and gasoline and the definite smell of bakelite and electrical instruments. We had taken off long before moonrise, and the next thing I remember was the sudden impact of noise and the clearly defined silhouettes up forward of Terry and his co-pilot Jack. There was starlight and the moon was an orange disk, hanging low on the horizon. Terry's authoritative voice was saying over the intercommunicating telephone receivers in my helmet, "Will American passenger please put on his oxygen mask. We are at nine thousand feet and climbing. Please reply, Mr. American."

I switched on the mike that lay on my chest and said, "Okay, pal."

Terry said, "Attaboy, Frank. It won't be long now."

It must have been hours later—though they seem like minutes now—flashes of time filled with small, penetrating fears that the ack-ack might get us, that we might be intercepted by a German night fighter, that somehow I might betray these fears to the calm, quiet, efficient men about me—when I heard the navigator's voice over the intercom saying, "Captain—navigator here—we're nearing target, sir—there's flak up ahead."

Terry said, "Okay—Gunner Jones—Gunner Jones," and when the gunner answered with an eager "Yes, sir," Terry ordered him and the others in turn to test their armament. There were short bursts from many points on the ship in turn. I saw several shells from our heavier guns burst brightly against the sky ahead of us above the pilot's hood.

The wireless operator sat across the narrow aisle from me, a Wellsian figure in helmet, parachute harness and Mae West before the dim blue-green light over his apparatus, which by the way was a marvel of simplicity. I sat in a comfortable chair behind the pilot in the flight deck.

By raising myself between Terry and Jack, I could see bright orange bursts of flak ahead over Tobruk—bursts that were like short-lived poppies that bloomed and died in fractions of seconds. I thought I smelled cordite. I thought I felt Kathleen bouncing about in the air roughened by explosions.

Then again, Terry's calm voice: "Will one of the gunners come forward, please, and conduct our American passenger to the bomb bay, where he can observe the effects of bombing. Other ships ahead of us are on target. I can see their bursts—"

Another Wellsian figure grabbed my wrist and led me aft through bomb racks. It was a tight squeeze between the stanchions that held tons of death, with my cumbersome chute and equipment, and suddenly I was in a world filled with more noise than I had believed engines and machinery could make.

Here in the bomb bay, there was only a thin skin of metal between us and the chaos that the engines and the explosions of ack-ack shells made. And there was a roar of air on our hull. I adjusted my oxygen mask and plugged in my intercommunicating phone in time to catch the voice of the navigator, "Shall I open the doors of bomb bay, sir?" And Terry's voice replying, "Okay."

There was a whir of motors, a low angry sort of whir, and then the blast of an air current that tore upward into the big ship's innards. I opened the bulkhead door and watched the bombs leave their racks and saw distant bursts. I counted them but I can't tell you how many I saw. They made thick rings below, that glowed momentarily like huge, hollow-centered blobs of hot coals or incandescent lava. There were other Libs over Tobruk that night, and flights of Halifaxes, and those glowing round blobs with dark centers were many.

I had been in Tobruk, on the receiving end of enemy bombs. I am not ashamed to admit that I watched those bursts with a certain sense of satisfaction.

Planes That Come Back

But what I thought or felt or what that calm, cool little Irishman up forward thought or felt isn't important. What is more important is that Kathleen behaved beautifully. I needn't have worried about flak hitting us. She kept us high and secure above its hot steel. She flew us at such speed that the ack-ack couldn't find us and follow us rapidly enough. She was on her target and off it too quickly despite her 110-foot wing span, her 64 feet of length, her 18 feet of thickness. Her four Pratt-Whitney supercharged engines could howl along at a speed almost too fast for night fighters to catch Kathleen's sixty thousand pounds of utilitarian beauty. Men who go out in ships like Kathleen know they're going to get there and come back.

We were headed eastward—toward home, and the dawn. Now there was danger only of interception. For this, Kathleen was ready. Enemy interceptors would have received blasts of lead and steel from every conceivable part

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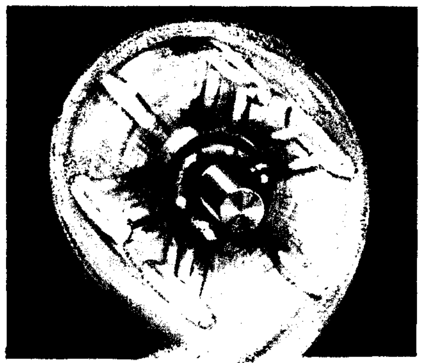

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KOLYNOS
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KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER

IT'S GOOD TO YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT'S SUPERFINE!

of the big ship. Everybody relaxed. I slept. I must have slept a long time for when I awakened there was a sharp light. We were flying low, and the Mediterranean was cool below us.

Terry said, "I didn't have the heart to waken you, but you missed a magnificent sunrise."

We poured tea and shouted pleasantries at one another. It was hot. I got out of my chute, harness and Mae West and looked out of the window of the co-pilot's seat. Jack had moved over to Terry's place. He grinned good morning at me and very soon we were flying over ocher sand that rippled endlessly from the blue rim of sea toward the horizon. Then patches of green and figures looking up from their work to wave at us—Liberators.

Later that morning, we sat around and talked of bombing and bombers and of their role in war. There is an easy, democratic atmosphere in R.A.F. messes which you don't find where old school ties and cast and class too frequently determine officers' aloofness, one from the other. In R.A.F. messes, rank doesn't matter so much and talks are free, easy and natural. They said much about what was in their minds about bombing and here is the gist of it.

The Role of Bombers

I have boiled it all down as comprehensively and compactly as I can. The great value of what these men have to say lies in the fact that it comes from men who have fought three years in the air, who have saved England—who have averted disaster in Egypt. These are the men who might have long ago won this war for us, had they and their machines been on other battlefields in sufficient numbers.

First of all, they've got faith in themselves and their machines. They know the bomber is a good weapon. They disagree with those traditionalists who say that aviation can't win battles. They don't argue that air power is everything; they merely put air power in its proper relation to the war.

They recognize that the bomber is a brand-new weapon. Used with imagination, there is almost no limit to what it can accomplish. None of the airmen with whom I talked were silly enough to say that the bomber alone can win the war. But they did insist that the power of warships at sea is limited unless supported by air power and that the strength of land armies is directly proportionate to the strength of the air force overhead.

So far, the bomber is the only weapon developed by the Allies which overwhelmingly excels anything that the enemy has produced. In bombers, we've got the enemy licked. Our so-called Boston mediums and Liberator heavies outclass anything the enemy has or immediately can put into the air.

One of the lessons the last campaigns taught the Allies was that we've still got a long way to go toward producing a really great fighter plane. Despite all the soft-soap propaganda to the contrary, our Kittyhawks and Tomahawks aren't exactly the world's greatest fighters. Above twenty thousand feet, they're inferior to the enemy's 109s and 110s. The enemy's fighters are good up to thirty-two thousand feet, and it is no longer a secret now that, in that part of the sky between twenty and thirty-two thousand feet, we had few Spitfires in the last campaign.

That brings us to another evil which must be corrected before we can maintain our supremacy in the air over Egypt, and over the Mediterranean, and therefore before the Middle East can be considered secure.

The Middle East desperately needs spare parts, desperately needs mechanics and technicians—mechanics who are willing to work with their hands elbow deep in grime and grease. That's one of the greatest contributions America can make to the Allied war effort in the Middle East—to supply such men. One of the Middle East's great weaknesses has been the fact that, of the total planes available here, all have not been, by any means, in fighting condition.

Recently an American politician came here and told us and the world at large that the war was practically over. But fliers themselves and their officers, high and low, see things as they are. They are the ones who risk their necks doing a job every day. They listen patiently to the traditionalists who still insist battles are won "by cold steel." These same traditionalists point to the fact that the Germans run from cold steel, avoid man-to-man bayonet combat, as proof of the British army's superiority on land. This makes fliers and more imaginative people generally smile or laugh out loud.

"Sure, the Germans don't like cold steel," said an Australian. "Who does? So the Germans keep away from cold steel!"

But if bombing—someone else put in—is hard enough and sustained over long periods, concentrated against the enemy's planes, tanks and other weapons and particularly against his supply system, then traditionalists can talk about cold steel. Once the bombing has reduced the enemy's power in the battlefield, it is purely an exercise in elementary military tactics to overcome him with the bayonets that the traditionalists insist on, although tanks, armored cars and artillery would be better.

Bombings are only a part of air strategy. Even the most sanguine of bomber pilots with whom I talked through that morning and most of the afternoon admitted this. Fighters of various categories, each designed to do a specific job with light bombers and medium bombers, all have their roles to play. Fast reconnaissance planes provide intelligence for successful air attack. We've got some so fast we hear that the enemy can't find them in the air, and that pilots will take years before they can amass a decent number of hours in the air because they are so swift that pilots aren't aloft very long each trip. By the way, the pilots wish somebody would send some of those fancy-pants rekky planes here where they're badly needed.

The Knockout Wallop

But it's the bomber that represents heavy artillery, the crushing blow, the knockout wallop. Enough bombers in time will crush Rommel as they will crush the enemy on whatever front we fight him. So far we've never had enough bombers—or enough of any other kind of plane in the Middle East—to do the job properly. Maybe you have read somewhere about our air superiority out here. In those desperate days that ended at El Alamein we were outnumbered two to one. My authority for that is the Royal Air Force journal for July 11, 1942. But there are increasing signs that both in Washington and London there is a growing recognition not only of the importance of air power but also of the importance of the Middle East as a battlefield. But the Middle East still needs more bombers like Kathleen, and better ones when they are made. They saved Egypt, those bombers—they can save the world. Our tough, touchy guys in khaki can resent the fact that the R.A.F. calls ships like Kathleen, Liberator instead of B-24, but no ship was ever better named Liberator.

THE END

SHERMAN REVISED

By Luther B. Davis

IN THE beginning, war is like a Marlene Dietrich movie: it's new uniforms and secret orders and transatlantic aircraft and not telling your grandmother where you're going but hoping everybody else can guess; it's a nice warm feeling of being on the inside and a severe discussion with your own conscience about whether or not to buy a swagger stick or grow a mustache.

Then war subtly changes to the first summer you spent at boys' camp or the first few weeks at boarding school and it's just a dreary business of talking to people you don't know very well who come from a different kind of life and don't understand your jokes. It's learning to laugh at different things and use the swear words you used least without abandoning those you used most. It's learning to smile a superior smile about everybody who could conceivably be called a brass hat, and then, for lots of us, it's learning the strange fact that you're a brass hat yourself.

In the Libyan mess it's a long battle with dust and sand and with your own respirator. It's waking up every morning dry from the back of your throat to the front of your shins and knowing there won't be nearly enough water to change that, and that the feeling will get worse as the day goes on.

It's waiting in a kind of suspended animation for lice to appear in your clothes and when they do you sigh and relax and consider yourself "in." It's pitying the poor guys who drive the tanks and can't touch the steel with their bare hands because it's so hot.

It's having long discussions about whether it's better to lie down in a slit trench and avoid concussion shock and take a chance on being buried alive, or whether those who stay upright and just kind of lean forward are wiser. Perhaps they may get killed, but they won't be buried.

It's watching Aussies go over the top behind tanks, with pains in their backs which they get from not having enough water to drink to make up for the loss through perspiration, and most of them just bite their lips and maybe get one shot of morphine if there's a doctor handy. But they go on and fight anyway because it's hardly any more comfortable lying down in the sun or in a hot ambulance, and what they have isn't deadly enough for them to want to be evacuated.

Sometimes it's guys who hate the Germans so horribly it makes your belly jump and sometimes it's guys who don't seem to dislike them much at all, but kind of tolerate them the way some people do mice or insects, with a shrug and the comment, "There must be some reason for them."

It's rumors that we've got wonderful new secret weapons coming out from Cairo as soon as they get enough lorries together, and rumors that the Jerries or Eye-ties have a secret weapon which was tried out "just down the line" and is about to be used on you.

It's running out of the antidim preparation to keep your dust goggles from fogging and not wanting to bum any because it's valuable, and finally swallowing your pride because your eyes are thick with sand under the eyelids and borrowing it from a sergeant who shows you how to spit in it to make it last longer.

But in China it's much different because the Chinese do all the fighting and they don't seem to mind it. It's wondering at the Chinese all the time. It's almost having your car knocked off a narrow road because a Chinese truck driver wouldn't get all the way over on his side—after all if he gave you half the road then you'd have as much as he and he'd have lost face. It's listening to their painful silence when they're hurt.

It's the amazingly canny camouflage against air attack which the Chinese know how to manage, mingled with their naive belief that a two-and-a-half-ton truck can, of course, carry all the weight there's room for.

But in India it's battling the dhobie itch and the (censored) belly and the (censored) crawls and drinking paregoric and bismuth. Then it's very pukka for a while, and only cold baths and fair service and large meals and chi-chi dinners with the British and fittings with your tailor and knowing that this isn't war or peace or anything. But only for a while.

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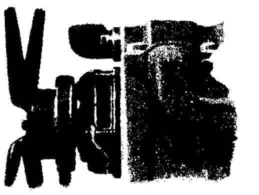
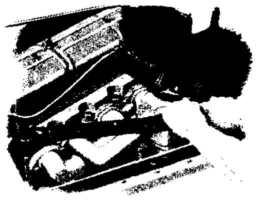
2. CHECK HOSE CONNECTIONS. Be sure all hose is tight to prevent anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should replace rotted hose, if possible, so worn particles won't clog radiator or thermostat. Make sure the thermostat is working properly.

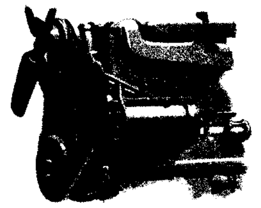


3. EXAMINE THE WATER PUMP. Water pumps should be tight to prevent leakage of anti-freeze and air suction. Leaks in pump frequently develop along propeller shaft. Have dealer check pump and repair worn or faulty parts.



4. TIGHTEN CYLINDER BOLTS. Looseness of the head bolts and expansion plugs on the cylinder block often causes anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should use a tension wrench to make sure that all the head bolts are equally tight.

5. CHECK THE HEATER. The feed lines should drain without any high points to trap air. When the cooling system has been refilled, start the engine and open the valve at the top of the heater to remove all air pockets.



6. SEE THAT THE FAN and belt work properly. If the fan belt is worn or slipping, it should be taken up. If it's too badly worn, get a new one, if possible. Also, make sure there are no loose, bent or broken blades on the fan.

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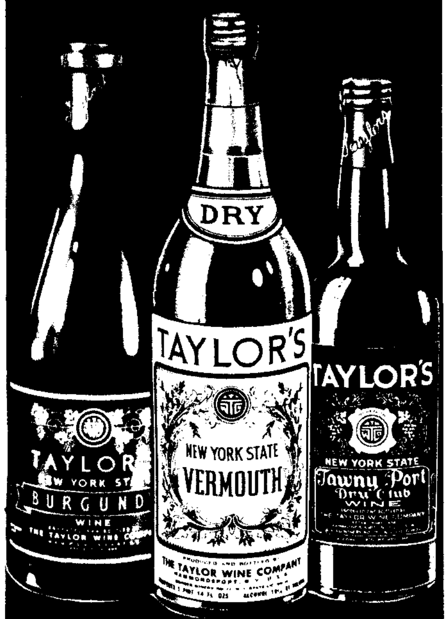

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LEAVES from the TABLE of

An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 64

gangplank, but Larry had come across another gangplank, helped by friendly hands, and was close beside her when she heard his voice. Her heart choked her. She put her arms about him, and clumsily managing a single crutch he stooped sidewise, his kiss touching her temple.

"Gosh, I am glad to see you!"

He looked haggard and thin, but his hair was brushed to shining wetness and his aviator's cap rode it jauntily.

"Larry, are you starving? It's almost seven!"

"Starving? No! They fed us an hour ago."

"Would you let this boy of mine shake your hand?" This was Mrs. Neville. Larry had to do some shifting of his arms and crutch to get the right hand free and Loveday put out a hand to support him.

"Goodby, Larry," a woman with two small children crowding against her said, drawing herself away from an older woman who had welcomed her.

"This is my wife, Mrs. Golden," Larry said. There were other introductions, greetings, partings. Loveday heard the words "hero" and "proud of you" over and over.

She and Larry walked slowly down the long pier; flashlights flickered; newspapermen bent their heads toward hers, asking questions; they knew who Larry was, who she was. Bulbs flashed; just one more, just one more. A crowd gathered, watching, coming to realize who the tall man with the crutch was. Larry grinned as he acknowledged hand-clapping, shouted praise. But at last they were out on the Embarcadero, still walking between rope barriers, and had found her car, and she was at the wheel.

"You're free, Larry?"

"Discharged. Yep; they've done all they can for me."

"Then we can go home?"

"You bet your life we can go home."

From the great sigh he gave as he lowered himself and his crutch clumsily into place beside her, she knew what the three-hundred-foot walk had cost him; she gave his drawn face a quick compassionate glance before starting to drive slowly away amid the confusion of cars and people, police, ambulances, boys shouting the morning papers.

THE city streets, the ferries and the massed shipping on the water front faded away behind them; they passed the big railroad terminal and the little canal bridges and climbed the long slope to the turn where the Bayshore Highway began. Talk was erratic between them—trivial things, vital things jumbled together; pauses which both ended at once; the shy beginnings of affectionate overtures.

"You were awfully good to come all the way in and take all that fuss, Loveday. I could have hopped a bus."

"Imagine me doing anything else! 'Hopped a bus,' when all Indian Hill is waiting for the hero!"

"Where d'you get that stuff!" His tone was scornful, but she knew he was pleased.

"Well, you should have seen the paper Monday night. I've saved several copies, one each for the twins and Owen. I sent one to your mother, but the Bakersfield paper had the whole thing, too. Had more, in fact; pictures of you on the high-school football squad and all that."

"For Pete's sake!"

"They're all perfectly hysterical over it, Larry. There's a triumphal arch over North Palo Verde Street, and they're having a reception in the high-school assembly room next week. I'm to telephone from Redwood City today so that they'll blow the whistles and ring the bells and let all the kids out of school before we get there, and if you can't get out of the car Sam Dowd and the Rippey boys are going to shove the top down and make you take bows anyway. Truly!"

"No kidding?" Larry asked, with an appalled face.

"No; seriously. Too much for you?" Loveday asked the question anxiously. "You're tired!" she said.

"I'm excited. But not tired, no. But, gee," he said bashfully, "what are they pulling all these monkeyshines for? No; I'm not tired. All I've done for nine days is lie around in the sun. I was pretty darn' sick when they shoved me on board; I didn't know whether I could make it or not, and I didn't much care. But I'm fine now."

A PAUSE. Then he asked, "How's money? I've got some coming."

"Money's fine. We don't get much but we don't need much. Oh, and Larry, I must tell you all this some time, but everything's so jumbled now. You know I wrote you that Grandfather's fortune turned out to be a lot of old letters? You had that?"

"Didn't get it. I only had one from you before Pearl Harbor."

"I think this was mailed before, I'm not sure. It had pictures of the girls and Owen in it. But it didn't get there? Well, anyway," she hurried on, "Hugh ran this poor nurse of ours to earth—Delia Dillon. She's married, she's had two children, she's been living peacefully in Portland for years, but she's still scared of this poor wandering idiot Al Harris, who bullied her about knowing something of Grandfather's money, and nobody knew where she was.

"Well, anyway, Hugh had the inspiration to speak to Father Burke here, thinking he might have kept in touch with her, and sure enough, he had; and Hugh telephoned. Delia almost dropped dead from surprise, for although she'd heard in some roundabout way that Hugh had been found, she hadn't realized it until she heard his voice again. And she said that Grandfather had driven all the way up to see her, a few months before he died, and put this box of papers in her attic. You can imagine Hugh! He asked her to send it, and it reached us—let's see, yes, that very morning of December first, a week before Pearl Harbor. Of course, Hugh and I were all agog, we tore it open—"

Loveday, reaching a bad corner, concentrated on her driving.

"We tore it open," she went on, "and there was a mass of old letters and diaries, nothing else!"

"But where is all the money?"

"Perhaps we'll never know! Hugh thinks it's lost. Stuck down some rathole or into some wet stump or pushed behind the fire in some grate that wasn't used until he'd forgotten all about it. But—"

She paused impressively.

"*But,*" she said. "I began to read those old letters and they are perfectly fascinating. And Christmas week, down at your mother's, there was a young man that knows Betty-Lou's husband, Ollie Parker. He's connected with a New York publishing house, and he said—"

"Did you see my mother Christmas week?"

"We were down there for three days,

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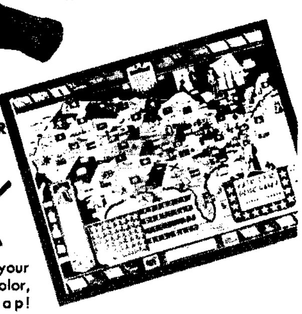

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all four of us. Your mother was so pleased about it; she had your old room turned into a playroom, and the girls and their babies were over every day."

"There for Christmas?" His tone was nearer the old happy tone of years ago than anything she had heard yet.

"Of course. Turkey and pumpkin pie and a big tree." Loveday went into all the details, gave him all the news of his sisters. All three had babies now and his mother was quite reconciled to the position of grandmother.

"Remember how she hated the idea of being a grandmother?" she said with a little laugh. "Remember how she said that the twins had to call her 'Auntie'? But she seems much older since your father's been so ill," Loveday went on. "Alma and her husband came up to see us a week ago and she says it won't be long with your father now. So I was wondering if you couldn't go down and see him, Larry; it would probably do him a world of good, and the welcome Bakersfield would give you—!"

SHE left the sentence unfinished. Larry shrugged impatiently, and she saw that his face wore an expression of weariness and pain.

"Is there much pain?" A faint movement of her head indicated his injury.

"Nope; no pain at all. If there was any when it happened I don't remember it. When he operated, I was out."

"The paper said that you dived from one of the ships and swam under some burning oil to two men and brought one in."

"There were about four of 'em. The others could swim." Larry fell silent.

"Well, go on!" Loveday said, with an exasperated ripple of laughter.

"Go on? That's about all there was to it. We were washing," Larry volunteered. "I only had on a pair of shorts when everything began at once. Some of us ran out on deck and I'll be darned"—he said drawlingly, almost in a bored tone—"if it didn't take us a few minutes to get through our heads what was going on. Then we saw that all hell had broken loose and everybody sort of rushed around doing something—it seemed to last an awful long time. Things were popping everywhere! There was oil on the water and the fire was burning the oil. I saw—I suppose I saw these fellows—they were diving under the water to get away from the fire but when they came up for air, the fire was over them, and they were right in the midst of it. They'd dive again and then I saw one fellow who couldn't swim—"

"So you went over?" Loveday supplied, her face pale, her eyes shining as she drove steadily along.

"Two of us did. Foster and I—he got badly burned, died next day. But, heck," Larry said, "you couldn't keep your eyes on what the fellows were doing; if there was anyone in the whole shooting box who was yellow I didn't see him. Gee, what guts! All of 'em—all of 'em! They sent Foster's mother his medal and I suppose they had to give me one, too, to make up for my foot."

"We didn't know, Hugh and I, whether you could even walk or not."

"Oh, sure, I can walk, and after they fix on some attachment they talk about, I'll walk better. The crutch does the whole thing. At first it wasn't so hot," Larry admitted, "but after a couple of days or a week I got along all right. I'm going to take a rest and then I'll go back."

"Not flying!"

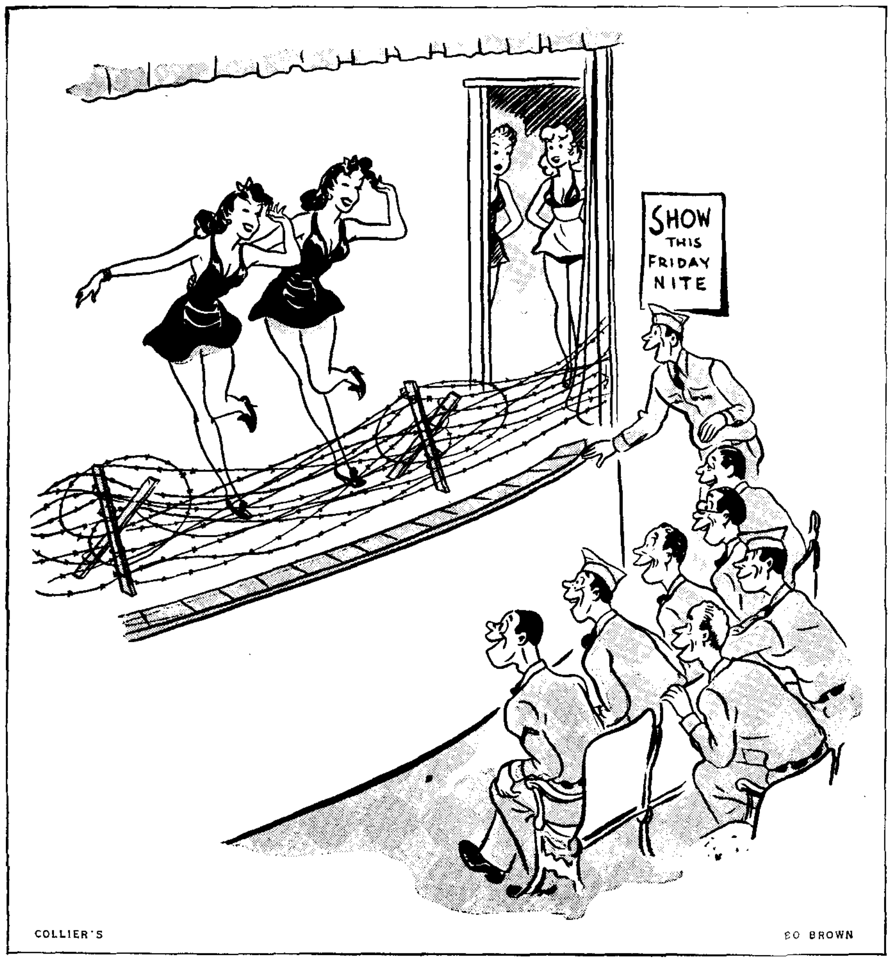
"Nope, but there's lots of other ways you can make yourself useful besides flying. They're going to need everyone."

"We fixed Grandfather's old study for you, the room beyond the library that's had trunks and table leaves and all that junk in it," Loveday said. "The upstairs apartment is finished, Larry. Mrs. Fayre, Captain Fayre's wife, is dying to move in. But you've no idea how we use it. Marge was here, and Fanny's coming down, and Aunt Laura was here. But I thought you'd rather be downstairs."

"That's okay. I can't manage stairs very well."

"Hugh thought you mightn't be able to. There's a washroom there, where Mother used to clean up after she'd been gardening, and some day we can put a shower in. And it's just across the passage from the dining room so that any time you want meals in bed, or anything like that—"

"Meals in bed!" There was a faint re-



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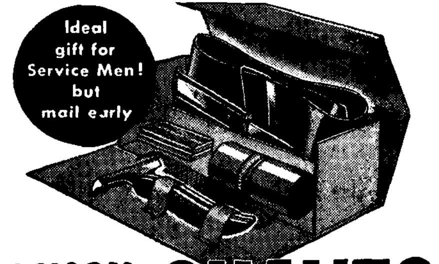

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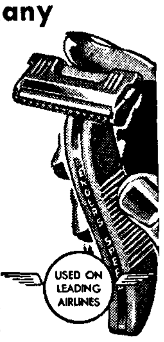

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PURIFIES BEFORE YOUR EYES

sentment in his tone. "I'm not sick. I'm able to manage all right. I'll bet I could get up as far as the canyon without any trouble."

"Picnics," Loveday said. His eyes had closed; he was not listening, and for a little while he slept.

Presently she touched his shoulder with her own.

"Indian Hill, Larry! Look at the people!"

A slim Boy Scout stopped the car. Girl Scouts came forward with ropes of greens and white chrysanthemums and draped them in loops over the engine. After which some forty serious-faced boys saluted and fell in alongside as a guard of honor, and the girls formed a column of fours and marched ahead. By now, on the sunshiny air that was sweet with acacia and the green grass that carpeted the orchards and fields, sounds of clapping and cheering could be heard, and the breezes brought and carried away again the strains of the Indian Hill Union High School band.

A few blocks more, with Loveday driving as slowly as she could to avoid running down small children and keep her front wheels off the back of the last Girl Scouts, and they were halted again. The mayor's car was waiting, an open car fairly lined with branches of tasseled acacia and fruit blossoms, and the mayor himself was waiting in the back of the car.

There were exclamations of pity, admiration and awe from the near-by onlookers as Larry and his crutch, laughing and awkward and flushed, were helped from one car to the other. The oldest Bettancourt boy took Loveday's car with a hoarse assurance that he'd get Larry's bag up to the house all right, and Loveday got into the triumphal coach and sat in front of Larry and the mayor, who were in the back seat.

AT THE City Hall two thirds of the populace of Indian Hill were packed and exultant, and the children of the lower schools were massed and ready to sing. Larry waved his aviator's cap and smiled, and the nearer women cried, "God bless you!"

Then the mayor made a short speech in which he reminded them that Larry was tired, that he was to be formally entertained later in the week, and that today's proceedings would, therefore, be brief. He said that it was the spirit of men like Larry, men who had descended from pioneers, who had made America the miracle country that she was, and it was heroism like his, unassuming and self-forgetting and gallant to the last drop of blood, that would establish her in peace and prosperity in some not-too-distant day as the great friend and protector of an unafraid world.

Larry was supposed to reply to this speech but the shouting and cheering kept up so long that he had to sit down before quiet came, and at this sign of weakness in him, who had proved his strength so gloriously, the clapping and cheering burst out afresh.

When he got to his feet again it was to say only a few words.

"You're giving me this swell welcome because I belong to Indian Hill," Larry said, his voice sounding young and sweet and hoarse in the sudden breathless silence, "but I want to tell you that there isn't a city in this country, nor a town nor a crossroads nor a village like Indian Hill, that hasn't sent its men to get us through this mess, and when you multiply what you're saying and doing here today by our fifty thousand towns and villages, you'll know what strength and courage and confidence are going to do for the world. And it's—it's darned swell of you to make us feel that you follow us with love and prayers," Larry stumbled on, as Loveday sat with her eyes shut, straining with every fiber of her mind and soul and body to help him make what he said right, "because we—we're always thinking about home."

He sat down, and Loveday opened wet eyes and saw that the men and women nearest her were crying. The band started the national anthem, and Larry got to his feet once more, and stood as nearly at attention as he could, leaning on his crutch, and singing the words. And as the glorious music of freedom floated out on the air, Loveday felt something grip her heart, a passion of determination that the twins and Owen, and all the other children of the world, should be able to look up at the blue sky without fear, and to say their jumbled little prayers and drift off to sleep without hate.

Somehow they were out of the jam, they were on the home road, they were at home. And here on the terrace, brushed and curled and delicious in clean apparel were the twins and Owen in Hugh's charge, ready to shrill their welcome to their father, and to glance surreptitiously at his foot and look quickly away again, and to clutter his progress to the reconstructed room beyond the library. Larry was obviously tired now, moving with difficulty and breathing deep.

But the big double bed that had been Grandfather Gurney's was smoothly made with fresh-scented sheets and blankets and the pillows were white and high. Loveday and Hugh helped to get him comfortably installed; he sank back gratefully. "Lord," he said, "this is heaven!"

LOVEDAY stood looking down at him thoughtfully, her eyes pitiful.

"How did it happen, Larry? Where you were hurt?"

"Getting back to the boat. I shoved this sailor up to the ladder and swung myself up after him; then the tender smashed against my foot. I felt every bone in it go and I knew it was done for. Nobody's fault."

"Would you like to know that I think you're the bravest person I ever knew?"

"But you haven't the remotest idea what bravery can be," he said, without affectation.

Loveday went to the door and opened it, and a small, pretty, anxious woman with tear-swollen eyes came in. Her hair was trimly arranged, its fading bleach turning fast to gray; her face was all concern and love. She went over to the bed and knelt down with a great sob and Larry put his arms about his mother and their wet cheeks touched.

Loveday went out quietly and closed the door.

YEAR OF WRATH

BY CARL RANDAU
AND
LEANE ZUGSMITH

The unforgettable story of two people—an American newspaperman and the girl he loved—who didn't take the last boat home when Japan's yellow tide reached its flood

BEGINNING IN
NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

On a warm May afternoon four or five weeks later there was great activity on the terrace at Friends Haven. Loveday was at the joggly weatherworn old oak table with letters and papers spread out about her. The three Fayre children, Jean, John and Geraldine, and Loveday's three were all in the briefest of play clothes, sleeveless tops and brief shorts, showing much of their firm, brown, young bodies; scuffed strapped sandals on their sockless feet. The twins had, as usual, invented a game and even the two-year-olds were passionately playing it.

Loveday had sometimes surreptitiously studied this game, but she could make neither head nor tail of it. It involved a certain amount of hopping, certain intervals of sacred silence not to be broken except with shrieks of censure and apology, the mounting of the wide old brick wall by the entire party, the placing of dripping pebbles in rows in the sun, and the ceremonial escorting of an old mahogany pedestal around and about in a formal circle.

AGNES, on this particular afternoon, was seated in a low chair knitting busily and chatting now and then with Hugh, who lay stretched in a long wicker reclining chair, and had evidently been napping. Near them was a card table upon which Larry and Captain John Fayre, who today wore no uniform more orthodox than an old silk shirt and white duck shorts, were playing backgammon.

Larry, it had been discovered, was an expert backgammon player, and as John Fayre had confessed himself a wanderer over the earth seeking a worthy opponent, the two had fallen into a long-drawn combat that called for much scoring and that occupied all their spare afternoons and evenings.

"Doubles, any double!" Larry said now on a note of prayer. The dice fell. "Fives, that'll do it!" he exclaimed. They both leaned back, spent over the excitement of the last throw, and John Fayre, setting up the men for another game, uttered in a low tone the single word "Dog!"

Loveday had gathered her papers together and weighted them with a small white stone.

"Come on, infants," she said, "time to wash hands for dinner."

The children rallied about her; she took small Geraldine by the hand and led them away.

"This is the moment," Agnes said, pausing for a second in her busy knitting, "that makes me feel too utterly luxurious. Only a woman could know what it means."

"How about a double?" John said.

"Done," Larry answered.

"*You* care what it means to me, don't you, Hugh?" Agnes demanded pathetically, turning her attention to Hugh.

"I care furiously," Hugh assured her.

"I've always thought," Agnes said, "that I'd have to have either a car or a nurse, never both. For a while it was the nurse, and none of us ever went anywhere, and then it was a car and I was too tired to drive. But now that I'm boarding out my three for suppers with Loveday, and they're getting bigger and easier to take care of all the time anyway, I live a life of sinful ease. I'll take them home now in about an hour, bathed and fed, and ready to pop into bed, and the rest is child's play! Loveday practically *planned* that apartment upstairs for me," she went on aggrievedly, "but now she won't let me have it."

"Why not?" Hugh asked, with a grin.

"Oh, she says Larry's sisters like to come up, and Fanny and the babies are coming down for a week, and if Nini's husband is called, Nini may come for a long visit, and she needs it. I am the one who needs it!" Agnes complained. "However," she went on, cheerily, "her giving my children their supper was a positive inspiration!"

"It seems to work," Hugh commented.

"If it doesn't kill Loveday," Agnes said. Larry inverted his dice box, held it down on the board for a moment, looked across at the speakers.

"Nothing tires Loveday; she's made of iron," he said. "I never saw such a woman! She's—"

"She's a wonder," Agnes agreed, as he paused, looked at his dice and moved his men. In her heart she thought as the men went on with their game and she with her knitting, "He adores her. No one can say a decent word about Loveday but what Larry pipes up like that. But then what's the matter—what's the matter between them? They have everything. Of course he'll never be able to run with that mechanical foot or walk very far. But he got up on the windmill with little John and the twins the other day, and he can drive the car, and he's going to get a job at camp. Larry's completely content—or he could be, and she's absolutely happy, or she could be, too. But they're not."

Hugh, who had welcomed some two score of Pearl Harbor évacués at the hospital the night before, where the arranging of extra beds and extra nurses had kept him busy for days, had been lying with his eyes shut, apparently dozing. But now he opened them, looked about at the green panorama of the overhanging trees, the mighty dark oaks and spearhead eucalyptus, the clean high new foliage of the pear trees, and said lazily:

"Well, we've got our foundation started."

"You mean the Gurney Hospital? I know," Agnes said. "I saw where you have been dragging those old stones around. But, Hugh, when you get that much done, how can you go on?"

"I don't know. But I'll go on." He smiled confidently; there was a little silence. When Hugh spoke again it was on a long sigh of content:

"These people have a little corner of heaven here."

"I WAS wondering," Agnes said in a low tone, with a glance at the players, who were noisily intent upon the taking-off, "if they don't appreciate it?"

"You mean that they do?"

"Either way. The sweetness of this," Agnes expanded it, "the flowers and the little happy good children, the whole soldier and the wounded soldier, their doctor, their devoted women—" She stopped smiling.

"If there could be a little nucleus of this sort of living, everyone helping the big country get through her worst hour," Hugh said lazily, "and everyone putting the love Loveday does into children's meals and war wounds and partings and changes, we'd not only win over hate and greed in the war, we'd win to a new world, a wider, simpler, kinder world with no fear in it."

"Oh, Hugh," Agnes said fervently, tears in her eyes, "if we might! Nothing—nothing is wrong between them?" she breathed anxiously, with a little movement of her head to indicate Larry.

"Nothing," Hugh said on the same note, "that time—a very little time, I think now, can't cure. I've got to be on my way," he added in a louder tone. "But I'll be back, Larry, after dinner."

"Stay and have it. Beef that Loveday corned herself when the Bettancourts killed an old bull last year," Larry said.

"I can't; too much work." Hugh disappeared; the warm shadows lengthened; the last of the sunlight lay burning red on the highest branches of the oaks and on the spired redwoods. Clear twilight flooded the world. Bees were

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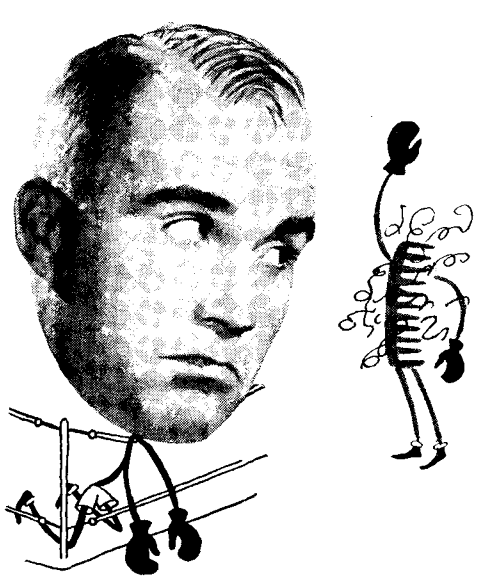

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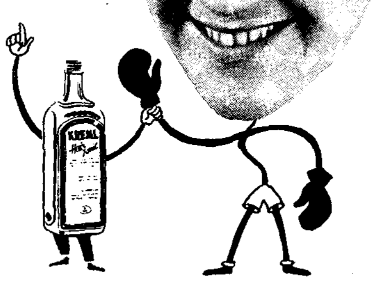

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gone, but the birds were still keeping up a sleepy twitter in the orchard.

Loveday came back with the children; in each brown small hand the circle of a cooky was visible. Little Geraldine was tired and went to climb in her father's lap; John continued his game over and above her silky head.

The others galloped about with that excess of activity that infuses small animals and small children at the end of a spring day. They scouted and crept through bushes, sprang at one another from ambush, uttered small, mad cries. When finally Agnes said that the Fayres must positively go there was great outcry. Loveday took Owen upstairs, but the girls were privileged to play about *until* after their parents' dinner.

She brought dinner out on two trays; it was too pleasant to go indoors. Betsey and Martha hovered near, jabbering questions, Hugh came in for a few minutes to keep Larry company when Loveday put the girls to bed.

When she came down at eight o'clock Hugh was gone. The evening had turned chilly, and Larry had lighted a fire in the grate before which she and Chris had sat on the last evening that she had seen him. Hugh had brought up some mail, letters and envelopes were strewn about Larry; he glanced up from them as Loveday came in, and she sat down on the davenport and looked at him expectantly.

"Any for me?"

"Nope, it was only one envelope with a lot of delayed stuff from Honolulu *for me*. Christmas cards," Larry answered.

"Christmas cards! And this is May!"

"They've had plenty of other things to bring."

"I suppose so." Loveday picked up her knitting, leaned sidewise to find music on the radio and key it down to softness. Minutes went by.

AFTER a silence she looked at him and saw that his face was wet with tears. Something in those letters—poor Larry, perhaps it reminded him of the old days before his accident—

She went on knitting. Larry presently rose abruptly and started for the door.

"I'm tired. I was up at camp all afternoon. I think I'll turn in. Will you come in for a minute to say good night?"

"I will indeed. I've a little fussing to do in the kitchen."

She answered quietly, but her heart gave a twist of hope. She had been doing a great deal more for him than merely coming in to say good night. She had been caring for his room, making his bed, bringing in flowers, sitting beside him with amusing stories of the children, selecting books for him. And he had thanked her often, gratefully, humbly, but he had not asked her any favors. *This was the first time in all the* weeks that he had been at home that he had asked her to come in and see him.

Knowing him as she did, she knew that all this time there had been an impassable wall between them. Over and through this wall cheerful conversation, service and thanks for service, laughter at the children, interest in each other's activities and planning for the future had had no trouble in making their way. But between their very hearts the wall had stood; no light kiss on his hair, no affectionate word or smiling glance could pierce it. Something unsaid, something hard and hurtful had always been there; he and she, by common unspoken agreement, had skimmed it, had lived on the surface of it. Now, in his tone, she knew suddenly that the wall was crumbling, that something had happened to shake it.

SHE went into the kitchen, set prunes to soak, put mugs and bowls on the breakfast table, found in the icebox some food for the importunate mother cat. Then she went out into the hall and turned toward the library beyond which was Larry's room.

But some thought delayed her. She paused, an odd look in her eyes. Then she went upstairs, lighted a dim pink lamp in the room she shared with Owen, turned on the bath water in the room adjoining. Half an hour later she went downstairs and entered Larry's room. He was propped up in bed reading. He glanced up when she came in.

"I thought you'd forgotten me. Gee, you look sweet!"

"No." Loveday came over and sat on the edge of his bed facing him.

"But you did. You've had your bath; you were all ready for bed." He laid his hand on the soft, thin silk robe she wore over her nightgown. "Loveday," he went on, as she merely looked at him silently and made no motion to speak, "I got my mail today. I got your letter—your letter about Chris."

"You don't mean—Larry, surely you had that long ago?"

"Nope; it was forwarded only today."

"But that—heavens, it seems like another world! That was before Pearl Harbor."

"That's just the thing," he said. "It was written a week before Pearl Harbor." He turned his face away and she saw that it was wet again. "I'm so darn' weak still," he said angrily.

"You mean that all these weeks you've been wanting to ask me about Chris, and didn't?"

"I didn't dare!"

"Didn't dare! You?"

"It's all too perfect here. I didn't dare risk it."

"And you've been wondering. Well, I told you in that letter I loved Chris very much," she said; "I was in love with him. You've been in love; you know how it feels. The thought of belonging to him set me wild—transported me into some other world. I wanted all he could give me, too.

"I put Chris, new places, new friends, *my background washed out, everything* to do all over again," she went on after a moment, "into one side of the scales. And in the other I put the girls' happiness, and Owen's, your mother's, Hugh's, my own self-respect—oh, I don't mean that it represents all that to lots of women, Larry, but it did to me! And that side, the scales came down."

"But—but you say more than that here. You wrote it to me before Pearl Harbor," he exulted, pathetically eager. "You said that you loved every hair of the children's heads, that you remembered the hours that gave them to us, when I came into your room—that hot hospital room down in Bakersfield—"

His throat thickened. He stopped and they looked at each other.

"You said that those days, and the electric fan I rigged up at the Buckingham Way place—"

"And the country style bacon from Joe Portacchio," Loveday put in.

"And the time the field was so flooded we couldn't get out."

"And Martha eating the castor beans in the Maginnises garden."

"And Hug Bates telling me that if I wasn't a big bum I'd get a job somewhere or other."

"Hug feels differently now. And our moving in here, Larry, when it was so cold and drafty and smelly! Those things are marriage," Loveday said, her hand over his, "and what I wrote you—what I tried to write you was that they are what count, between a man and a woman, they are what make living real living."

"When I read this letter today," Larry said, touching with his free hand the scattered pages that lay on the bed, "I thought my heart would break. I've been treating you like a dog since I got home—"

"Ah, no, you haven't, Larry! It was only *that* I've known that something was wrong."

"Everything was wrong. I kept thinking that in all that time you hadn't written me about Chris, and that in the back of your mind you were only waiting, behind all these greetings and welcomes and getting adjusted to my foot and resting and breakfast trays—behind all that was the bombshell that you were going away—that you had other plans—"

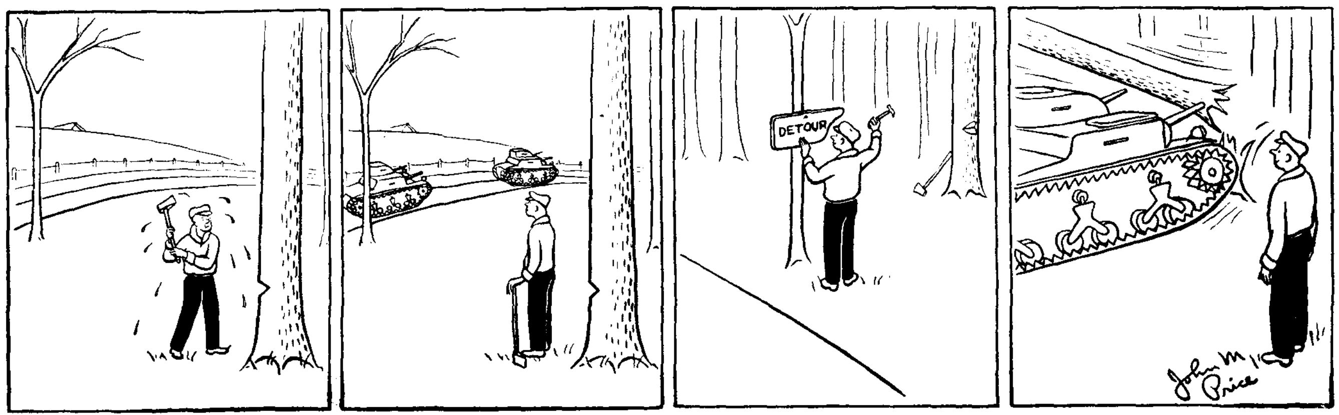
HE STOPPED, unable to go on. Loveday smiled, although her own lashes were misted, as she answered him:

"Larry, the greatest war of all time—to settle the one great question of all time—is going on. You're in it, Rod and Hugh are in it, John Fayre, Fanny's husband and Nini's husband, Marge's and Betty-Lou's husband—we're all in it together. Well, God's given me back my man; he won't have to go into danger again, and I've my children, and I've my home where all of them can come from time to time to rest and perhaps be healed of some of the bitterness and the grief of it. There isn't any other world for me but just here, and there'll never be any other man for me but just you!"

"There's never been any woman for me but you, Loveday!" Larry whispered unsteadily.

She slipped to her knees beside his bed, her cheek against his, and Larry, with one great sob, tightened his arms about her.

THE END



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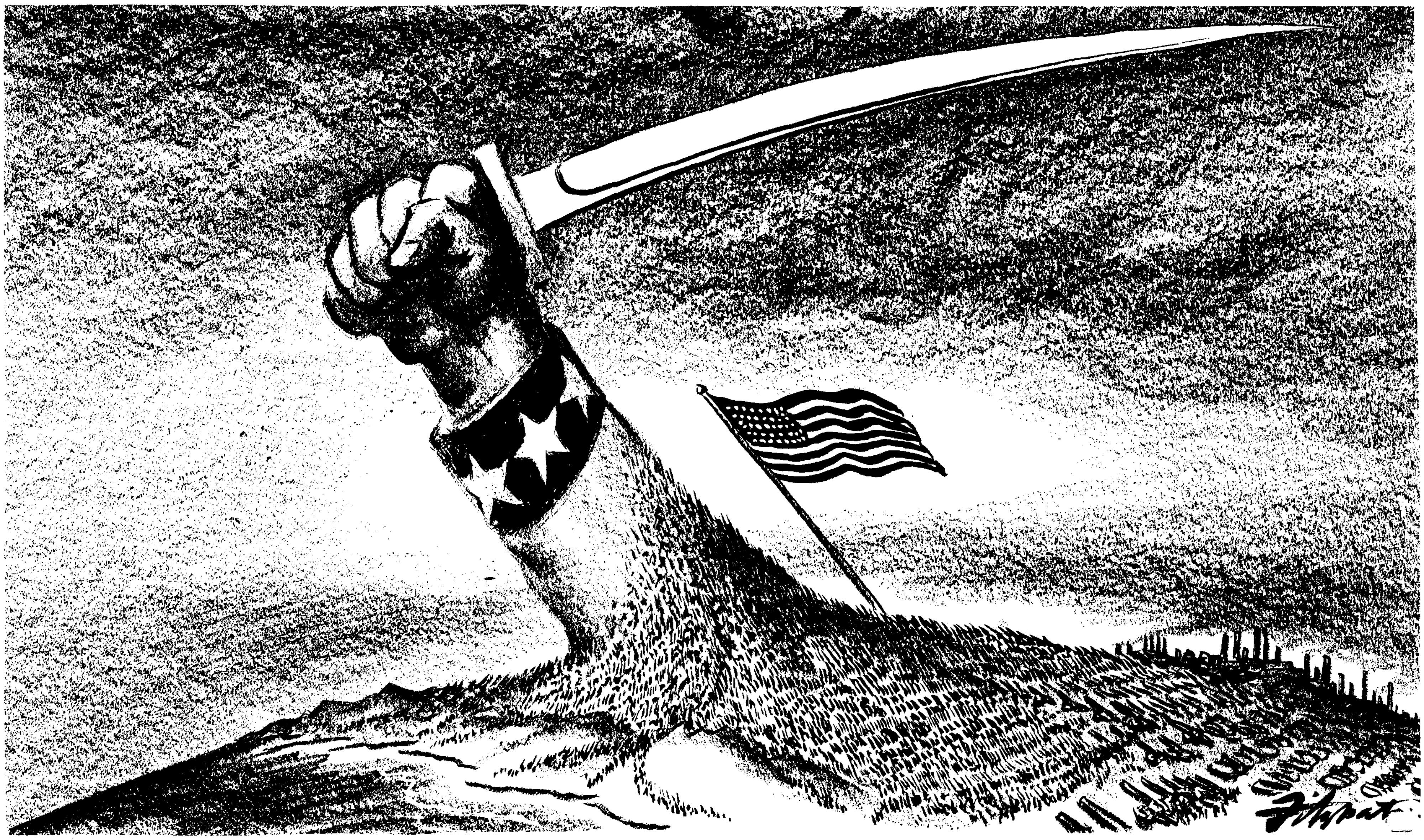


UNITED WE STAND

MUCH, a great deal too much, is still being said about the so-called apathy of the American people in this war.

The accusation does not come from fighting men or busy workers in essential war jobs. Rather, it is the utterance of the anxiety of people who unfortunately, for the most part, are not themselves in the Armed Forces or doing important war work. Most of these fretters and worriers and accusers are sincere but misinformed and misled.

Actually, in spite of all difficulty, delay and discouragement, we are a united and determined people. There are no soft spots, no centers of important dissension, no large disloyal groups.

This is not to say that all of us are perfect in time of war. Some of us were not too good while there was peace. Not everybody now tells his rationing board the truth. Some men —and women, too—try to chisel gas or sugar or tires and think themselves cute when they succeed. Some drive too fast.

Some farmers are avaricious. Some labor leaders are arrogant. Some politicians continue to ply their petty trade despite the urgencies of the most agonizing war in history. In a word, now as in the past and doubtless as it will be, human nature in the United States varies. So what? Adam's children were not all cooperative. There was a bad one among the Twelve Apostles.

But there are no dissident groups in the United States such as existed in all previous wars. In 1918, there were large German blocs that were steadily hostile to American participation in the war. Some unreconcilable Germans remain, but their numbers are too few even to elect a senator or two. So also with the radical opposition of other years and wars. Hitler and the Japanese brought about a unanimity we never before attained.

We have problems too; yes, problems of the utmost difficulty. The one great problem is how to win the war in the shortest possible time. All other problems are subsidiary.

We have to win the war on land, at sea, in the air. We have to provide the fighters and the generals capable of wresting victory from the hardest foes any people ever encountered.

We have to provide the arms and the equipment necessary to enable valiant men to fight triumphantly on battlefields that cover the earth.

Our urgent problems now concern the methods by which we shall accomplish this gargantuan task of production.

Our controversies, where they exist, arise from relatively minor differences of opinion as to the most effectual ways of accomplishing the result everybody wants achieved. Labor, farmers, businessmen, politicians, intellectuals, have various opinions only as to how particular objectives may be reached.

Of course we need to discipline ourselves more. We need to submerge personal ambition and group and party advantage. All of us, high and low, in office and at the humblest task, are under the same imperative necessity.

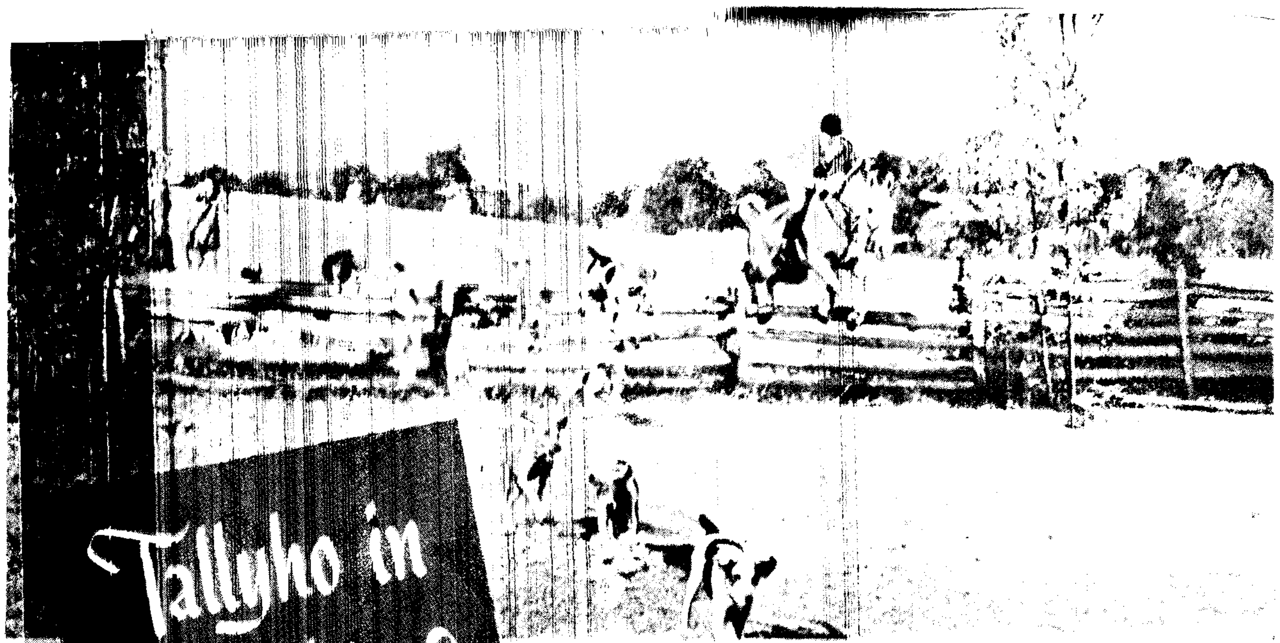
But, make no mistake, we as a people are as united and aroused in this war as never before in our history. Any sacrifice that is in fact necessary will be made. Before Pearl Harbor, and before 1917 for that matter, people worried about the softness of youth. We needed to infuse hardihood and courage—toughness was the word—into the young generation. Young men on Bataan, in the Coral Sea, at Midway, at the Solomon Islands and in countless other battle areas gave the lie to that libel.

On the home front too, in hundreds of thousands of shops and factories, millions are working with energy, imagination and complete loyalty to the great cause they are defending.

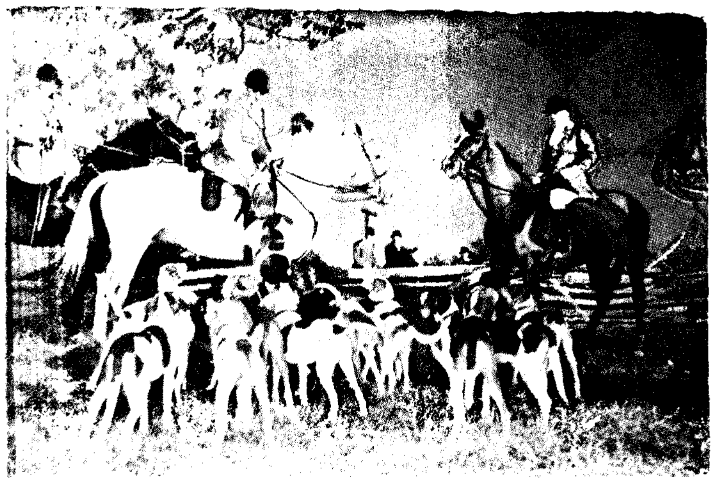
Mistakes, yes, we have made mistakes. Doubtless we shall make more, but a decent respect for the integrity of our fellows should prevent all from the unforgivable sin of underrating the patriotism, the zeal, and the fundamental intelligence of the American people.

Tallyho in Yorkshire?

No, sir...it's Thomas Jefferson's "front yard"

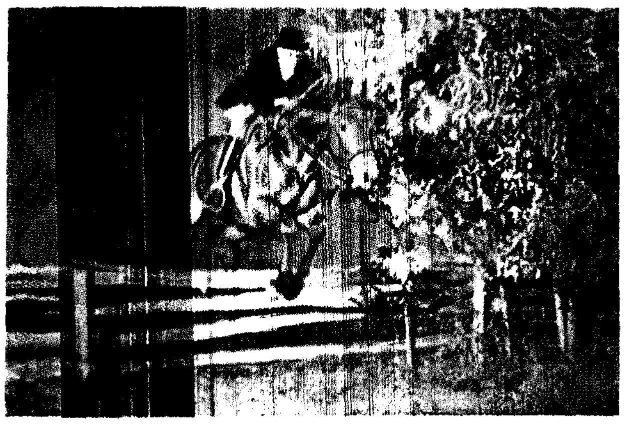


1. "*Time and again* I've heard travelers say—for foxhunting there's no matching the sport to be found in England. That's unadulterated twaddle!" writes a British friend of Canadian Club. "Let the place be Virginia, U.S.A. . . . the time, a crisp October afternoon . . . and gentlemen, there you have hunting at its pulse-quickening finest.



2. "*Here in the shadow* of the Blue Ridge Mountains I found foxhounds as sharp-nosed, as bell-toned, as any I'd ever ridden to. And a magnificent hunting tradition—shaped by Presidents Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and other founders of the U.S.A. Jefferson's beautiful Monticello is within hacking distance.

3. "I *well remember*...we'd scarcely mounted when the hounds gave tongue. No novice, that fox—he made straight for water to break the scent. Even the spectators along our route knew that old ruse. It didn't confuse the hounds for a minute. Then the race was really on—our quarry treating us to every trick in the bag.



4. "*Jump after* breath-taking jump . . . when suddenly the voice of the pack rose to the pitch signalling the fox had been cornered. Over-eager to catch up, I tried a shortcut—and lost the hunt.

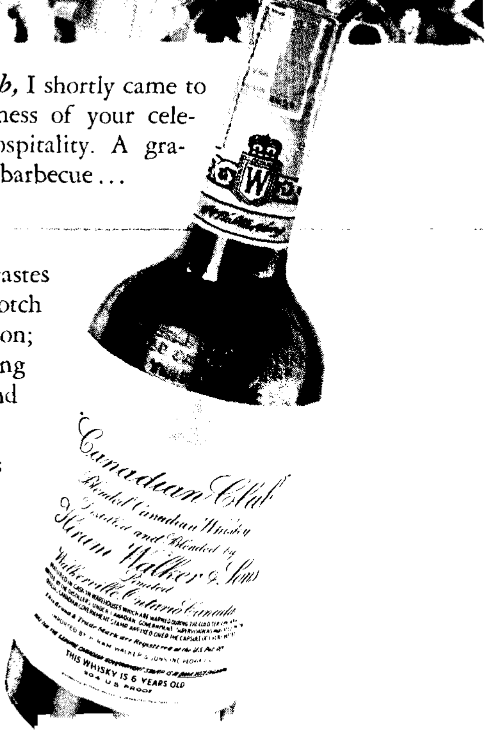
5. "*Small loss,* I learned, when I joined the returning riders. Seemingly at bay, the quarry had vanished like a shilling up a magician's sleeve. But no regrets—we looked forward to hunting him again.

6. "*Back at the club,* I shortly came to know the full richness of your celebrated Southern hospitality. A gracious welcome . . . a barbecue . . .

7. "*And in the failing light,* an impressive toast to the friendship of our two countries . . . in the inimitable whisky prized by sportsmen the world around—Canadian Club. A memorable ending for a memorable day."

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.



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"TIN FISH"—that means torpedo in submarine language. The phrase, "the smoking lamp is lit" means Camels are in order—for with men in the Navy, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (*See below.*)

You want STEADY NERVES to launch a "tin fish" or make one!

FOR **STEADY PLEASURE** CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'

HIDE-AND-SEEK. A deadly game of it with the T.N.T. of depth charge and torpedo. That's a game only for steady nerves!

But, then, what isn't in these days—with all of us fighting, working, living at the highest tempo in years. Yes, and smoking, too—perhaps even more than you used to.

If Camels are not your present brand, try them. Not just because they're the favorite in the service or at home—but for the sake of your own smoking enjoyment, try Camels. Put them to the "T-Zone" test described below and make your own comparisons.

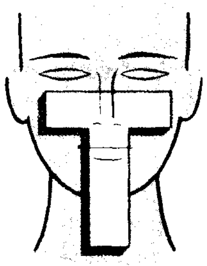
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

In the Navy—in the Army—in the Marine Corps—in the Coast Guard—the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, Sales Commissaries, Post Exchanges, and Canteens.)

—THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

Camel

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

CAMELS WIN WITH ME ON EVERY COUNT. THEY'RE EASY ON MY THROAT AND THEY DON'T TIRE MY TASTE

GYROSCOPE GIRL—Pretty Rosemary Gregory (*above*) calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She says: "I tried several brands; Camels suit me better all ways. For my taste and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital 'T'!"